Three Poets, in three distant Ages born,
GREECE, ITALY, and ENGLAND, did adorn;
The First, in Loftiness of Thought Surpass'd;
The Next, in Majesty; in both, the Last.
The Force of Nature could no further go;
To make a Third, *She join'd the former two.*

PARADISE LOST.

A

POEM,

IN

TWELVE BOOKS.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

A NEW EDITION.

To which is added,

The Life of the AUTHOR, by E. FENTON;

AND,

A COMPLETE INDEX.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for JOHN WOOD, at MILTON's Head.
MDCCLXV.

N. B. To render this Edition of Paradiſe Loſt as correct as poſſible, it has been compared with Dr Newton's ſplendid quarto Copy of MILTON's Poetical Works.

The LIFE of JOHN MILTON.

FROM a family and town of his name in Oxfordshire our Author derived his descent; but he was born at London in the year 1608. The publisher * of his works in prose, (on whose veracity some part of this narrative must entirely depend), dates his birth two years earlier than this: but contradicting himself afterwards in his own computation, I reduce it to the time that Monsieur Bayle hath assigned; and for the same reason which prevailed with him to assign it. His father John Milton, by profession a scrivener, lived in a reputable manner on a competent estate, entirely his own acquisition, having been early disinherited by his parents for renouncing the communion of the church of Rome, to which they were zealously devoted. By his wife Sarah Caston he had likewise one daughter, named Anna, and another son, Christopher, whom he trained to the practice of the common law, who in the great rebellion adhered to the royal cause; and in the reign of King James II. by too easy a compliance with the doctrines of the court, both religious and civil, he attained to the dignity of being made a judge of the common pleas; of which he died divested not long after the Revolution.

But John, the subject of the present essay, was the favourite of his father's hopes, who, to cultivate the great genius which early displayed itself, was at the expence of a domestic tutor; whose care and capacity his pupil hath gratefully celebrated in an excellent Latin elegy †. At his initiation *An. ætat.* 12. he is said to have applied himself to letters with such indefatigable industry, that he rarely was prevailed with to quit his studies before midnight; which not only made him frequently subject to severe pains in his head, but likewise occasioned that weakness in his eyes, which terminated in a total privation of sight. From a domestic education he was removed to St Paul's school, to complete his acquaintance with the classics under the care of Dr Gill; and after a short stay there, was trans-

* Mr *Toland.*

† See the fourth in his collection of poems.

planted to Chriſt's college in Cambridge, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf in all kinds of academical exerciſes. Of this ſociety he continued a member till he commenced maſter of arts; and then, leaving the univerſity, he returned to his father, who had quitted the town, and lived at Horton in Buckinghamſhire, where he purſued his ſtudies with unparallelled aſſiduity and ſucceſs.

An. ætat. 25.

An. ætat. 23.

After ſome years ſpent in this ſtudious retirement his mother died, and then he prevailed with his father to gratify an inclination he had long entertained of ſeeing foreign countries. Sir Henry Wotton, at that time provoſt of Eaton college, gave him a letter of advice for the direction of his travels; but by not obſerving an excellent maxim in it *, he incurred great danger, by diſputing againſt the ſuperſtition of the church of Rome, within the verge of the vatican. Having employed his curioſity about two years † in France and Italy, on the news of a civil war breaking out in England, he returned, without taking a ſurvey of Greece and Sicily, as at his ſetting out the ſcheme was projected. At Paris ‡ the Lord Viſc. Scudamore, ambaſſador from King Charles I. at the court of France, introduced him to the acquaintance of Grotius, who at that time was honoured with the ſame character there by Chriſtina queen of Sweden. In Rome, Genoa, Florence, and other cities of Italy, he contracted a familiarity with thoſe who were of higheſt reputation for wit and learning, ſeveral of whom gave him very obliging teſtimonies of their friendſhip and eſteem, which are printed before his Latin poems. The firſt of them was written by Manſo marquis of Villa, a great patron of Taſſo, by whom he is celebrated in his poem on the Conqueſt of Jeruſalem ‖. It is high-

An. ætat. 30.

* *I penſieri ſtretti, ed il viſo ſciolto.*

† *Et jam bis viridi ſurgebat culmus ariſtâ,*
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea meſſes,—
Nec dum aderat Thyrſis: *paſtorem ſcilicet illum*
Dulcis amor Muſæ Thuſcâ *retinebat in urbe.*

‡ *Defenſio ſecunda.* Pag. 96. *fol.* Epitaph. Dam.

‖ *Fra Cavalier' magnanimi, e corteſi,*
Reſplende il Manſo.——— Lib. 20.

ly

ly probable that to his converſation with this noble Neapolitan we owe the firſt deſign which MILTON conceived, of writing an epic poem; and it appears by ſome Latin verſes addreſſed to the Marquis, with the title of *Manſus*, that he intended to fix on King Arthur for his hero; but Arthur was reſerved to another deſtiny!

Returning from his travels he found England on the point of being involved in blood and confuſion. It ſeems wonderful that one of ſo warm and daring a ſpirit, as his certainly was, ſhould be reſtrained from the camp in thoſe unnatural commotions. I ſuppoſe we may impute it wholly to the great deference he paid to paternal authority, that he retired to lodgings provided for him in the city; which being commodious for the reception of his ſiſter's ſons, and ſome other young gentlemen, he undertook their education, and is ſaid to have formed them on the ſame plan which he afterwards publiſhed, in a ſhort tractate, inſcribed to his friend Mr Hartlib. *An. ætat.* 32.

In this philoſophical courſe he continued without a wife to the year 1643; when he married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell of Foreſthill in Oxfordſhire, a gentleman of eſtate and reputation in that county, and of principles ſo very oppoſite to his ſon-in-law, that the marriage is more to be wondered at than the ſeparation which enſued, in little more than a month after ſhe had cohabited with him in London. Her deſertion provoked him both to write ſeveral treatiſes concerning the doctrine and diſcipline of divorce, and alſo to make his addreſſes to a young lady of great wit and beauty; but before he had engaged her affections to conclude the marriage-treaty, in a viſit at one of his relations he found his wife proſtrate before him, imploring forgiveneſs and reconciliation. It is not to be doubted but an interview of that nature, ſo little expected, muſt wonderfully affect him; and perhaps the impreſſions it made on his imagination contributed much to the painting of that pathetic ſcene in *Paradiſe Loſt* *, in which Eve addreſſeth herſelf to Adam for pardon and peace. At the interceſſion of his friends who were preſent, after *An. ætat.* 35.

* Book X. ℣ 909.

a ſhort reluctance, he generouſly ſacrificed all his reſentment to her tears.

——Soon his heart relented
Tow'ards her, his life ſo late, and ſole delight,
Now, at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs.

And after this re-union, ſo far was he from retaining an unkind memory of the provocations which he had received from her ill conduct, that when the king's cauſe was entirely oppreſſed, and her father, who had been active in his loyalty, was expoſed to ſequeſtration, MILTON received both him and his family to protection, and free entertainment, in his own houſe, till their affairs were accommodated by his intereſt in the victorious faction.

An. ætat 41. Mr MILTON was now grown famous by his polemical writings of various kinds, and held in great favour and eſteem by thoſe who had power to diſpoſe of all preferments in the ſtate. 'Tis in vain to diſſemble, and far be it from me to defend his engaging with a party combined in the deſtruction of our church and monarchy. Yet, leaving the juſtification of a miſguided ſincerity to be debated in the ſchools, may I preſume to obſerve in his favour, that his zeal, diſtempered and furious as it was, does not appear to have been inſpirited by ſelf-intereſted views. For it is affirmed, that though he lived always in a frugal retirement, and before his death had diſpoſed of his library, (which we may ſuppoſe to have been a valuable collection), he left no more than fifteen hundred pounds behind him for the ſupport of his family; and whoever conſiders the poſts to which he was advanced, and the times in which he enjoyed them, will, I believe, confeſs he might have accumulated a much more plentiful fortune. In a diſpaſſionate mind it will not require any extraordinary meaſure of candour to conclude, that though he abode in the heritage of oppreſſors, and the ſpoils of his country lay at his feet, neither his conſcience nor his honour could ſtoop to gather them.

An. ætat. 42. A commiſſion to conſtitute him adjutant-general to Sir William Waller was promiſed, but ſoon ſuperſeded by Waller's being laid aſide, when

when his maſters thought it proper to new-model their army. However, the keenneſs of his pen had ſo effectually recommended him to Cromwell's eſteem, that when he took the reins of government into his own hand, he advanced him to be Latin ſecretary, both to himſelf and the parliament; the former of theſe preferments he enjoyed both under the uſurper and his ſon, the other till King Charles II. was reſtored. For ſome time he had an apartment for his family in Whitehall; but his health requiring a freer acceſſion of air, he was obliged to remove from thence to lodgings which opened into St James's park. Not long after his ſettlement there his wife died in childbed, and much about the time of her death a gutta ſerena, which had for ſeveral years been gradually increaſing, totally extinguiſhed his ſight. In this melancholic condition he was eaſily prevailed with to think of taking another wife, who was Catharine, the daughter of Capt. Woodcock of Hackney, and ſhe too, in leſs than a year after their marriage, died in the ſame unfortunate manner as the former had done; and in his twenty-third ſonnet he does honour to her memory.

Theſe private calamities were much heightened by the different figure he was likely to make in the new ſcene of affairs which was going to be acted in the ſtate. For all things now conſpiring to promote the king's reſtoration, he was too conſcious of his own activity during the uſurpation to expect any favour from the crown, and therefore he prudently abſconded till the act of oblivion was publiſhed, by which he was only rendered incapable of bearing any office in the nation. Many had a very juſt eſteem of his admirable parts and learning who deteſted his principles, by whoſe interceſſion his pardon paſſed the ſeals; and I wiſh the laws of civil hiſtory could have extended the benefit of that oblivion to the memory of his guilt, which was indulged to his perſon; *ne tanti facinoris immanitas aut extitiſſe, aut non vindicata fuiſſe, videatur.* *An. ætat. 51.*

Having thus gained a full protection from the government, (which was in truth more than he could have reaſonably hoped), he appeared as much in public as he formerly uſed to do, and employing his friend

Dr Paget to make choice of a third conſort, on his recommendation he married Eliſabeth, the daughter of Mr Minſhul, a Cheſhire gentleman, by whom he had no iſſue. Three daughters by his firſt wife were then living, the two elder of whom are ſaid to have been very ſerviceable to him in his ſtudies: for having been inſtructed to pronounce not only the modern, but alſo the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, they read in their reſpective originals whatever authors he wanted to conſult, though they underſtood none but their mother-tongue. This employment, however, was too unpleaſant to be continued for any long proceſs of time, and therefore he diſmiſſed them to receive an education more agreeable to their ſex and temper.

We come now to take a ſurvey of him in that point of view, in which he will be looked on by all ſucceeding ages with equal delight and admiration. An interval of above twenty years had elapſed *An. ætat.* *26. †29. ſince he wrote the Maſk of Comus *, L'Allegro, Il Penſoroſa, and Lycidas †, all in ſuch an exquiſite ſtrain, that though he had left no other monument of his genius behind him, his name had been immortal; but neither the infirmities of age and conſtitution, nor the viciſſitudes of fortune, could depreſs the vigour of his mind, or divert it from executing a deſign he had long conceived of writing an heroic poem ‡. The fall of man was a ſubject which he had ſome years before fixed on for a tragedy, which he intended to form by the models of antiquity; and ſome, not without probability, ſay, the play opened with that ſpeech in the fourth book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, ℣ 32. which is addreſſed by Satan to the ſun. Were it material, I believe I could produce other paſſages which more plainly appear to have been originally intended for the ſcene: but whatever truth there may be in this report, it is certain that he did not begin to mold his ſubject in the form which it bears now, before he had concluded his controverſy with Salmaſius and More, when he had wholly loſt the uſe of his eyes, and was forced to employ in the office of an amanuenſis any friend who accidentally paid him a viſit. Yet, under all theſe diſcouragements, and various interruptions,

‡ Paradiſe Loſt, Book IX. ℣ 26.

in

in the year 1669 * he publiſhed his *Paradiſe Loſt*, the nobleſt poem (next to thoſe of Homer and Virgil) that ever the wit of man produced in any age or nation. Need I mention any other evidence of its ineſtimable worth, than that the fineſt geniuſes who have ſucceeded him, have ever eſteemed it a merit to reliſh and illuſtrate its beauties? whilſt the critic who gazed, with ſo much wanton malice, on the nakedneſs of Shakeſpear when he ſlept, after having formally declared war againſt it †, wanted courage to make his attack; flushed though he was with his conqueſts over Julius Cæſar and the Moor, which inſolence his muſe, like the other aſſaſſines of Cæſar, ſeverely revenged on herſelf ‡; and not long after her triumph became her own executioner. Nor is it unworthy our obſervation, that though perhaps no one of our Engliſh poets hath excited ſo many admirers to imitate his manner, yet I think never any was known to aſpire to emulation; even the late ingenious Mr Philips, who, in the colours of ſtyle, came the neareſt of all the copiers to reſemble the great original, made his diſtant advances with a filial reverence, and reſtrained his ambition within the ſame bounds which Lucretius preſcribed to his own imitation. *An. ætat.* 61.

Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod TE imitari aveo: quid enim contendat hirundo
Cycnis?———

And now perhaps it may paſs for fiction, what with great veracity I affirm to be fact, that MILTON, after having with much difficulty prevailed to have this divine poem licenſed for the preſs, could ſell the copy for no more than fifteen pounds, the payment of which valuable conſideration depended on the ſale of three numerous impreſſions. So unreaſonably may perſonal prejudice affect the moſt excellent performances!

About two years after ‖, together with *Samſon Agoniſtes* (a tragedy not unworthy *An. ætat.* 63.

* Milton's contract with his bookſeller S. Simmons for the copy bears date April 27. 1667.

† The tragedies of the laſt age conſidered, *p.* 143.

‡ *Vide* Edgar.

‖ They were licenſed July 2. 1670, but not printed before the year enſuing.

the

the Grecian ſtage when Athens was in her glory) he publiſhed *Paradiſe Regain'd*; but, *Oh! what a falling off was there!*—of which I will ſay no more, than that there is ſcarcely a more remarkable inſtance of the frailty of human reaſon than our Author gave, in preferring this poem to *Paradiſe Loſt*, nor a more inſtructive caution to the beſt writers, to be very diffident in deciding the merit of their own productions.

And thus having attended him to the ſixty-ſixth year of his age, as cloſely as ſuch imperfect lights as men of letters and retirement uſually leave to guide our inquiry would allow, it now only remains to be recorded, that in the year 1674 the gout put a period to his life, at Bunhill near London; from whence his body was conveyed to St Giles's church by Cripplegate, where it lyes interred in the Chancel; but neither has nor wants a monument to perpetuate his memory.

An. ætat. $66\frac{6}{7}$.

In his youth he is ſaid to have been extremely handſome; the colour of his hair was a light brown, the ſymmetry of his features exact, enlivened with an agreeable air, and a beautiful mixture of fair and ruddy; which occaſioned the marquis of Villa to give his epigram the ſame turn of thought *, which Gregory archdeacon of Rome had employed above a thouſand years before, in praiſing the amiable complections of ſome Engliſh youths, before their converſion to Chriſtianity. His ſtature † (as we find it meaſured by himſelf) did not exceed the middle ſize, neither too lean, nor corpulent; his limbs well proportioned, nervous, and active, ſerviceable in all reſpects to his exerciſing the ſword, in which he much delighted; and wanted neither ſkill, nor courage, to reſent an affront from men of the moſt athletic conſtitutions. In his diet he was abſtemious; not delicate in the choice of his diſhes; and ſtrong liquors of all kinds were his averſion. Being too ſadly convinced how much his health had ſuffered by night-ſtudies in his younger years, he uſed to go early (ſeldom later than nine) to

* *Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, ſi pietas ſic,*
Non Anglus, *verùm hercle angelus ipſe fores.*

† *Defenſio ſecunda*, p. 87. *fol.*

reſt,

reſt, and roſe commonly before five in the morning. It is reported, (and there is a paſſage in one of his Latin elegies to countenance the tradition), that his fancy made the happieſt flights in the ſpring: but one of his nephews uſed to deliver it as MILTON's own obſervation, that his invention was in its higheſt perfection from September to the vernal equinox: however it was, the great inequalities to be found in his compoſures are inconteſtible proofs, that in ſome ſeaſons he was but one of the people. When blindneſs reſtrained him from other exerciſes, he had a machine to ſwing in for the preſervation of his health, and diverted himſelf in his chamber with playing on an organ. His deportment was erect, open, affable; his converſation eaſy, chearful, inſtructive; his wit on all occaſions at command, facetious, grave, or ſatirical, as the ſubject required. His judgment, when diſengaged from religious and political ſpeculations, was juſt and penetrating, his apprehenſion quick, his memory tenacious of what he read, his reading only not ſo extenſive as his genius, for that was univerſal. And having treaſured up ſuch immenſe ſtore of ſcience, perhaps the faculties of his ſoul grew more vigorous after he was deprived of ſight; and his imagination, (naturally ſublime and enlarged by reading romances *, of which he was much enamoured in his youth), when it was wholly abſtracted from material objects, was more at liberty to make ſuch amazing excurſions into the ideal world, when in compoſing his divine work he was tempted to range

Beyond the viſible diurnal ſphere.

With ſo many accompliſhments, not to have had ſome faults and misfortunes to be laid in the balance with the fame and felicity of writing *Paradiſe Loſt*, would have been too great a portion for humanity.

ELIJAH FENTON.

* His apology for *Smectymnuus*, p. 177. *fol.*

In PARADISUM AMISSAM ſummi poetæ JOANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis Amiſſam Paradiſum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid niſi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, et fines continet iſte liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terræque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum,
Sulphureuſque Erebi, flammivomuſque ſpecus:
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, et Tartara cæca,
Quæque colunt ſummi lucida regna poli:
Et quodcunque ullis concluſum eſt finibus uſquam,
Et ſine fine Chaos, et ſine fine Deus:
Et ſine fine magis, ſi quid magis eſt ſine fine,
In Chriſto erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui ſperaret quis erederet eſſe futura?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britanna legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, et quanta prælia, dira tuba!
Cœleſtes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!
Et que cœleſtes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in æthereis tollit ſe Lucifer armis!
Atque ipſo graditur vix Michaele minor!
Quantis, et quam funeſtis concurritur iris,
Dum ferus hic ſtellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulſos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali deſuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui ſe parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnæ non ſupereſſe ſuæ.
At ſimul in cœlis Meſſiæ inſignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ ſtrident, et ſæva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco
Admiſtis flammis inſonuere polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,
Et caſſis dextris irrita tela cadunt;
Ad pœnas fugiunt, et ceu foret Orcus aſylum,
Infernis certant condere ſe tenebris.
Cedite Romani ſcriptores, cedite Graii,
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hæc quicunque leget tantum cecinisſe putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

The VERSE.

THE meaſure is Engliſh heroic verſe without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no neceſſary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verſe, in longer works eſpecially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to ſet off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed ſince by the uſe of ſome famous modern poets, carried away by cuſtom; but much to their own vexation, hinderance, and conſtraint, to expreſs many things otherwiſe, and, for the moſt part, worſe than elſe they would have expreſſed them. Not without cauſe, therefore, ſome, both Italian and Spaniſh poets, of prime note, have rejected rhyme, both in longer and ſhorter works, as have alſo long ſince our beſt Engliſh tragedies, as a thing of itſelf, to all judicious ears, trivial, and of no true muſical delight; which conſiſts only in apt numbers, fit quantity of ſyllables, and the ſenſe variouſly drawn out from one verſe into another, not in the jingling ſound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of ryhme ſo little is to be taken for a defect, though it may ſeem ſo perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be eſteemed an example ſet, the firſt in Engliſh, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troubleſome and modern bondage of rhyming.

The ARGUMENT of Book I.

This first book proposes, first, in brief, the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre, (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan, with his angels, lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: they rise; their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan, and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven; but tells them, lastly, of a new world, and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven; for that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandæmonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.

BRITISH
29 JY67
MUSEUM

B.1.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

OF man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loſs of Eden, till one greater Man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing, heav'nly Muſe, that on the ſecret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire
That ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
Roſe out of Chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Faſt by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spi'rit, that doſt prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for thou know'ſt; thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread
Dove-like ſatt'ſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raiſe and ſupport;
That to the height of this great argument
I may aſſert eternal providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to men.
Say firſt, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell; ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy ſtate,

Favour'd of heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and tranſgreſs his will,
For one reſtraint, lords of the world beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal ſerpent; he it was, whoſe guile,
Stir'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had caſt him out from heav'n, with all his hoſt
Of rebel-angels; by whoſe aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in glory' above his peers,
He truſted to have equall'd the Moſt High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Againſt the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in heav'n, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the almighty power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the ſpace that meaſures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments him. Round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and ſtedfaſt hate:
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The diſmal ſituation waſte and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all ſides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe,
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell, hope never comes

That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning ſulphur unconſum'd:
Such place eternal juſtice had prepar'd
For thoſe rebellious, here their priſ'on ordain'd
In utter darkneſs, and their portion ſet
As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmoſt pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire,
He ſoon diſcerns; and welt'ring by his ſide
One next himſelf in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Paleſtine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom th' arch-enemy,
And thence in heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid ſilence, thus began.
If thou beeſt he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Cloth'd with tranſcendent brightneſs, didſt outſhine
Myriads though bright! if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counſels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterpriſe,
Join'd with me once, now miſery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou ſeeſt
From what height fall'n, ſo much the ſtronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of thoſe dire arms? Yet not for thoſe,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can elſe inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward luſtre, that fix'd mind,
And high diſdain from ſenſe of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightieſt rais'd me to contend;
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of ſpirits arm'd,
That durſt diſlike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmoſt pow'r with adverſe pow'r oppos'd

In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And ſhook his throne. What tho' the field be loſt?
All is not loſt; th' unconquerable will,
And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield,
And what is elſe not to be overcome;
That glory never ſhall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and ſue for grace
With ſuppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm ſo late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy' and ſhame beneath
This downfall: ſince by fate the ſtrength of gods
And this empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail;
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc'd,
We may with more ſucceſsful hope reſolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.
So ſpake th' apoſtate angel, though in pain;
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep deſpair:
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold compeer.
O Prince, O chief of many throned powers,
That led th' imbattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearleſs, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high ſupremacy,
Whether upheld by ſtrength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I ſee, and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us heav'n, and all this mighty hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heav'nly eſſences
Can periſh: for the mind and ſpi'rit remains
Invincible, and vigour ſoon returns,

Though all our glory' extinct, and happy ſtate
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs miſery.
But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, ſince no leſs
Than ſuch could have o'erpower'd ſuch force as ours)
Have left us this our ſpi'rit and ſtrength entire
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains,
That we may ſo ſuffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier ſervice as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his buſineſs be
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſh'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal puniſhment?
Whereto with ſpeedy words th' arch-fiend reply'd.
Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miſerable
Doing or ſuffering: but of this be ſure,
To do ought good never will be our taſk,
But ever to do ill our ſole delight,
As bei'ng the contrary to his high will
Whom we reſiſt. If then his providence
Out of our evil ſeek to bring forth good,
Our labour muſt be to pervert that end,
And out of good ſtill to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and diſturb
His inmoſt counſels from their deſtin'd aim.
But ſee the angry victor hath recall'd
His miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the gates of heav'n: the ſulphurous hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red light'ning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs deep.

Let us not ſlip th' occaſion, whether ſcorn,
Or ſatiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seeſt thou yon' dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The ſeat of deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves;
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there;
And reaſſembling our afflicted powers,
Conſult how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our enemy, our own loſs how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what reſolution from deſpair.
Thus Satan talking to his neareſt mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By antient Tarſus held, or that ſea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugeſt that ſwim th' ocean-ſtream:
Him haply ſlumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd ſkiff
Deeming ſome iſland, oft, as ſeamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his ſcaly rind
Moors by his ſide under the lee, while night
Inveſts the ſea, and wiſhed morn delays:
So ſtretch'd out huge in length the árch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake: nor ever thence
Had ris'n, or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns;
That with reiterated crimes he might

Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others; and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhewn
On man by him ſeduc'd; but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky air,
That felt unuſual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thund'ring Ætna, whoſe combuſtible
And fuel'd intrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoke: ſuch reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſs'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'ſcap'd the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſufferance of ſupernal power.
Is this the region, this the ſoil, the clime,
Said then the loſt arch-angel, this the ſeat
That we muſt change for heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celeſtial light? Be' it ſo, ſince he
Who now is ſov'reign can diſpoſe and bid
What ſhall be right: fartheſt from him is beſt,
Whom reas'on hath equall'd, force hath made ſupreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundeſt hell

Receive thy new poſſeſſor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itſelf
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than ſerve in heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' aſſociates and copartners of our loſs,
Lie thus aſtoniſh'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy manſion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heav'n, or what more loſt in hell?
So Satan ſpake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus anſwer'd. Leader of thoſe armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their livelieſt pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard ſo oft
In worſt extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it rag'd, in all aſſaults
Their ſureſt ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
New courage and revive, though now they lie,
Grovelling and proſtrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, aſtounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious height.
He ſcarce had ceas'd when the ſuperior fiend
Was moving tow'ard the ſhore; his pond'rous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large, and round
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
Through optic glaſs the Tuſcan artiſt views

At evening from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, (not like those steps
On heaven's azure), and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel-forms; who lay intranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge
Aflote, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded. Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spi'rits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To' adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon

His ſwift purſuers from heav'n-gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Tranſfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n.
They heard, and were abaſh'd, and up they ſprung
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouſe and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they ſoon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's ſon, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coaſt, up-call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locuſts, warping on the eaſtern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberleſs were thoſe bad angels ſeen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding fires;
Till, as a ſignal giv'n, th' uplifted ſpear
Of their great ſultan waving to direct
Their courſe, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimſtone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to paſs
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous ſons
Came like a deluge on the ſouth, and ſpread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian ſands.
Forthwith from every ſquadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haſte, where ſtood
Their great commander; godlike ſhapes, and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And pow'rs that erſt in heaven ſat on thrones;
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd,

By their rebellion, from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the ſons of Eve
Got them new names; till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high ſufferance for the tri'al of man,
By falſities and lies the greateſt part
Of mankind they corrupted to forſake
God their Creator, and th' inviſible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muſe, their names then known, who firſt, who
Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery couch, [laſt,
At their great empe'ror's call, as next in worth
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous croud ſtood yet aloof.
The chief were thoſe who from the pit of hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix
Their ſeats long after next the ſeat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durſt abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his ſanctuary itſelf their ſhrines,
Abominations; and with curſed things
His holy rites and ſolemn feaſts profan'd,
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.
Firſt Moloch, horrid king, beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noiſe of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that paſs'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worſhipp'd in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob, and in Baſan, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt Arnon. Nor content with ſuch

Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right againſt the temple' of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleaſant valley' of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
Next Chemos, th' óbſcene dread of Moab's ſons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of ſouthmoſt Abarim; in Heſebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma, clad with vines,
And Eleälé, to th' Aſphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Iſrael in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which coſt them woe.
Yet thence his luſtful orgies he enlarg'd
Ev'n to that hill of ſcandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide; luſt hard by hate;
Till good Joſiah drove them thence to hell.
With theſe came they, who from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates, to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Aſhtaroth; thoſe male,
Theſe feminine. For ſpirits when they pleaſe
Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompounded is their eſſence pure;
Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
Like cumbrous fleſh; but in what ſhape they chuſe
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their airy purpoſes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For thoſe the race of Iſrael oft forſook
Their living ſtrength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To beſtial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, ſunk before the ſpear

Of deſpicable foes. With theſe in troop
Came Aſtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Aſtarte, queen of heav'n, with creſcent horns;
To whoſe bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and ſongs;
In Sion alſo not unſung, where ſtood
Her temple on th' offenſive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whoſe heart, though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatreſſes, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whoſe annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damſels, to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a-ſummer's day;
While ſmooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when, by the viſion led,
His eye ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one,
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunſel edge,
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his worſhippers:
Dagon his name, ſea-monſter, upward man
And downward fiſh: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coaſt
Of Paleſtine, in Gath, and Aſcalon,
And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier-bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whoſe delightful ſeat
Was fair Damaſcus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid ſtreams.
He alſo' againſt the houſe of God was bold:
A leper once he loſt, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz, his ſottiſh conqu'ror, whom he drew
God's altar to diſparage, and diſplace,
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn

His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquiſh'd. After theſe appear'd
A crew, who under names of old renown,
Oſiris, Iſis, Orus, and their train,
With monſtrous ſhapes and ſorceries abus'd
Fanatic Egypt, and her prieſts, to ſeek
Their wand'ring gods diſguis'd in brutiſh forms,
Rather than human. Nor did Iſrael 'ſcape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that ſin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah; who in one night, when he paſs'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one ſtroke
Both her firſt-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came laſt, than whom a ſpi'rit more leud
Fell not from heaven, or more groſs to love
Vice for itſelf: to him no temple ſtood
Or altar ſmok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the prieſt
Turns Athieſt, as did Eli's ſons, who fill'd
With luſt and violence the houſe of God?
In courts and palaces he alſo reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noiſe
Of ri'ot aſcends above their loftieſt towers,
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the ſtreets, then wander forth the ſons
Of Belial, flown with inſolence and wine.
Witneſs the ſtreets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hoſpitable door
Expos'd a matron, to avoid worſe rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The reſt were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's iſſue held
Gods, yet confeſs'd later than Heav'n and Earth,
Their boaſted parents: Titan, Heav'n's firſt-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright ſeiz'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,

His own and Rhea's ſon, like meaſure found;
So Jove uſurping reign'd: theſe firſt in Crete
And Ida known; thence on the ſnowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their higheſt heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Heſperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmoſt iſles.
All theſe and more came flocking; but with looks
Down-caſt and damp, yet ſuch wherein appear'd
Obſcure ſome glimpſe of joy, to' have found their chief
Not in deſpair, to' have found themſelves not loſt
In loſs itſelf; which on his count'nance caſt
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not ſubſtance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and diſpell'd their fears.
Then ſtrait commands that at the warlike ſound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty ſtandard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering ſtaff unfurl'd
Th' imperial enſign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor ſtreaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luſtre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial ſounds;
At which the univerſal hoſt upſent
A ſhout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were ſeen
Ten thouſand banners riſe into the air
With orient colours waving: with them roſe
A foreſt huge of ſpears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ſerried ſhields in thick array,
Of depth immeaſurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood

Of flutes, and ſoft recorders; ſuch as rais'd
To height of nobleſt temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and inſtead of rage,
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and ſwage,
With ſolemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chaſe
Anguiſh, and doubt, and fear, and ſorr'ow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force, with fixed thought
Mov'd on in ſilence to ſoft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful ſteps o'er the burnt ſoil: and now
Advanc'd in view, they ſtand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guiſe
Of warriors old with order'd ſpear and ſhield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impoſe. He through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their viſages and ſtature as of gods;
Their number laſt he ſums. And now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
Glories: for never ſince created man
Met ſuch embodied force, as nam'd with theſe
Could merit more than that ſmall infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each ſide
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what reſounds
In fable or romance of Uther's ſon
Begirt with Britiſh and Armoric knights;
And all who ſince, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jouſted in Aſpramont or Montalban,
Damaſco, or Marocco, or Trebiſond;
Or whom Biſerta ſent from Afric ſhore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarrabia. Thus far theſe beyond
Compare of mortal proweſs, yet obſerv'd

Their dread commander: he above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not loſt
All her origi'nal brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than arch-angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory' obſcur'd: as when the ſun new riſen
Looks through the horizontal miſty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
In dim eclipſe diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' arch-angel: but his face
Deep ſcars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſiderate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld, in bliſs) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of ſpirits for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n, and from eternal ſplendors flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how they ſtood,
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
Hath ſcath'd the foreſt-oaks, or mountain-pines,
With ſinged top their ſtately growth, though bare
Stands on the blaſted heath. He now prepar'd
To ſpeak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half incloſe him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice, in ſpite of ſcorn,
Tears, ſuch as angels weep, burſt forth: at laſt
Words interwove with ſighs found out their way.
O myriads of immortal ſpi'rits, O powers
Matchleſs, but with th' Almighty; and that ſtrife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place teſtifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind,

Foreſeeing or preſaging, from the depth
Of knowledge paſt or preſent, could have fear'd,
How ſuch united force of gods, how ſuch
As ſtood like theſe, could ever know repulſe?
For who can yet believe, though after loſs,
That all theſe puiſſant legions, whoſe exile
Hath emptied heav'n, ſhall fail to reaſcend,
Self-rais'd, and repoſſeſs their native ſeat?
For me be witneſs all the hoſt of heav'n,
If counſels different, or danger ſhunn'd
By me, have loſt our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one ſecure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Conſent or cuſtom, and his regal ſtate
Put forth at full, but ſtill his ſtrength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains,
To work in cloſe deſign, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no leſs
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in heav'n, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the ſons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:
For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial ſpi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature: peace is deſpair'd,
For who can think ſubmiſſion? War then, war
Open or underſtood, muſt be reſolv'd.

He ſpake: and to confirm his words, outflew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs

Of mighty Cherubim; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Againſt the High'eſt, and fierce with graſped arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'ard the vault of heaven.
There ſtood a hill not far, whoſe griſly top
Belch'd fire and rolling ſmoke; the reſt entire
Shone with a gloſſy ſcurf, undoubted ſign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of ſulphur. Thither wing'd with ſpeed
A numerous brigad haſten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers, with ſpade and pickaxe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp to trench a field,
Or caſt a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the leaſt erected ſpi'rit that fell
From heav'n; for e'en in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy elſe enjoyed
In viſion beatific: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treaſures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a ſpacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that ſoil may beſt
Deſerve the precious bane. And here let thoſe
Who boaſt in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greateſt monuments of fame,
And ſtrength and art, are eaſily outdone
By ſpirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with inceſſant toil
And hands innumerable ſcarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the lake, a ſecond multitude

With wondrous art founded the maſſy ore,
Severing each kind, and ſcumm'd the bullion droſs:
A third as ſoon had form'd within the ground
A various mold, and from the boiling cells
By ſtrange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook;
As in an organ from one blaſt of wind
To many a row of pipes the ſound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet,
Built like a temple, where pilaſters round
Were ſet, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with boſſy ſculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo ſuch magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inſhrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or ſeat
Their kings, when Egypt with Aſſyria ſtrove
In wealth and luxury. Th' aſcending pile
Stood fix'd her ſtately height; and ſtrait the doors
Opening their brazen folds diſcover wide
Within, her ample ſpaces, o'er the ſmooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets, fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky. The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work ſome praiſe,
And ſome the architect: his hand was known
In heav'n by many a towred ſtructure high,
Where ſcepter'd angels held their reſidence,
And ſat as princes; whom the ſupreme King
Exalted to ſuch pow'r, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Auſonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell

From heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the cryſtal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A ſummer's day; and with the ſetting ſun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling ſtar,
On Lemnos th' Ægean iſle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
T' have built in heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'ſcape
By all his engines, but was headlong ſent
With his induſtrious crew to build in hell.
Mean while the winged heralds, by command
Of ſov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpets ſound, throughout the hoſt proclaim
A ſolemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandæmonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their ſummons call'd
From every band and ſquared regiment
By place or choice the worthieſt; they anon
With hundreds, and with thouſands, trooping came
Attended: all acceſs was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the ſpacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defy'd the beſt of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick ſwarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
Bruſh'd with the hiſs of ruſling wings. As bees
In ſpring-time, when the ſun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In cluſters; they among freſh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the ſmoothed plank,
The ſuburb of their ſtraw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their ſtate-affairs. So thick the airy croud
Swarm'd, and were ſtraiten'd; till the ſignal given,
Behold a wonder! they but now who ſeem'd
In bigneſs to ſurpaſs earth's giant ſons,

Now leſs than ſmalleſt dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberleſs, like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,
Whoſe midnight-revels by a foreſt-ſide
Or fountain ſome belated peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees: while over head the moon
Sits arbitreſs, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale courſe; they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund muſic charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal ſpi'rits to ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe, and were at large,
Though without number ſtill, amidſt the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimenſions like themſelves,
The great Seraphic lords and Cherubim
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſat,
A thouſand demi-gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full. After ſhort ſilence then,
And ſummons read, the great conſult began.

The end of the firſt book.

THE SECOND BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT of Book II.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

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PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

HIgh on a throne of royal ſtate, which far
Outſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high, inſatiate to purſue
Vain war with heav'n; and, by ſucceſs untaught,
His proud imaginations thus diſplay'd.
  Pow'rs and dominions, Deities of heav'n;
For ſince no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppreſs'd and fall'n,
I give not heav'n for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial virtues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate.
Me though juſt right, and the fix'd laws of heaven
Did firſt create your leader; next, free choice,
With what beſides, in council or in fight,
Hath been atchiev'd of merit, yet this loſs
Thus far at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſh'd in a ſafe unenvie'd throne,
Yielded with full conſent. The happier ſtate
In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior: but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes
Foremoſt to ſtand againſt the thund'rer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greateſt ſhare
Of endleſs pain? Where there is then no good

For which to ſtrive, no ſtrife can grow up there
From faction: for none ſure will claim in hell
Precedence; none, whoſe portion is ſo ſmall
Of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heav'n, we now return
To claim our juſt inheritance of old,
Surer to proſper than proſperity
Could have aſſur'd us; and by what beſt way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate: who can adviſe, may ſpeak.
He ceas'd; and next him Moloch, ſcepter'd king,
Stood up, the ſtrongeſt and the fierceſt ſpirit
That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by deſpair:
His truſt was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in ſtrength; and rather than be leſs,
Car'd not to be at all; with that care loſt
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worſe
He reck'd not; and theſe words thereafter ſpake.
My ſentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boaſt not: them let thoſe
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
Millions that ſtand in arms, and longing wait
The ſignal to aſcend, ſit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of ſhame,
The priſon of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather chuſe,
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force reſiſtleſs way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Againſt the torturer; when to meet the noiſe
Of his almighty engine, he ſhall hear
Infernal thunder; and for lightning, ſee
Black fire and horror ſhot with equal rage
Among his angels, and his throne itſelf

Mix'd with Tartarean ſulphur, and ſtrange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way ſeems difficult and ſteep to ſcale
With upright wing againſt a higher foe.
Let ſuch bethink them, if the ſleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not ſtill,
That in our proper motion we aſcend
Up to our native ſeat: deſcent and fall
To us is adverſe. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Inſulting, and purſu'd us through the deep,
With what compulſion and laborious flight
We ſunk thus low? Th' aſcent is eaſy then;
Th' event is fear'd; ſhould we again provoke
Our ſtronger, ſome worſe way his wrath may find
To our deſtruction; if there be in hell
Fear to be worſe deſtroyed. What can be worſe
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliſs, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguiſhable fire
Muſt exerciſe us without hope of end,
The vaſſals of his anger, when the ſcourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More deſtroyed than thus
We ſhould be quite aboliſh'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incenſe
His utmoſt ire? which to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite conſume us, and reduce
To nothing this eſſential; happier far
Than miſerable to have eternal being:
Or if our ſubſtance be indeed divine,
And cannot ceaſe to be, we are at worſt
On this ſide nothing; and by proof we feel
Our pow'r ſufficient to diſturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inacceſſible, his fatal throne:
Which if not victory, is yet revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd

Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On th' other side uprose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous, and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear
And with persuasive accent thus began.
I should be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The tow'rs of heaven are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bord'ring deep
Incamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realms of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mold,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,

And that must end us; that must be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war; we are decreed,
Reserv'd and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursu'd, and struck
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awak'd, should blow them into sev'nfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wrecking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk

Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converſe with everlaſting groans,
Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeleſs end? this would be worſe.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice diſſuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whoſe eye
Views all things at one view? he from heav'n's height
All theſe our motions vain ſees, and derides;
Not more almighty to reſiſt our might
Than wiſe to fruſtrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to ſuffer here
Chains and theſe torments? Better theſe than worſe,
By my advice; ſince fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To ſuffer, as to do,
Our ſtrength is equal, nor the law unjuſt
That ſo ordains: this was at firſt reſolv'd,
If we were wiſe, againſt ſo great a foe
Contending, and ſo doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when thoſe who at the ſpear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, ſhrink, and fear,
What yet they know muſt follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy', or bonds, or pain,
The ſentence of their conqu'ror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can ſuſtain and bear,
Our ſupreme foe in time may much remit
His anger; and perhaps thus far remov'd,
Not mind us not offending, ſatisfy'd
With what is puniſh'd; whence theſe raging fires
Will ſlacken, if his breath ſtir not their flames.
Our purer eſſence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour; or inur'd, not feel;
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper, and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkneſs light;

Beſides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting; ſince our preſent lot appears
For happy, though but ill; for ill, not worſt;
If we procure not to ourſelves more woe.
  Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reaſon's garb
Counſel'd ignoble eaſe, and peaceful ſloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon ſpake.
  Either to diſinthrone the King of heaven
We war, if war be beſt, or to regain
Our own right loſt; him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlaſting Fate ſhall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the ſtrife:
The former vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us
Within heav'n's bound, unleſs heav'n's Lord ſupreme
We overpow'r? Suppoſe he ſhould relent,
And publiſh grace to all, on promiſe made
Of new ſubjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his preſence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead ſing
Forc'd Hallelujah's; while he lordly ſits
Our envied ſov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambroſial odours and ambroſial flowers,
Our ſervile offerings? This muſt be our taſk
In heaven, this our delight; how wearifome
Eternity ſo ſpent in worſhip paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then purſue,
By force impoſſible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our ſtate
Of ſplendid vaſſalage; but rather ſeek
Our own good from ourſelves, and from our own
Live to ourſelves, though in this vaſt receſs,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the eaſy yoke
Of ſervile pomp. Our greatneſs will appear,
Then moſt conſpicuous, when great things of ſmall,

Uſeful of hurtful, proſpe'rous of adverſe
We can create; and in what place ſoe'er
Thrive under ev'il, and work eaſe out of pain,
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkneſs do we dread? How oft amidſt
Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chuſe to reſide, his glory unobſcur'd,
And with the majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſt'ring their rage, and heav'n reſembles hell?
As he our darkneſs, cannot we his light
Imitate when we pleaſe? This deſert ſoil
Wants not her hidden luſtre, gems and gold:
Nor want we ſkill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence; and what can heav'n ſhew more?
Our torments alſo may in length of time
Become our elements; theſe piercing fires
As ſoft as now ſevere, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which muſt needs remove
The ſenſible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counſels, and the ſettled ſtate
Of order, how in ſafety beſt we may
Compoſe our preſent evils, with regard
Of what we are, and where; diſmiſſing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I adviſe.
He ſcarce had finiſh'd, when ſuch murmur fill'd
Th' aſſembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The ſound of bluſt'ring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the ſea, now with hoarſe cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whoſe bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempeſt: ſuch applauſe was heard
As Mammon ended, and his ſentence pleas'd,
Adviſing peace: for ſuch another field
They dreaded worſe than hell: ſo much the fear
Of thunder and the ſword of Michaël
Wrought ſtill within them; and no leſs deſire
To found this nether empire, which might riſe,

By policy, and long procéſs of time,
In emulation oppoſite to heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher ſat, with grave
Aſpéct he roſe, and in his riſing ſeem'd
A pill'ar of ſtate; deep on his front ingraven
Deliberation ſat, and public care;
And princely counſel in his face yet ſhone,
Majeſtic though in ruin: ſage he ſtood
With Atlantean ſhoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightieſt monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention ſtill as night,
Or ſummer's noon-tide air, while thus he ſpake.
Thrones, and imperial powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal virtues; or theſe titles now
Muſt we renounce, and, changing ſtyle, be call'd
Princes of hell? for ſo the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue', and build up here
A growing empire; doubtleſs, while we dream,
And know not that the King of heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon; not our ſafe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heav'n's high juriſdiction, in new league
Banded againſt his throne; but to remain
In ſtricteſt bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reſerv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be ſure,
In height or depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will reign
Sole King, and of his kingdom loſe no part
By our revolt; but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron ſceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden thoſe in heaven.
What ſit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loſs
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchſaf'd or ſought; for what peace will be given
To us inſlav'd, but cuſtody ſevere,
And ſtripes, and arbitrary puniſhment

Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But, to our pow'r, hoſtility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though ſlow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqu'ror leaſt
May reap his conqueſt, and may leaſt rejoice
In doing, what we moſt in ſuffering feel?
Nor will occaſion want, nor ſhall we need
With dange'rous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whoſe high walls fear no aſſault or ſiege,
Or ambuſh from the deep. What if we find
Some eaſier enterpriſe? there is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not), another world, the happy ſeat
Of ſome new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though leſs
In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; ſo was his will
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,
That ſhook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold
Or ſubſtance, how endow'd, and what their power,
And where their weakneſs, how attempted beſt,
By force or ſubtlety. Though heav'n be ſhut,
And heav'n's high arbitrator ſit ſecure
In his own ſtrength, this place may ly expos'd,
The utmoſt border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be atchiev'd
By ſudden onſet, either with hell-fire
To waſte his whole creation; or poſſeſs
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny 'habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Aboliſh his own works. This would ſurpaſs
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confuſion, and our joy upraiſe

In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view [arms
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighb'ring
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter heav'n; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of heav'n's fair light,
Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art can then

Suffice, or what evaſion bear him ſafe
Through the ſtrict ſenteries and ſtations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumſpection, and we now no leſs
Choice in our ſuffrage; for on whom we ſend,
The weight of all and our laſt hope relies.
This ſaid, he ſat; and expectation held
His look ſuſpenſe, awaiting who appear'd
To ſecond, or oppoſe, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all ſat mute,
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own diſmay,
Aſtoniſh'd. None among the choice and prime
Of thoſe heav'n-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer, or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at laſt
Satan, whom now tranſcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conſcious of higheſt worth, unmov'd thus ſpake.
O progeny of heav'n, empyreal thrones,
With reaſon hath deep ſilence and demur
Seiz'd us, though undiſmay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our priſon ſtrong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egreſs.
Theſe paſs'd, if any paſs, the void profound
Of uneſſential night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loſs of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'ſcape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him leſs
Than unknown dangers, and as hard eſcape?
But I ſhould ill become this throne, O peers,
And this imperial ſov'reignty, adorn'd
With ſplendor, arm'd with pow'r, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the ſhape

Of difficulty' or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do' I aſſume
Theſe royalties, and not refuſe to reign,
Refuſing to accept as great a ſhare
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and ſo much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the reſt
High honour'd ſits? Go therefore, mighty powers,
Terror of heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here ſhall be our home, what beſt may eaſe
The preſent miſery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure, or charm,
To reſpite, or deceive, or ſlack the pain
Of this ill manſion: intermit no watch
Againſt a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coaſts of dark deſtruction ſeek
Deliv'rance for us all: this enterpriſe
None ſhall partake with me. Thus ſaying roſe
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, leſt, from his reſolution rais'd,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erſt they fear'd;
And ſo refus'd, might in opinion ſtand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge muſt earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they roſe:
Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the High'eſt in heaven:
Nor fail'd they to expreſs how much they prais'd,
That for the general ſafety he deſpis'd
His own: for neither do the ſpirits damn'd
Loſe all their virtue; leſt bad men ſhould boaſt
Their ſpecious deeds on earth, which glory' excites,
Or cloſe ambition varniſh'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful conſultations dark

Ended rejoicing in their matchleſs chief:
As when from mountain-tops the duſky clouds
Aſcending, while the north-wind ſleeps, o'erſpread
Heav'n's chearful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landſkip ſnow, or ſhower;
If chance the radiant ſun with farewell ſweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O ſhame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only diſagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and ſtrife
Among themſelves, and levy cruel wars,
Waſting the earth, each other to deſtroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not helliſh foes enow beſides,
That, day and night, for his deſtruction wait.
The Stygian council thus diſſolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
'Midſt came their mighty paramount, and ſeem'd
Alone th' antagoniſt of heav'n, nor leſs
Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp ſupreme,
And God-like imitated ſtate; him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd,
With bright imblazonry and horrent arms.
Then of their ſeſſion ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal ſound the great reſult;
Tow'ards the four winds four ſpeedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the ſounding alchemy,
By heralds voice explain'd; the hollow' abyſs
Heard far and wide, and all the hoſt of hell
With deaf'ning ſhout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at eaſe their minds, and ſomewh
By falſe preſumptuous hope, the ranged powers [rai
Diſband, and wandering, each his ſeveral way
Purſues, as inclination or ſad choice

Leads him perplex'd, where he may likelieſt find
Truce to his reſtleſs thoughts, and entertain
The irkſome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air ſublime,
Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery ſteeds, or ſhun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Wag'd in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their ſpears
Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
Others, with vaſt Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conqueſt, felt th' invenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Theſſalian pines;
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic ſea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapleſs fall
By doom of battle: and complain that fate
Free virtue ſhould inthrall to force or chance.
Their ſong was partial; but the harmony
(What could it leſs when ſpi'rits immortal ſing?)
Suſpended hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet,
(For eloquence the ſoul, ſong charms the ſenſe),
Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high,
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge abſolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes loſt.
Of good and evil much they argu'd then,

Of happineſs and final miſery,
Paſſion and apathy, and glory' and ſhame;
Vain wiſdom all, and falſe philoſophy:
Yet, with a pleaſing ſorcery, could charm
Pain for a while, or anguiſh, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breaſt
With ſtubborn patience, as with triple ſteel.
Another part, in ſquadrons and groſs bands,
On bold adventure to diſcover wide
That diſmal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them eaſier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that diſgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful ſtreams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of ſorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful ſtream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whoſe waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from theſe, a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watry labyrinth; whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former ſtate and be'ing forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lyes dark and wild, beat with perpetual ſtorms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin ſeems
Of ancient pile; all elſe deep ſnow and ice;
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Caſius old,
Where armies whole have ſunk; the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce;
From beds of raging fire to ſtarve in ice

Their ſoft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean ſound
Both to and fro, their ſorrow to augment,
And wiſh and ſtruggle, as they paſs, to reach
The tempting ſtream, with one ſmall drop to loſe
In ſweet forgetfulneſs all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and ſo near the brink:
But Fate withſtands, and to oppoſe th' attempt
Meduſa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itſelf the water flies
All taſte of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In cónfus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands
With ſhudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghaſt,
View'd firſt their lamentable lot, and found
No reſt: through many a dark and dreary vale
They paſs'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and ſhades of death,
A univerſe of death; which God by curſe
Created ev'il, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire.
Mean while the adverſary' of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of high'eſt deſign,
Puts on ſwift wings, and tow'ards the gates of hell
Explores his ſolitary flight: ſometimes
He ſcours the right-hand coaſt, ſometimes the left;
Now ſhaves with level wing the deep, then ſoars
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high.
As when far off at ſea a fleet deſcry'd,
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds,
Cloſe ſailing from Bengala, or the iſles.

Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their ſpicy drugs; they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, ſtemming nightly tow'ard the pole: ſo ſeem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At laſt appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof;
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were braſs
Three iron, three of adamantine rock;
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconſum'd. Before the gates there ſat
On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
The one ſeem'd woman to the waſte, and fair,
But ended foul in many a ſcaly fold
Voluminous and vaſt; a ſerpent arm'd
With mortal ſting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceaſing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they liſt, would creep,
If ought diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd
Within unſeen. Far leſs abhorr'd than theſe
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the ſea that parts
Calabria from the hoarſe Trinacrian ſhore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In ſecret, riding through the air ſhe comes,
Lur'd with the ſmell of infant-blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipſes at their charms. The other ſhape,
If ſhape it might be call'd that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in member, joint, or limb;
Or ſubſtance might be call'd that ſhadow ſeem'd,
For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And ſhook a dreadful dart; what ſeem'd his head,
The likeneſs of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving, onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides; hell trembled as he ſtrode.

Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd;
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valu'd he, nor ſhunn'd;
And with diſdainful look thus firſt began.
Whence and what art thou, execrable ſhape,
That dar'ſt, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miſcreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to paſs,
That be aſſur'd, without leave aſk'd of thee:
Retire, or taſte thy folly', and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with ſpi'rits of heaven.
To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who firſt broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's ſons,
Conjúr'd againſt the High'eſt; for which both thou
And they, outcaſt from God, are here condemn'd
To waſte eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'ſt thou thyſelf with ſpi'rits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'ſt defiance here and ſcorn,
Where I reign king; and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy puniſhment,
Falſe fugitive, and to thy ſpeed add wings;
Leſt with a whip of ſcorpions I purſue
Thy ling'ring, or with one ſtroke of this dart
Strange horror ſeize thee', and pangs unfelt before.
So ſpake the griſly terror, and in ſhape,
So ſpeaking and ſo threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other ſide
Incens'd with indignation Satan ſtood
Unterrified; and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic ſky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No ſecond ſtroke intend; and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at th' other, as when two black clouds,

With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caſpian, then ſtand front to front,
Hovering a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; ſo match'd they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the ſnakey ſorcereſs that ſat
Faſt by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.
O father, what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
Againſt thy only ſon? What fury', O ſon,
Poſſeſſes thee, to bend that mortal dart
Againſt thy father's head? and know'ſt for whom;
For him who ſits above, and laughs the while
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls juſtice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both.
She ſpake, and at her words the helliſh peſt
Forbore; then theſe to her Satan return'd.
So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented, ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
In this infernal vale firſt met, thou call'ſt
Me father, and that phantaſm call'ſt my ſon:
I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable than him and thee.
T' whom thus the portreſs of hell-gate reply'd.
Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
In heav'n, when at th' aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt heav'n's King,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain

Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwum
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth; till on the left ſide op'ning wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a goddeſs arm'd,
Out of thy head I ſprung: amazement ſeiz'd
All th' hoſt of heav'n; back they recoil'd, afraid
At firſt, and call'd me Sin, and for a ſign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The moſt averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyſelf in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becam'ſt enamour'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt
With me in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war aroſe,
And fields were fought in heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could elſe?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory; to our part loſs and rout,
Through all the empyréan: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
I alſo; at which time this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
Theſe gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my opening. Penſive here I ſat
Alone; but long I ſat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At laſt this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my intrails, that with fear and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth iſſu'd, brandiſhing his fatal dart
Made to deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out, Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded, Death.
I fled; but he purſu'd, (though more, it ſeems,

Inflam'd with luſt than rage), and, ſwifter far,
Me overtook his mother, all diſmay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot
Theſe yelling monſters, that with ceaſeleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſaw'ſt, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me; for when they liſt, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repaſt; then burſting forth,
Afreſh with conſcious terrors vex me round,
That reſt or intermiſſion none I find.
Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits
Grim Death, my ſon and foe; who ſets them on,
And me his parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morſel, and his bane,
Whenever that ſhall be; ſo Fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in thoſe bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can reſiſt.
She finiſh'd; and the ſubtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus anſwer'd ſmooth.
Dear daughter, ſince thou claim'ſt me for thy ſire,
And my fair ſon here ſhow'ſt me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heav'n, and joys
Then ſweet, now ſad to mention, thro' dire change
Befall'n us, unforeſeen, unthought of; know
I come no enemy, but to ſet free
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly hoſt
Of ſpirits, that, in our juſt pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand ſole; and one for all
Myſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread

Th' unfounded deep, and thro' the void immenſe
To ſearch with wand'ring queſt a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring ſigns, ere now
Created, vaſt and round; a place of bliſs
In the pourlieus of heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upſtart creatures, to ſupply
Perhaps our vacant room; tho' more remov'd,
Leſt heav'n ſurcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought
Than this more ſecret, now deſign'd, I haſte
To know; and this once known, ſhall ſoon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at eaſe, and up and down unſeen
Wing ſilently the buxom air imbalm'd
With odours, there ye ſhall be fed and fill'd,
Immeaſureably, all things ſhall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both ſeem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile, to hear
His famine ſhould be fill'd; and bleſs'd his maw
Deſtin'd to that good hour: no leſs rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus beſpake her ſire.
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heav'n's all-pow'rful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
Theſe adamantine gates; againſt all force
Death ready ſtands to interpoſe his dart,
Fearleſs to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thruſt me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To ſit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compaſs'd round,
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'ſt me; whom ſhould I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me ſoon

To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The gods who live at eaſe, where I ſhall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beſeems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus ſaying, from her ſide the fatal key,
Sad inſtrument of all our woe, ſhe took;
And tow'ards the gate rolling her beſtial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew;
Which but herſelf, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of maſſy ir'on or ſolid rock with eaſe
Unfaſtens: on a ſudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to ſhut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended wings a banner'd hoſt,
Under ſpread enſigns marching, might paſs through
With horſe and chariots rank'd in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and, like a furnace-mouth,
Caſt forth redounding ſmoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in ſudden view appear
The ſecrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimenſion, where length, breadth, and height,
And time and place are loſt; where eldeſt Night
And Chaos, anceſtors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidſt the noiſe
Of endleſs wars, and by confuſion ſtand.
For hot, cold, moiſt, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for maſt'ry, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their ſeveral clans,
Light arm'd, or heavy, ſharp, ſmooth, ſwift, or ſlow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the ſands
Of Barca, or Cyrene's torrid ſoil,

Levied to ſide with warring winds, and poiſe
Their lighter wings. To whom theſe moſt adhere,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire ſits,
And by deciſion more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyſs,
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither ſea, nor ſhore, nor air, nor fire,
But all theſe in their pregnant cauſes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus muſt ever fight,
Unleſs th' almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyſs the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to croſs. Nor was his ear leſs peal'd
With noiſes loud and ruinous, (to compare
Great things with ſmall), than when Bellona ſtorms,
With all her batt'ring engines bent to raſe
Some capital city'; or leſs than if this frame
Of heaven were falling, and theſe elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The ſtedfaſt earth. At laſt his ſail-broad vans
He ſpreads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoke
Uplifted ſpurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, aſcending rides
Audacious; but that ſeat ſoon failing meets
A vaſt vacuity: all unawares
Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thouſand fathom deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud,
Inſtinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury ſtay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither ſea,
Nor good dry-land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,
Half fly'ing; behoves him now both oar and ſail.

As when a gryphon, through the wilderneſs
With winged courſe o'er hill or moory dale,
Purſues the Arimaſpian, who by ſtealth
Had from his wakeful cuſtody purloin'd
The guarded gold: ſo eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or ſteep, thro' ſtrait, rough, denſe, or rare
With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his way;
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length an univerſal hubbub wild
Of ſtunning ſounds, and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, aſſaults his ear,
With loudeſt vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or ſpirit of the nethermoſt abyſs
Might in that noiſe reſide, of whom to aſk
Which way the neareſt coaſt of darkneſs lyes
Bord'ring on light; when ſtrait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful deep; with him enthron'd
Sat ſable-veſted Night, eldeſt of things,
The conſort of his reign, and by them ſtood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumor next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confuſion all embroil'd,
And Diſcord with a thouſand various mouths.

T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye powers
And ſpirits of this nethermoſt abyſs,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no ſpy
With purpoſe to explore or to diſturb
The ſecrets of your realm; but by conſtraint
Wand'ring this darkſome deſert, as my way
Lyes through your ſpacious empire up to light
Alone, and without guide, half loſt, I ſeek
What readieſt path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heav'n; or if ſome other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
Poſſeſſes lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my courſe:

Directed, no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof; if I that region loſt,
All uſurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkneſs, and your ſway,
(Which is my preſent journey), and once more
Erect the ſtandard there of ancient night;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the anarch old,
With falt'ring ſpeech and viſage incompos'd,
Anſwer'd. I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head againſt heav'n's King, tho' overthrown.
I ſaw, and heard; for ſuch a numerous hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Purſuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep reſidence; if all I can will ſerve
That little which is left ſo to defend,
Encroach'd on ſtill through your inteſtine broils
Weak'ning the ſceptre of old Night: firſt hell,
Your dungeon, ſtretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately heav'n and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain,
To that ſide heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go, and ſpeed;
Havoc, and ſpoil, and ruin are my gain.
He ceas'd; and Satan ſtay'd not to reply,
But glad that now his ſea ſhould find a ſhore,
With freſh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanſe; and through the ſhock
Of fighting elements, on all ſides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beſet
And more indanger'd, than when Argo paſs'd
Through Boſporus, betwixt the juſtling rocks:

Or when Ulyſſes on the larboard ſhunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool ſteer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on; with difficulty and labour he;
But he once paſs'd, ſoon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, ſuch was the will of Heaven,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyſs, whoſe boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,
From hell continu'd, reaching th' utmoſt orb
Of this frail world; by which the ſpi'rits perverſe
With eaſy intercourſe paſs to and fro,
To tempt or puniſh mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by ſpecial grace.
But now at laſt the ſacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
Shoots far into the boſom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature firſt begins
Her fartheſt verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmoſt works a broken foe,
With tumult leſs, and with leſs hoſtile din;
That Satan with leſs toil, and now with eaſe,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten veſſel holds
Gladly the port, though ſhrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waſte, reſembling air,
Weighs his ſpread wings, at leiſure to behold
Far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd ſquare or round,
With opal tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd
Of living ſaphire, once his native ſeat;
And faſt by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigneſs as a ſtar
Of ſmalleſt magnitude, cloſe by the moon.
Thither full-fraught with miſchievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a curſed hour he hies.

The end of the ſecond book.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT of Book III.

God ſitting on his throne ſees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; ſhews him to the Son who ſat at his right-hand; foretells the ſucceſs of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own juſtice and wiſdom from all imputation, having created man free, and able enough to have withſtood his tempter; yet declares his purpoſe of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him ſeduced. The Son of God renders praiſes to his Father for the manifeſtation of his gracious purpoſe towards man: but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the ſatisfaction of divine juſtice. Man hath offended the majeſty of God, by aſpiring to Godhead; and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, muſt die, unleſs ſome one can be found ſufficient to anſwer for his offence, and undergo his puniſhment. The Son of God freely offers himſelf a ranſom for man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth: commands all the angels to adore him: they obey; and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermoſt orb; where wandering he firſt finds a place, ſince called The limbo of vanity: *what perſons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of heaven, deſcrib'd aſcending by ſtairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his paſſage thence to the orb of the ſun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but firſt changes himſelf into the ſhape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous deſire to behold the new creation, and man, whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights firſt on mount Niphates.*

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B. III.

R. Cooper sculp.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

HAil, holy light, offspring of heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam!
May I expreſs thee' unblam'd? ſince God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate.
Or hear'ſt thou rather, pure ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe fountain who ſhall tell? Before the ſun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs infinite.
Thee I reviſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre,
I ſung of Chaos and eternal night;
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to reaſcend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop ſerene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander where the Muſes haunt
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,

That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides;
And Tireſias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Preſented with a univerſal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou, celeſtial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all miſt from thence
Purge and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.

Now had th' almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyréan where he ſits
High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the ſanctities of heaven
Stood thick as ſtars, and from his ſight receiv'd
Beatitude paſt utterance: on his right
The radiant image of his glory ſat,
His only Son. On earth he firſt beheld
Our two firſt parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,

In bliſsful ſolitude. He then ſurvey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coaſting the wall of heav'n on this ſide night,
In the dun air ſublime; and ready now
To ſtoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outſide of this world, that ſeem'd
Firm land imboſom'd, without firmament;
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his proſpect high,
Wherein paſt, preſent, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreſeeing ſpake.
Only begotten Son, ſeeſt thou what rage
Tranſports our adverſary? whom no bounds
Preſcrib'd, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyſs
Wide interrupt, can hold; ſo bent he ſeems
On deſperate revenge, that ſhall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all reſtraint broke looſe, he wings his way
Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow'ards the new-created world,
And man there plac'd, with purpoſe to aſſay
If him by force he can deſtroy, or worſe,
By ſome falſe guile pervert: and ſhall pervert;
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And eaſily tranſgreſs the ſole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: ſo will fall,
He, and his faithleſs progeny. Whoſe fault?
Whoſe but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have: I made him juſt and right,
Sufficient to have ſtood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal powers
And ſpi'rits, both them who ſtood, and them who fail'd;
Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n ſincere
Of true allegiance, conſtant faith or love,
Where only what they needs muſt do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praiſe could they receive?

What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid,
When will and reaſon (reaſon alſo' is choice)
Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoil'd,
Made paſſive both, had ſerv'd neceſſity,
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can juſtly' accuſe
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predeſtination over-rul'd
Their will, diſpos'd by abſolute decree,
Or high foreknowledge. They themſelves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without leaſt impulſe or ſhadow' of fate,
Or ought by me immutably foreſeen,
They treſpaſs, authors to themſelves in all,
Both what they judge, and what they chuſe; for ſo
I form'd them free: and free they muſt remain,
Till they inthrall themſelves; I elſe muſt change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themſelves ordain'd their fall.
The firſt ſort by their own ſuggeſtion fell,
Self-tempted, ſelf-deprav'd: man falls, deceiv'd
By th' other firſt: man therefore ſhall find grace,
The other none: in mercy' and juſtice both,
Through heav'n and earth, ſo ſhall my glory' excel;
But mercy, firſt and laſt, ſhall brighteſt ſhine.
Thus while God ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd
All heav'n, and in the bleſſed ſpi'rits elect
Senſe of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was ſeen
Moſt glorious; in him all his Father ſhone
Subſtantially expreſs'd; and in his face
Divine compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without meaſure grace;
Which uttering, thus he to his Father ſpake.
O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd

Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace;
For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Incompass'd shall resound thee ever bless'd.
For should man finally be lost, should man
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.
To whom the great Creator thus reply'd:
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed.
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsaf'd: once more I will renew
His lapsed pow'rs, though forfeit and inthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe;
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.

Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide,
My umpire Conscience; whom if they will hear,
Light after light, well us'd, they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long-sufferance, and my day of grace,
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall:
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of heaven,
Affecting godhead, and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left;
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He, with his whole posterity, must die;
Die he or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heav'nly pow'rs, where shall we find such love!
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?
He ask'd; but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
And silence was in heav'n: on man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw

The deadly forfeiture, and ranſom ſet.
And now without redemption all mankind
Muſt have been loſt, adjudg'd to death and hell
By doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulneſs dwells of love divine,
His deareſt mediation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is paſt, man ſhall find grace;
And ſhall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought?
Happy for man, ſo coming: he her aid
Can never ſeek, once dead in ſins, and loſt;
Atonement for himſelf, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man; I for his ſake will leave
Thy boſom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his rage:
Under his gloomy pow'r I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſh'd; thou haſt giv'n me to poſſeſs
Life in myſelf for ev'r; by thee I live,
Though now to death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathſome grave
His prey, nor ſuffer my unſpotted ſoul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted ſpoil;
Death his death's wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortal ſting diſarm'd.
I through the ample air, in triumph high,
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and ſhow
The pow'rs of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight
Pleas'd, out of heaven ſhalt look down, and ſmile;
While, by thee rais'd, I ruin all my foes,

Death laſt, and with his carcaſe glut the grave:
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
Shall enter heav'n, long abſent, and return,
Father, to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd,
And reconcilement; wrath ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aſpect
Silent yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only ſhone
Filial obedience: as a ſacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration ſeiz'd
All heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring; but ſoon th' Almighty thus reply'd.

O thou in heaven and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou
My ſole complacence! well thou know'ſt how dear
To me are all my works; nor man the leaſt,
Though laſt created; that for him I ſpare
Thee from my boſom and right hand, to ſave,
By loſing thee a while, the whole race loſt.
Thou therefore, whom thou only canſt redeem,
Their nature alſo to thy nature join;
And be thyſelf man among men on earth,
Made fleſh, when time ſhall be, of virgin ſeed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's ſon.
As in him periſh all men, ſo in thee,
As from a ſecond root, ſhall be reſtor'd
As many' as are reſtor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his ſons; thy merit
Imputed ſhall abſolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee tranſplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So man, as is moſt juſt,
Shall ſatisfy for man, be judg'd, and die,
And dying riſe, and riſing with him raiſe

His brethren, ranſom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love ſhall outdo helliſh hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem, what helliſh hate
So eaſily deſtroy'd, and ſtill deſtroys
In thoſe who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor ſhalt thou, by deſcending to aſſume
Man's nature, leſſen or degrade thine own.
Becauſe thou haſt, though thron'd in higheſt bliſs
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all, to ſave
A world from utter loſs, and haſt been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthieſt to be ſo by being good,
Far more than great or high; becauſe in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory' abounds;
Therefore thy humiliation ſhall exalt
With thee thy manhood alſo to this throne;
Here ſhalt thou ſit incarnate, here ſhalt reign
Both God and man, Son both of God and man,
Anointed univerſal King; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy merits; under thee, as head ſupreme,
Thrones, princedoms, pow'rs, dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee ſhall bow, of them that bide
In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell.
When thou attended glorioufly from heaven
Shalt in the ſky appear, and from thee ſend
The ſummoning arch-angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds,
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt ages, to the general doom
Shall haſten; ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe their ſleep.
Then all thy ſaints aſſembled, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd ſhall ſink
Beneath thy ſentence; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean while
The world ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring

New heav'n and earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell;
And after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal ſceptre ſhalt lay by,
For regal ſceptre then no more ſhall need,
God ſhall be all in all. But all ye gods,
Adore him, who to compaſs all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.
No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a ſhout
Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſs'd voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hoſannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent,
Tow'ards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With ſolemn adoration down they caſt
Their crowns, inwove with amarant, and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once
In Paradiſe, faſt by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but ſoon for man's offence
To heav'n remov'd, where firſt it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft ſhading the fount of life,
And where the rive'r of bliſs through midſt of heav'n
Rolls o'er Elyſian flow'rs her amber ſtream:
With theſe, that never fade, the ſpi'rits elect
Bind their reſplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams;
Now in looſe garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a ſea of jaſper ſhone,
Impurpled with celeſtial roſes ſmil'd.
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took;
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their ſide
Like quivers hung, and with preamble ſweet
Of charming ſymphony they introduce
Their ſacred ſong, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, ſuch concord is in heaven.
Thee, Father, firſt they ſung omnipotent,

Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Eternal King; thee author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyſelf inviſible
Amidſt the glorious brightneſs where thou ſitt'ſt
Thron'd inacceſſible, but when thou ſhad'ſt
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant ſhrine,
Dark with exceſſive bright thy ſkirts appear;
Yet dazzle heaven, that brighteſt Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they ſang of all creation firſt,
Begotten Son, divine ſimilitude,
In whoſe conſpicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made viſible, th' almighty Father ſhines,
Whom elſe no creature can behold; on thee
Impreſs'd th' effulgence of his glory' abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit reſts.
He heav'n of heav'ns, and all the powers therein,
By thee created; and by thee threw down
Th' aſpiring dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didſt not ſpare,
Nor ſtop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that ſhook
Heav'n's everlaſting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'ſt of warring angels diſarray'd.
Back from purſuit thy pow'rs with loud acclaim
Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.
Not ſo on man: him through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy' and grace, thou didſt not doom
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity' incline:
No ſooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
So ſtrictly, but much more to pity' inclin'd,
He to appeaſe thy wrath, and end the ſtrife
Of mercy' and juſtice in thy face diſcern'd,
Regardleſs of the bliſs wherein he ſat
Second to thee, offer'd himſelf to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love,

Love no where to be found leſs than divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my ſong
Henceforth, and never ſhall my harp thy praiſe
Forget, nor from thy Father's praiſe disjoin.

Thus they in heav'n above the ſtarry ſphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning ſpent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whoſe firſt convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, inclos'd
From Chaos, and th' inroad of darkneſs old,
Satan alighted walks. A globe far off
It ſeem'd, now ſeems a boundleſs continent
Dark, waſte, and wild, under the frown of night
Starleſs expos'd, and ever-threat'ning ſtorms
Of Chaos bluſt'ring round, inclement ſky;
Save on that ſide which from the wall of heaven,
Though diſtant far, ſome ſmall reflection gains
Of glimmering air leſs vex'd with tempeſt loud.
Here walk'd the fiend at large in ſpacious field.
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whoſe ſnowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Diſlodging from a region ſcarce of prey,
To gorge the fleſh of lambs or yeanling kids,
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'ard the ſpring
Of Ganges or Hydaſpes, Indian ſtreams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineſes drive
With ſails and wind their cany waggons light:
So on this windy ſea of land, the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeleſs, to be found was none;
None yet, but ſtore hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aëreal vapours flew
Of all things tranſitory and vain, when ſin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things

Built their fond hopes of glory' or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life;
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:
All th' unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here;
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle spirits, hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind:
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he who to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryo's, and idiots, eremits, and friers
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven;
And they who to be sure of Paradise,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd;
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
And that chrystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd:
And now Saint Peter at heav'n's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo

A violent croſs wind from either coaſt
Blows them tranſverſe, ten thouſand leagues awry
Into the devious air: then might ye ſee
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, toſt,
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, diſpenſes, pardons, bulls,
The ſport of winds: all theſe upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backſide of the world far off
Into a limbo large and broad, ſince call'd
The paradiſe of fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrode.
All this dark globe the fiend found as he paſs'd;
And long he wander'd, till at laſt a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haſte
His travell'd ſteps: far diſtant he deſcries,
Aſcending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of heav'n, a ſtructure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontiſpiece of diamond and gold
Embelliſh'd; thick with ſparkling orient gems
The portal ſhone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by ſhading pencil drawn.
The ſtairs were ſuch as whereon Jacob ſaw
Angels aſcending and deſcending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Eſau fled
To Padan-aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open ſky,
And waking cry'd, This is the gate of heav'n.
Each ſtair myſteriouſly was meant, nor ſtood
There always, but drawn up to heav'n ſometimes
Viewleſs, and underneath a bright ſea flow'd
Of jaſper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, ſailing arriv'd
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery ſteeds.
The ſtairs were then let down, whether to dare
The fiend by eaſy' aſcent, or aggravate.

His ſad excluſion from the doors of bliſs:
Direct againſt which open'd from beneath,
Juſt o'er the bliſsful ſeat of Paradiſe,
A paſſage down to th' earth, a paſſage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the promis'd land to God ſo dear;
By which to viſit oft thoſe happy tribes,
On high behefts his angels to and fro
Paſs'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërſaba, where the holy land
Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian ſhore;
So wide the opening ſeem'd, where bounds were ſet
To darkneſs, ſuch as bound the ocean-wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower ſtair,
That ſcal'd by ſteps of gold to heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the ſudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a ſcout
Through dark and deſert ways with peril gone
All night, at laſt by break of chearful dawn
Obtains the brow of ſome high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye diſcovers unaware
The goodly proſpect of ſome foreign land
Firſt ſeen, or ſome renown d metropolis
With gliſt'ring ſpires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the riſing ſun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder ſeiz'd, though after heaven ſeen,
The ſpi'rit malign, but much more envy ſeiz'd,
At ſight of all this world beheld ſo fair.
Round he ſurveys (and well might, where he ſtood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended ſhade) from eaſtern point
Of Libra, to the fleecy ſtar that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic ſeas,
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth; and without longer pauſe
Down right into the world's firſt region throws

His flight precipitant, and winds with eaſe
Through the pure marble air his oblique way,
Amongſt innumerable ſtars, that ſhone
Stars diſtant, but nigh-hand ſeem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they ſeem'd, or happy iſles,
Like thoſe Heſperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales;
Thrice happy iſles, but who dwelt happy there
He ſtay'd not to enquire. Above them all
The golden ſun, in ſplendor likeſt heaven,
Allur'd his eye; thither his courſe he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude), where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar conſtellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep diſtance due,
Diſpenſes light from far; they as they move
Their ſtarry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, tow'ards his all-chearing
Turn ſwift their various motions, or are turn'd [lamp
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The univerſe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unſeen,
Shoots inviſible virtue ev'n to the deep;
So wondrouſly was ſet his ſtation bright.
There lands the fiend, a ſpot like which perhaps
Aſtronomer in the ſun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never ſaw.
The place he found beyond expreſſion bright,
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or ſtone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing ir'on with fire:
If metal, part ſeem'd gold, part ſilver clear;
If ſtone, carbuncle moſt or chryſolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that ſhone
In Aaron's breaſt-plate, and a ſtone beſides
Imagin'd rather oft than elſewhere ſeen,
That ſtone, or like to that which here below

Philoſophers in vain ſo long have ſought,
In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various ſhapes old Proteus from the ſea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic ſun ſo far from us remote,
Produces with terreſtrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark ſo many precious things
Of colour glorious, and effect ſo rare?
Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For ſight no obſtacle found here, nor ſhade,
But all ſun-ſhine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward ſtill direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body' opaque can fall; and th' air,
No where ſo clear, ſharpen'd his viſual ray
To objects diſtant far, whereby he ſoon
Saw within ken a glorious angel ſtand,
The ſame whom John ſaw alſo in the ſun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightneſs hid;
Of beaming ſunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor leſs his locks behind
Illuſtrious on his ſhoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on ſome great charge employ'd
He ſeem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the ſpi'rit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradiſe, the happy ſeat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But firſt he caſts to change his proper ſhape,
Which elſe might work him danger or delay:
And now a ſtripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face
Youth ſmil'd celeſtial, and to every limb

Suitable grace diffus'd, ſo well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume, ſprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for ſpeed ſuccinct, and held
Before his decent ſteps a ſilver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant viſage turn'd,
Admoniſh'd by his ear, and ſtrait was known
Th' archangel Uriël, one of the ſeven
Who in God's preſence, neareſt to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth
Bear his ſwift errands, over moiſt and dry,
O'er ſea and land: him Satan thus accoſts.
Uriel, for thou of thoſe ſev'n ſpi'rits that ſtand
In ſight of God's high throne, gloriouſly bright,
The firſt art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through higheſt heav'n to bring,
Where all his ſons thy embaſſy attend;
And here art likelieſt by ſupreme decree
Like honour to obtain; and as his eye,
To viſit oft this new creation round;
Unſpeakable deſire to ſee, and know
All theſe his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All theſe his works ſo wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring. Brighteſt Seraph, tell
In which of all theſe ſhining orbs hath man
His fixed ſeat, or fixed ſeat hath none,
But all theſe ſhining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with ſecret gaze
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath beſtow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all theſe graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The univerſal Maker we may praiſe;

Who juſtly hath driven out his rebel-foes
To deepeſt hell, and to repair that loſs,
Created this new happy race of men
To ſerve him better: wiſe are all his ways.
So ſpake the falſe diſſembler unperceiv'd;
For neither man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only' evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, through heav'n and earth:
And oft though wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſeems: which now for once beguil'd
Uriel; though regent of the ſun, and held
The ſharpeſt-ſighted ſpi'rit of all in heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impoſtor foul,
In his uprightneſs, anſwer thus return'd.
Fair angel, thy deſire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-maſter, leads to no exceſs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praiſe
The more it ſeems exceſs, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal manſion thus alone,
To witneſs with thine eyes what ſome perhaps,
Contented with report hear only' in heaven:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleaſant to know, and worthieſt to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wiſdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their cauſes deep?
I ſaw when at his word the formleſs maſs,
This world's material mold, came to a heap:
Confuſion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd;
Till at his ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,
Light ſhone, and order from diſorder ſprung:
Swift to their ſeveral quarters haſted then

The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quinteſſence of heaven
Flew upward, ſpirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to ſtars
Numberleſs, as thou ſeeſt, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his courſe;
The reſt in circuit walls this univerſe.
Look downward on that globe, whoſe hither ſide,
With light from hence, though but reflected, ſhines;
That place is earth, the ſeat of man; that light
His day, which elſe, as th' other hemiſphere,
Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring moon
(So call that oppoſite fair ſtar) her aid
Timely' interpoſes, and her monthly round
Still ending, ſtill renewing, through mid heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills, and empties, to enlighten th' earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That ſpot to which I point is Paradiſe,
Adam's abode, thoſe lofty ſhades his bower;
Thy way thou canſt not miſs, me mine requires.
Thus ſaid, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to ſuperior ſpi'rits is wont in heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow'ard the coaſt of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, ſped with hop'd ſucceſs,
Throws his ſteep flight in many an airy wheel;
Nor ſtay'd, till on Niphates top he lights.

The end of the third book.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT of Book IV.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the pla
where he must now attempt the bold enterprise whi
he undertook alone against God and man, falls in
many doubts with himself, and many passions, fea
envy, and despair; but at length confirms himse
in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outwar
prospect and situation is described, overleaps th
bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on th
tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look abou
him. The garden described; Satan's first sigh
of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellen
form and happy state; but with resolution to wor
their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gather
that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them t
eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intend
to found his temptation, by seducing them to tran
gress: then leaves them a while, to know further
of their state by some other means. Mean while
Uriel descending on a sun-beam, warns Gabriel
who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some
evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noo
by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down t
Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures
in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere
morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve dis
course of going to their rest: their bower described;
their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his
bands of night-watch to walk the round of Para
dise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower
lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm
to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at
the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and brin
him, though unwilling, to Gabriel: by whom que
stioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance
but hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out o
Paradise.

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B. IV.

R. Cooper Sculpt.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

O For that warning voice, which he who ſaw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to ſecond rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to th' inhabitants on earth! that now,
While time was, our firſt parents had been warn'd
The coming of their ſecret foe, and ſcap'd,
Haply ſo ſcap'd his mortal ſnare: for now
Satan, now firſt inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuſer of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loſs
Of that firſt battle, and his flight to hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his ſpeed, though bold,
Far off, and fearleſs, nor with cauſe to boaſt,
Begins his dire attempt; which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breaſt,
And like a deviliſh engine back recoils
Upon himſelf; horror and doubt diſtract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom ſtir
The hell within him; for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One ſtep, no more than from himſelf, can fly
By change of place: now conſcience wakes deſpair
That ſlumber'd; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what muſt be
Worſe; of worſe deeds worſe ſufferings muſt enſue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleaſant, his griev'd look he fixes ſad;
Sometimes tow'ards heav'n, and the full-blazing ſun,
Which now ſat high in his meridian tower:

Then much revolving, thus in ſighs began.
O thou that, with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride, and worſe ambition, threw me down,
Warring in heav'n againſt heav'n's matchleſs King.
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs, than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompenſe, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high
I ſdeind ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me high'eſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burdenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe,
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd;
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burden then?
O had his pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd?
Hadſt thou the ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Thou hadſt. Whom haſt thou then, or what, to' accuſe,
But heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?

Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is hell; myſelf am hell;
And, in the loweſt deep, a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I ſuffer ſeems a heaven.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the ſpi'rits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes, and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell,
With diadem and ſceptre high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery: ſuch joy ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would height recall high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep:
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe,
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher: therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in ſtead
Of us outcaſt, exil'd, his new delight,

Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear
Farewel remorſe: all good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, ſhall know.
Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and deſpair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd viſage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from ſuch diſtempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he ſoon aware,
Each perturbation ſmooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the firſt
That practis'd falſehood under ſaintly ſhow,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whoſe eye purſu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' Aſſyrian mount
Saw him diſfigur'd, more than could befall
Spi'rit of happy ſort: his geſtures fierce
He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he ſuppos'd, all unobſerv'd, unſeen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her incloſure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs; whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, grotteſque and wild,
Acceſs deny'd; and overhead up grew
Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene; and as the ranks aſcend,
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradiſe up ſprung:
Which to our general ſire gave proſpect large

Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt trees, loaden with faireſt fruit,
Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd:
On which the ſun more glad impreſs'd his beams,
Than in fair evening-cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath ſhow'r'd the earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd
That landſkip: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. As when to them who ſail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are paſt
Mozambic, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
Sabean odours from the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the Bleſs'd; with ſuch delay
Well pleas'd they ſlack their courſe, and many a league
Chear'd with the grateful ſmell old Ocean ſmiles:
So entertain'd thoſe odorous ſweets the fiend,
Who came their bane; though with them better pleas'd
Than Aſmodëus with the fiſhy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the ſpouſe
Of Tobit's ſon, and with a vengeance ſent
From Media poſt to Egypt, there faſt bound.
Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage hill
Satan had journey'd on, penſive and ſlow;
But further way found none, ſo thick intwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
Of ſhrubs and tangling buſhes had perplex'd
All path of man or beaſt that paſs'd that way.
One gate there only was, and that look'd eaſt
On th' other ſide: which when th' arch-felon ſaw
Due entrance he diſdain'd, and, in contempt,
At one ſlight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or higheſt wall, and ſheer within

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Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to ſeek new haunt for prey,
Watching where ſhepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field ſecure,
Leaps o'er the fence with eaſe into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to unhord the caſh
Of ſome rich burgher, whoſe ſubſtantial doors,
Croſs-barr'd and bolted faſt, fear no aſſault
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this firſt grand thief into God's fold;
So ſince into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree, and higheſt there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but ſat deviſing death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For proſpect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts beſt things
To worſt abuſe, or to their meaneſt uſe.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
To all delight of human ſenſe expos'd,
In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heav'n on earth: for bliſsful Paradiſe
Of God the garden was, by him in th' eaſt
Of Eden planted; Eden ſtretch'd her line
From Auran eaſtward to the royal tow'rs
Of great Selucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the ſons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telaſſar: in this pleaſant ſoil
His far more pleaſant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of nobleſt kind for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambroſial fruit
Of vegetable gold: and next to life,

Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew faſt by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but through the ſhaggy hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mold high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirſt up drawn,
Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the ſteep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darkſome paſſage now appears;
And now divided into four main ſtreams,
Runs diverſe, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that ſaphire fount the criſped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and ſands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent ſhades
Ran nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradiſe, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuſe on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning-ſun firſt warmly ſmote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd ſhade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place
A happy rural ſeat of various view:
Groves whoſe rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others whoſe fruit burniſh'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Heſperian fables true,
If true, here only', and of delicious taſte:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd
Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
Of ſome irriguous valley ſpread her ſtore,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the roſe:
On other ſide, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool receſs, o'er which the mantling vine

Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the ſlope hills, diſpers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her cryſtal mirror holds, unite their ſtreams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the ſmell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while univerſal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal ſpring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proſérpine gathering flowers,
Herſelf a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which coſt Ceres all that pain
To ſeek her through the world; nor that ſweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inſpir'd
Caſtalian ſpring, might with this Paradiſe
Of Eden ſtrive; nor that Nyſeian iſle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid ſon
Young Bacchus, from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abaſſin kings their iſſue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by ſome ſuppos'd
True Paradiſe under the Ethiop line
By Nilus head, inclos'd with ſhining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Aſſyrian garden; where the fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to ſight, and ſtrange.
Two of far nobler ſhape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majeſty, ſeem'd lords of all:
And worthy ſeem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker ſhone,
Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd),
Whence true authority in men, though both
Not equal, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd;

For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For ſoftneſs ſhe, and ſweet attractive grace;
He for God only, ſhe for God in him.
His fair large front and eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſt'ring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the ſlender waſte
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
And by her yielded, by him beſt receiv'd,
Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of nature's works, honour diſhonourable
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With ſhows inſtead, mere ſhows of ſeeming pure,
And baniſh'd from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicity, and ſpotleſs innocence!
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhunn'd the ſight
Of God or angel; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the loveliеſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh fountain ſide
They ſat them down; and after no more toil
Of their ſweet gard'ning labour than ſuffic'd
To recommend cool zephyr, and made eaſe
More eaſy, wholeſome thirſt and appetite
More grateful, to their ſupper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſat recline
On the ſoft downy bank damaſk'd with flowers:

The ſavoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirſted, ſcoop the brimming ſtream;
Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beſeems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them friſking play'd
All beaſts of th' earth, ſince wild, and of all chaſe,
In wood or wilderneſs, foreſt or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tygers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboſcis; cloſe the ſerpent ſly
Inſinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the graſs
Couch'd, and now fill'd with paſture gazing ſat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the ſun
Declin'd was haſting now with prone career
To th' ocean iſles, and in th' aſcending ſcale
Of heav'n the ſtars that uſher evening roſe:
When Satan ſtill in gaze, as firſt he ſtood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd ſpeech recover'd ſad.

O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliſs thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mold, earth-born perhaps,
Not ſpirits, yet to heav'nly ſpirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts purſue
With wonder, and could love, ſo lively ſhines
In them divine reſemblance, and ſuch grace
The hand that form'd them on their ſhape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all theſe delights
Will vaniſh, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taſte is now of joy;
Happy, but for ſo happy ill ſecur'd
Long to continue, and this high ſeat your heav'n
Ill fenc'd for heaven to keep out ſuch a foe

As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I ſeek
And mutual amity, ſo ſtrait, ſo cloſe,
That I with you muſt dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not pleaſe,
Like this fair Paradiſe, your ſenſe; yet ſuch
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give: hell ſhall unfold,
To entertain you two, her wideſt gates,
And ſend forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like theſe narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
And ſhould I at your harmleſs innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reaſon juſt,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do what elſe, though damn'd, I ſhould abhor.
So ſpake the fiend, and with neceſſity,
The tyrant's plea excus'd his deviliſh deeds.
Then from his lofty ſtand on that high tree
Down he alights among the ſportful herd
Of thoſe four-footed kinds, himſelf now one,
Now other, as their ſhape ſerv'd beſt his end
Nearer to view his prey, and uneſpy'd
To mark what of their ſtate he more might learn,
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he ſtalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tyger, who by chance hath ſpy'd
In ſome purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches cloſe, then riſing changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who choſe his ground,
Whence ruſhing he might ſureſt ſeize them both,
Grip'd in each paw: when Adam, firſt of men,
To firſt of women, Eve, thus moving ſpeech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner, and ſole part, of all theſe joys,
Dearer thyſelf than all; needs muſt the power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
In all this happineſs, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other ſervice than to keep
This one, this eaſy charge, of all the trees
In Paradiſe that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'ſt
God hath pronounc'd it death to taſte that tree,
The only ſign of our obedience left,
Among ſo many ſigns of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that poſſeſs
Earth, air, and ſea. Then let us not think hard
One eaſy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave ſo large to all things elſe, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praiſe him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful taſk,
To prune theſe growing plants, and tend theſe flowers;
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right.
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Præeminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thyſelf canſt no where find.

That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found myſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a murm'ring ſound
Of waters iſſu'd from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſw'ring looks
Of ſympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair creature, is thyſelf;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces, he
Whoſe image thou art; him thou ſhalt enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth watry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart,
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;

Part of my ſoul I ſeek thee, and thee claim
My other half. With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine: I yielded; and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.
So ſpake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt father; half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid: he in delight,
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms,
Smil'd with ſuperior love, (as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles, when he impregns the clouds
That ſhed May flow'rs); and preſs'd her matron lip
With kiſſes pure. Aſide the devil turn'd
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them aſkance, and to himſelf thus plain'd.
Sight hateful, ſight tormenting! thus theſe two,
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, ſhall enjoy their fill
Of bliſs on bliſs; while I to hell am thruſt,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce deſire,
Among our other torments not the leaſt,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it ſeems;
One fatal tree there ſtands, of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taſte. Knowledge forbidden?
Suſpicious, reaſonleſs. Why ſhould their Lord
Envy them that? can it be ſin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only ſtand
By ignorance? is that their happy ſtate,
The proof of their obedience, and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more deſire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with deſign

To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods: aſpiring to be ſuch,
They taſte, and die: what likelier can enſue?
But firſt with narrow ſearch I muſt walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unſpy'd;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring ſpi'rit of heaven, by fountain-ſide,
Or in thick ſhade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleaſures, for long woes are to ſucceed.
So ſaying, his proud ſtep he ſcornful turn'd,
But with ſly circumſpection, and began
Thro' wood, thro' waſte, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Mean while in utmoſt longitude, where heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the ſetting ſun
Slowly deſcended, and with right aſpect
Againſt the eaſtern gate of Paradiſe
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaſter, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conſpicuous far, winding with one aſcent
Acceſſible from earth, one entrance high;
The reſt was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it roſe, impoſſible to climb.
Betwixt theſe rocky pillars Gabriel ſat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celeſtial armoury, ſhields, helms, and ſpears,
Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a ſun-beam, ſwift as a ſhooting ſtar
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
Impreſs the air, and ſhows the mariner
From what point of his compaſs to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haſte.
Gabriel, to thee thy courſe by lot hath given
Charge and ſtrict watch, that to this happy place

No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at height of noon came to my ſphere
A ſpirit, zealous, as he ſeem'd, to know
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly man,
God's lateſt image: I deſcrib'd his way,
Bent all on ſpeed, and mark'd his airy gate;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he firſt lighted, ſoon diſcern'd his looks
Alien from heav'n, with paſſions foul obſcur'd:
Mine eye purſu'd him ſtill, but under ſhade
Loſt ſight of him: one of the baniſh'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raiſe
New troubles; him thy care muſt be to find.

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect ſight,
Amid the ſun's bright circle where thou ſitt'ſt,
See far and wide: in at this gate none paſs
The vigilance here plac'd, but ſuch as come
Well known from heav'n; and ſince meridian hour
No creature thence: if ſpi'rit of other ſort,
So minded, have o'erleap'd theſe earthy bounds
On purpoſe, hard thou know'ſt it to exclude
Spiritual ſubſtance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of theſe walks,
In whatſoever ſhape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'ſt, by morrow dawning I ſhall know.

So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whoſe point now rais'd
Bore him ſlope downward to the ſun now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how ſwift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this leſs volúbile earth,
By ſhorter flight to th' eaſt, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple' and gold
The clouds that on his weſtern throne attend.

Now came ſtill evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her ſober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,

They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living ſaphirs: Heſperus, that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon
Riſing in clouded majeſty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve. Fair conſort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to reſt,
Mind us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
Labour and reſt, as day and night, to men
Succeſſive; and the timely due of ſleep
Now falling with ſoft ſlumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt;
Man hath his daily work of body' or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heav'n on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To morrow, ere freſh morning ſtreak the eaſt
With firſt approach of light, we muſt be ris'n,
And at our pleaſant labour, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,
That lie beſtrown, unſightly and unſmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe:
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us reſt.
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty' adorn'd.
My author and diſpoſer, what thou bid'ſt
Unargu'd I obey: ſo God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happieſt knowledge, and her praiſe.

With thee converſing I forget all time;
All ſeaſons, and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth,
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.
But wherefore all night long ſhine theſe? for whom
This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?
To whom our general anceſtor reply'd.
Daughter of God and man, accompliſh'd Eve,
Theſe have their courſe to finiſh round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Miniſt'ring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
Leſt total darkneſs ſhould by night regain
Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In nature and all things; which theſe ſoft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
Their ſtellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the ſun's more potent ray.
Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, tho' men were none
That heav'n would want ſpectators, God want praiſe

Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep:
All theſe with ceaſeleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night: how often, from the ſteep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight-air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful bow'r: it was a place
Chos'n by the ſov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful uſe; the roof
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous buſhy ſhrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roſes, and jeſſamin,
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and wrought
Moſaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with ſtone
Of coſtlieſt emblem: other creature here,
Beaſt, bird, inſect, or worm, durſt enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In ſhadier bower
More ſacred and ſequeſter'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never ſlept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in cloſe receſs,
With flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs,
Eſpouſed Eve deck'd firſt her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan ſung,
What day the genial angel to our ſire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods

Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In ſad event, when to th' unwiſer ſon
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, ſhe inſnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heavn,
Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
And ſtarry pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou haſt promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.
This ſaid unanimous, and other rites
Obſerving none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes beſt, into their inmoſt bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
Theſe troubleſome diſguiſes which we wear,
Strait ſide by ſide were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair ſpouſe, nor Eve the rites
Myſterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites auſterely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to ſome, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increaſe; who bids abſtain,
But our deſtroyer, foe to God and man?
Hail wedded love, myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offſpring, ſole propriety
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe.

By thee adult'rous luſt was driven from men,
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
Far be it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holieſt place,
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets,
Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte pronounc'd,
Preſent, or paſt, as ſaints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and ravels; not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unendear'd,
Caſual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight ball,
Or ſerenate, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.
Theſe, lull'd by nightingales, embracing ſlept;
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Show'r'd roſes, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Bleſs'd pair; and O yet happieſt, if ye ſeek
No happier ſtate, and know to know no more.
Now had night meaſur'd with her ſhadowy cone
Half way up hill this vaſt ſublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth iſſuing at th' accuſtom'd hour, ſtood arm'd
To their night-watches in warlike parade;
When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus ſpake.
Uzziel, half theſe draw off, and coaſt the ſouth
With ſtricteſt watch; theſe other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full weſt. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the ſhield, half to the ſpear.
From theſe, two ſtrong and ſubtle ſpi'rits he call'd
That near him ſtood, and gave them thus in charge.
Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd ſpeed
Search through this garden, leave unſearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where thoſe two fair creatures lodge,

Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd,
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bow'r direct,
In search of whom they sought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy', and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms, and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the fiend.
Back stept those two fair angels, half amaz'd
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.
Which of those rebel spi'rits adjudg'd to hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,
Why satt'st thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate

For you, there ſitting where you durſt not ſoar:
Not to know me argues yourſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng; or if ye know,
Why aſk ye, and ſuperfluous begin
Your meſſage, like to end as much in vain?
Towhom thus Zephon, anſw'ring ſcorn with ſcorn.
Think not, revolted ſpi'rit, thy ſhape the ſame,
Or undiminiſh'd brightneſs to be known,
As when thou ſtood'ſt in heav'n upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more waſt good,
Departed from thee'; and thou reſembleſt now
Thy ſin and place of doom obſcure and foul.
But come, for thou, be ſure, ſhalt give account
To him who ſent us, whoſe charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and theſe from harm.
So ſpake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abaſh'd the devil ſtood,
And felt how awful goodneſs is, and ſaw
Virtue' in her ſhape how lovely; ſaw, and pin'd
His loſs; but chiefly to find here obſerv'd
His luſtre viſibly impair'd; yet ſeem'd
Undaunted. If I muſt contend, ſaid he,
Beſt with the beſt, the ſender not the ſent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won
Or leſs be loſt. Thy fear, ſaid Zephon bold,
Will ſave us trial what the leaſt can do
Single againſt thee wicked, and thence weak.
The fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud ſteed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to ſtrive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not elſe diſmay'd. Now drew they nigh
The weſtern point, where thoſe half-rounding guards
Juſt met, and cloſing ſtood in ſquadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriël, from the front thus call'd aloud.
O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet

Haſting this way, and now by glimpſe diſcern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the ſhade;
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded ſplendor wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanor ſeems the prince of hell,
Not likely to part hence without conteſt;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He ſcarce had ended, when thoſe two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where foun
How buſied, in what form and poſture couch'd.
To whom with ſtern regard thus Gabriel ſpake.
Why haſt thou, Satan, broke the bounds preſcrib'd
To thy tranſgreſſions, and diſturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to tranſgreſs
By thy example, but have pow'r and right
To queſtion thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd, it ſeems, to violate ſleep, and thoſe
Whoſe dwelling God hath planted here in bliſs?
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadſt in heav'n th' eſteem of wiſe,
And ſuch I held thee; but this queſtion aſk'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break looſe from hell,
Tho' thither doom'd? Thou would'ſt thyſelf, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthеſt from pain, where thou might'ſt hope to change
Torment with eaſe, and ſooneſt recompenſe
Dole with delight, which in this place I ſought;
To thee no reaſon, who know'ſt only good,
But evil haſt not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him ſurer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our ſtay
In that dark durance: thus much what was aſk'd.
The reſt is true, they found me where they ſay;
But that implies not violence or harm.
Thus he in ſcorn. The warlike angel mov'd,
Diſdainfully half ſmiling, thus reply'd.
O loſs of one in heav'n to judge of wiſe,

Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his priſon ſcap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wiſe
Or not, who aſk what boldneſs brought him hither
Unlicenc'd from his bounds in hell preſcrib'd;
So wiſe he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to ſcape his puniſhment.
So judge thou ſtill, preſumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'ſt by flying, meet thy flight
Sev'nfold, and ſcourge that wiſdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke looſe? is pain to them
Leſs pain, leſs to be fled? or thou than they
Leſs hardy to endure? courageous chief,
The firſt in flight from pain, hadſt thou alledg'd
To thy deſerted hoſt this cauſe of flight,
Thou ſurely hadſt not come ſole fugitive.
To which the fiend thus anſwer'd, frowning ſtern.
Not that I leſs endure, or ſhrink from pain,
Inſulting angel; well thou know'ſt I ſtood
Thy fierceſt, when in battle to thy aid
The blaſting volied thunder made all ſpeed,
And ſeconded thy elſe not dreaded ſpear.
But ſtill thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard aſſays and ill ſucceſſes paſt
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himſelf untry'd:
I therefore, I alone firſt undertook
To wing the deſolate abyſs, and ſpy
This new created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not ſilent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers
To ſettle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for poſſeſſion put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare againſt;

Whoſe eaſier buſineſs were to ſerve their Lord
High up in heav'n, with ſongs to hymn his throne,
And practic'd diſtances to cringe, not fight
To whom the warrior angel ſoon reply'd.
To ſay and ſtrait unſay, pretending firſt
Wiſe to fly pain, profeſſing next the ſpy,
Argues no leader, but a liar trac'd,
Satan, and couldſt thou faithful add? O name,
O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your diſcipline and faith engag'd,
Your military obedience, to diſſolve
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r ſupreme?
And thou, ſly hypocrite, who now wouldſt ſeem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and ſervily ador'd
Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
To diſpoſſeſs him, and thyſelf to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now, Avant;
Fly thither whence thou fledſt: if from this hour
Within theſe hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And ſeal thee ſo, as henceforth not to ſcorn
The facile gates of hell too ſlightly barr'd.
So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, reply'd.
Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary Cherub; but ere then
Far heavier load thyſelf expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'ſt his triumphant wheels
In progreſs through the road of heav'n ſtar-pav'd.
While thus he ſpake, th' angelic ſquadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, ſharpning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported ſpears; as thick as when a field

Of Ceres ripe for harveſt waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting ſtands,
Leſt on the threſhing-floor his hopeful ſhaves
Prove chaff. On th' other ſide, Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated ſtood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His ſtature reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his graſp
What ſeem'd both ſpear and ſhield. Now dreadful deeds
Might have enſu'd, nor only Paradiſe
In this commotion, but the ſtarry cope
Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements,
At leaſt had gone to wrack, diſturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
Th' Eternal, to prevent ſuch horrid fray,
Hung forth in heav'n his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
Betwixt Aſtrea and the Scorpion ſign,
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with ballanc'd air
In counterpoiſe, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in theſe he put two weights,
The ſequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel ſpying, thus beſpake the fiend.
"Satan, I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt mine;
Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then
To boaſt what arms can do? ſince thine no more
Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celeſtial ſign, [weak,
Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhown how light, how
If thou reſiſt. The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted ſcale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.

The end of the fourth book.

The ARGUMENT of Book V.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day-labours: their morning-hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcuseable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance described. his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in a gument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

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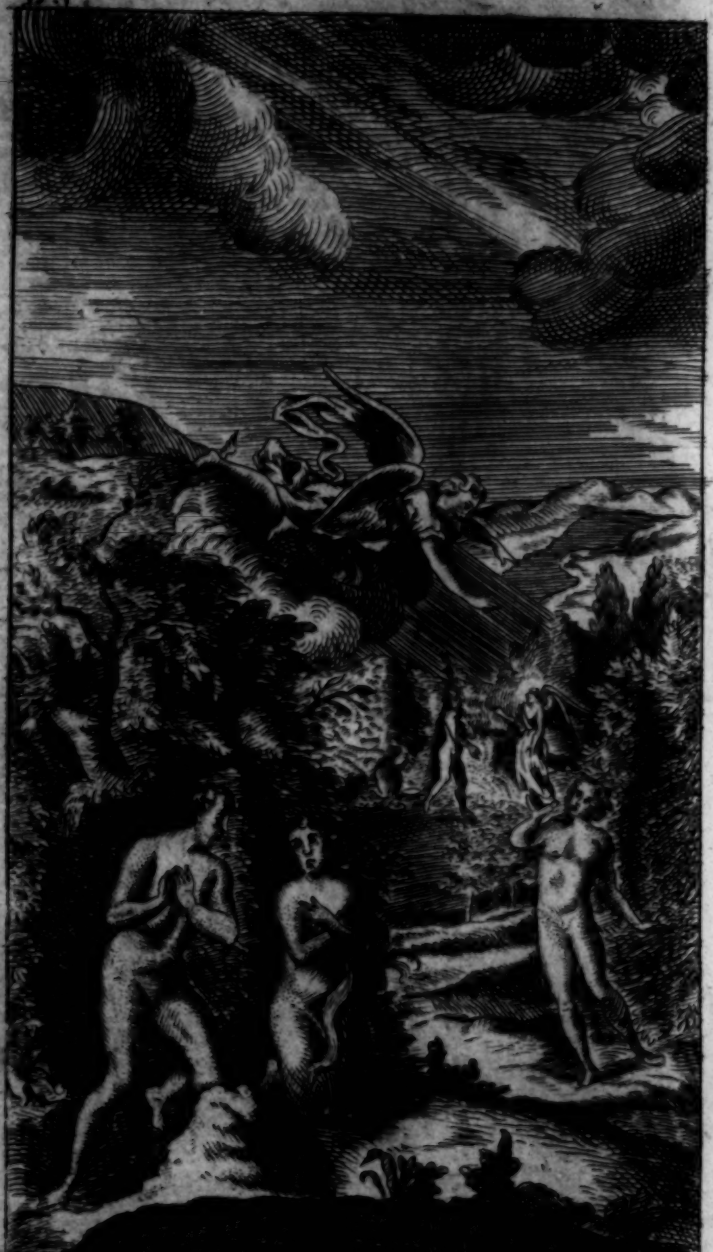
B V.



R. Cooper Sculpt.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

NOW morn, her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd: ſo cuſtom'd; for his ſleep
Was airy light from pure digeſtion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on every bough; ſo much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: he, on his ſide
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus. Awake,
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt gift, my ever-new delight,
Awake: the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſpering wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam; whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake.
O ſole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night

(Such night till this I never paſs'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſt, or morrow's next deſign;
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſome night: methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine; it ſaid,
Why ſleep'ſt thou, Eve? now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: heav'n wakes with all his eyes;
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's deſire?
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze.
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd, through ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wond'ring look'd, beſide it ſtood
One ſhap'd and wing'd like one of thoſe from heav'n
By us oft ſeen; his dewy locks diſtill'd
Ambroſia; on that tree he alſo gaz'd;
And O fair plant, ſaid he, with fruit ſurcharg'd,
Deigns none to eaſe thy load, and taſte thy ſweet,
Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge ſo deſpis'd?
Or envy', or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
Forbid who will, none ſhall from me with-hold
Longer thy offer'd good; why elſe ſet here?
This ſaid, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he taſted; me damp horror chill'd
At ſuch bold words vouch'd with a deed ſo bold.
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt,

Forbidden here, it ſeems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men:
And why not gods of men, ſince good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou alſo; happy though thou art,
Happier thou mayſt be, worthier canſt not be:
Taſte this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyſelf a goddeſs, not to earth confin'd,
But ſometimes in the air, as we; ſometimes
Aſcend to heav'n, by merit thine, and ſee
What life the gods live there, and ſuch live thou.
So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth, of that ſame fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleaſant ſavoury ſmell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taſte. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outſtretch'd immenſe, a proſpect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; ſuddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, ſunk down,
And fell aſleep: but O how glad I wak'd,
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam anſwer'd ſad.
Beſt image of myſelf, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung, I fear:
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the ſoul
Are many leſſer faculties, that ſerve
Reaſon as chief: among theſe Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful ſenſes repreſent,
She forms imaginations, airy ſhapes,
Which reaſon joining or disjoining, frames

All what we' affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more chearful and serene,
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
And let us to our fresh employments rise,
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.
So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd;
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arbo'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began

Their oriſons, each morning duly paid
In various ſtyle; for neither various ſtyle
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praiſe
Their Maker, in fit ſtrains pronounc'd, or ſung
Unmeditated, ſuch prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in proſe or numerous verſe,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more ſweetneſs; and they thus began.
These are thy glorious works, Parent of good
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitt'ſt above theſe heav'ns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou ſun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldeſt birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,

And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts and exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices all ye living ſouls; ye birds,
That ſinging up to heaven-gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd ſoon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haſte,
Among ſweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitleſs embraces; or they led the vine
To wed her elm; ſhe ſpous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r, th' adopted cluſters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity heav'n's high King, and to him call'd

Raphael, the ſociable ſpi'rit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and ſecur'd
His marriage with the ſev'ntimes-wedded maid.
Raphael, ſaid he, thou hear'ſt what ſtir on earth
Satan, from hell ſcap'd thro' the darkſome gulf,
Hath rais'd in Paradiſe, and how diſturb'd
This night the human pair, how he deſigns
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converſe with Adam, in what bow'r or ſhade
Thou find'ſt him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To reſpite his day-labour with repaſt,
Or with repoſe; and ſuch diſcourſe bring on,
As may adviſe him of his happy ſtate,
Happineſs in his pow'r left free to will,
Left to his own free will; his will though free,
Yet mutable: whence warn him to beware
He ſwerve not too ſecure. Tell him withal
His danger, and from whom, what enemy,
Late fall'n himſelf from heav'n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like ſtate of bliſs:
By violence? no, for that ſhall be withſtood;
But by deceit and lies: this let him know,
Leſt wilfully tranſgreſſing he pretend
Surpriſal, unadmoniſh'd, unforewarn'd.
So ſpake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All juſtice: nor delay'd the winged ſaint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thouſand celeſtial ardours, where he ſtood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up-ſpringing light
Flew through the midſt of heav'n; th' angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his ſpeed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the ſov'reign Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obſtruct his ſight,
Star interpos'd, however ſmall, he ſees,

Not unconform to other ſhining globes,
Earth, and the garde'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glaſs
Of Galileo, leſs aſſur'd, obſerves
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidſt the Cyclades,
Delos or Samos firſt appearing, kens
A cloudy ſpot. Down thither prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt ethereal ſky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with ſteddy wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan,
Winnows the buxom air; till within ſoar
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he ſeems
A phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that ſole bird,
When to inſhrine his reliques in the ſun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper ſhape returns,
A ſeraph wing'd: ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waſte, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colours dipt in heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch; and to his ſtate,
And to his meſſage high, in honour riſe;
For on ſome meſſage high they gueſs'd him bound.
Their glitt'ring tents he paſs'd, and now is come
Into the bliſsful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odours, caſſia, nard, and balm;
A wilderneſs of ſweets; for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,

Wild above rule or art; enormous bliſs.
Him through the ſpicy foreſt onward come
Adam diſcern'd, as in the door he ſat
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted ſun
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmoſt womb, more warmth than Adam needs;
And Eve within, due at her hour, prepar'd
For dinner ſavoury fruits, of taſte to pleaſe
True appetite, and not diſreliſh thirſt
Of necta'rous draughts between, from milky ſtream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.
Haſte hither Eve, and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe trees, what glorious ſhape
Comes this way moving: ſeems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; ſome great beheſt from heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchſafe
This day to be our gueſt. But go with ſpeed,
And what thy ſtores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heav'nly ſtranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large beſtow
From large beſtow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by diſburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which inſtructs us not to ſpare.
To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mold,
Of God inſpir'd, ſmall ſtore will ſerve, where ſtore,
All ſeaſons, ripe for uſe hangs on the ſtalk;
Save what by frugal ſtoring firmneſs gains
To nouriſh, and ſuperfluous moiſt conſumes:
But I will haſte, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and jucieſt gourd, will pluck ſuch choice
To entertain our angel-gueſt, as he
Beholding ſhall confeſs, that here on earth
God hath diſpens'd his bounties as in heav'n.
So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuſe for delicacy beſt,
What order, ſo contriv'd as not to mix

Taſtes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte upheld with kindlieſt change;
Beſtirs her then, and from each tender ſtalk
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India Eaſt or Weſt, or middle ſhore,
In Pontus, or the Punic coaſt, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or ſmooth rin'd, or bearded huſk, or ſhell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unſparing hand; for drink the grape
She cruſhes, inoffenſive muſt, and meaths
From many a berry', and from ſweet kernels preſs'd
She tempers dulcet creams; nor theſe to hold
Wants her fit veſſels pure; then ſtrows the ground
With roſe and odours from the ſhrub unfum'd.
Mean while our primitive great ſire, to meet
His god-like gueſt, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himſelf was all his ſtate,
More ſolemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horſes led, and grooms beſmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the croud, and ſets them all agape.
Nearer his preſence Adam, though not aw'd,
Yet with ſubmiſs approach and reverence meek,
As to' a ſuperior nature, bowing low,
Thus ſaid. Native of heav'n, for other place
None can than heav'n ſuch glorious ſhape contain;
Since by deſcending from the thrones above,
Thoſe happy places thou haſt deign'd a while
To want, and honour theſe, vouchſafe with us
Two' only, who yet by ſov'reign gift poſſeſs
This ſpacious ground, in yonder ſhady bower
To reſt, and what the garden choiceſt bears
To ſit and taſte, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the ſun more cool decline.
Whom thus th' angelic Virtue anſwer'd mild.
Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou ſuch

Created, or ſuch place haſt here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though ſpi'rits of heav'n
To viſit thee: lead on then where thy bower
O'erſhades; for theſe mid-hours, till evening riſe,
I have at will. So to the ſylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbour ſmil'd,
With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant ſmells; but Eve,
Undeck'd ſave with herſelf, more lovely fair
Than wood-nymph, or the faireſt goddeſs feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked ſtrove,
Stood to' entertain her gueſt from heav'n; no veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel Hail
Beſtow'd, the holy ſalutation us'd
Long after to bleſs'd Mary, ſecond Eve.
Hail mother of mankind, whoſe fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy ſons,
Than with theſe various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of graſſy turf
Their table was, and moſſy ſeats had round;
And on her ample ſquare from ſide to ſide
All autumn pil'd, though ſpring and autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while diſcourſe they hold;
No fear leſt dinner cool; when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly ſtranger, pleaſe to taſte
Theſe bounties, which our Nouriſher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeaſur'd out, deſcends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The earth to yield; unſavoury food perhaps
To ſpiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celeſtial Father gives to all.
To whom the angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whoſe praiſe be ever ſung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of pureſt ſpi'rits be found
No' ingrateful food: and food alike thoſe pure
Intelligential ſubſtances require,
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty

Of ſenſe, whereby they hear, ſee, ſmell, touch, taſte,
Taſting concoct, digeſt, aſſimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be ſuſtain'd and fed: of elements,
The groſſer feeds the purer, earth the ſea,
Earth and the ſea feed air, the air thoſe fires
Ethereal, and as loweſt, firſt the moon;
Whence in her viſage round thoſe ſpots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her ſubſtance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nouriſhment exhale
From her moiſt continent to higher orbs.
The ſun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompenſe,
In humid exhalations, and at ev'n
Sups with the ocean. Though in heav'n the trees
Of life ambroſial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We bruſh mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty ſo with new delights,
As may compare with heaven; and to taſte
Think not I ſhall be nice. So down they ſat,
And to their viands fell: nor ſeemingly
The angel, nor in miſt, the common gloſs
Of Theologians; but with keen diſpatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To tranſubſtantiate: what redounds, tranſpires
Through ſpi'rits with eaſe; nor wonder; if by fire
Of ſooty coal th' emperic alchemiſt
Can turn, or holds it poſſible to turn
Metals of droſſieſt ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Miniſter'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleaſant liquors crown'd. O innocence
Deſerving paradiſe! if ever, then,
Then had the ſons of God excuſe to' have been
Enamour'd at that ſight; but in thoſe hearts

Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealouſy
Was underſtood, the injur'd lover's hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks they had ſuffic'd,
Not burden'd nature, ſudden mind aroſe
In Adam, not to let th' occaſion paſs
Giv'n him by this great conference, to know
Of things above his world, and of their be'ing
Who dwell in heav'n, whoſe excellence he ſaw
Tranſcend his own ſo far, whoſe radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whoſe high pow'r ſo far
Exceeded human; and his wary ſpeech
Thus to th' empyreal miniſter he fram'd.
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man;
Under whoſe lowly roof thou haſt vouchſaf'd
To enter, and theſe earthly fruits to taſte,
Food not of angels, yet accepted ſo,
As that more willingly thou couldſt not ſeem
At heav'n's high feaſts to' have fed: yet what compare?
To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good; created all,
Such to perfection, one firſt matter all,
Endu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of ſubſtance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more ſpiritous, and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,
Each in their ſeveral active ſpheres aſſign'd,
Till body up to ſpirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green ſtalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, laſt the bright conſummate flow'r
Spirits odorous breathes: flow'rs, and their fruit,
Man's nouriſhment, by gradual ſcale ſublim'd,
To vital ſpirits aſpire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and ſenſe,
Fancy and underſtanding; whence the ſoul

Reaſon receives, and reaſon is her being,
Diſcurſive, or intuitive: diſcourſe
Is oftest yours, the latter moſt is ours,
Diff'ring but in degree, of kind the ſame.
Wonder not then, what God for you ſaw good
If I refuſe not, but convert, as you,
To proper ſubſtance. Time may come, when men
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient di'et, nor too light fare;
And from theſe corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at laſt turn all to ſpirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd aſcend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly Paradiſes dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whoſe progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happineſs this happy ſtate
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd.
O favourable ſpi'rit, propitious gueſt,
Well haſt thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the ſcale of nature ſet
From centre to circumference, whereon,
In contemplation of created things,
By ſteps we may aſcend to God. But ſay,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or poſſibly his love deſert,
Who form'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmoſt meaſure of what bliſs
Human deſires can ſeek or apprehend?
To whom the angel. Son of heav'n and earth,
Attend. That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continu'ſt ſuch, owe to thyſelf,
That is, to thy obedience; therein ſtand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;

And good he made thee, but to perſevere
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or ſtrict neceſſity:
Our voluntary ſervice he requires,
Not our neceſſitated; ſuch with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whither they ſerve
Willing or no, who will but what they muſt
By deſtiny, and can no other chuſe?
Myſelf, and all th' angelic hoſt, that ſtand
In ſight of God enthron'd, our happy ſtate
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other ſurety none: freely we ſerve,
Becauſe we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we ſtand or fall:
And ſome are fall'n, to diſobedience fall'n,
And ſo from heav'n to deepeſt hell; O fall
From what high ſtate of bliſs into what woe!
To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine inſtructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic ſongs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aereal muſic ſend; nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never ſhall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him whoſe command
Single is yet ſo juſt, my conſtant thoughts
Aſſur'd me', and ſtill aſſure: tho' what thou tell'ſt
Hath paſs'd in heav'n, ſome doubt within me move,
But more deſire to hear, if thou conſent,
The full relation; which muſt needs be ſtrange,
Worthy of ſacred ſilence to be heard:
And we have yet large day; for ſcarce the ſun
Hath finiſh'd half his journey', and ſcarce begins
His other half in the great zone of heav'n.
Thus Adam made requeſt; and Raphaël,
After ſhort pauſe aſſenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoin'ſt me', O prime of men,
Sad taſk, and hard: for how ſhall I relate
To human ſenſe th' inviſible exploits
Of warring ſpirits? how without remorſe
The ruin of ſo many, glorious once
And perfect while they ſtood? how laſt unfold
The ſecrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is diſpens'd; and what ſurmounts the reach
Of human ſenſe, I ſhall delineate ſo,
By likening ſpiritual to corporal forms,
As may expreſs them beſt; though what if earth
Be but the ſhadow' of heav'n, and things therein
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought!
As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where theſe heav'ns now roll, where earth now
Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day [reſts
(For time, though in eternity, apply'd
To motion, meaſures all things durable
By preſent, paſt, and future) on ſuch day
As heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal hoſt
Of angels, by imperial ſummons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne.
Forthwith, from all the ends of heav'n, appear'd
Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thouſand thouſand enſigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for diſtinction ſerve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glitt'ring tiſſues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpreſſible they ſtood,
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliſs imboſom'd ſat the Son,
Amidſt as from a flaming mount, whoſe top
Brightneſs had made inviſible, thus ſpake.
Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,

Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, pow'rs,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd ſhall ſtand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by myſelf have ſworn, to him ſhall bow
All knees in heav'n, and ſhall confeſs him Lord:
Under his great vicegerent reign abide
United as one individual ſoul,
For ever happy: him who diſobeys,
Me diſobeys, breaks union, and that day
Caſt out from God and bleſſed viſion, falls
Into' utter darkneſs, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.
So ſpake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All ſeem'd well pleas'd; all ſeem'd, but were not all.
That day' as other ſolemn days, they ſpent
In ſong and dance about the ſacred hill;
Myſtical dance, which yonder ſtarry ſphere
Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels
Reſembles neareſt, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem;
And in their motions harmony divine
So ſmooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Liſtens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd,
For we have alſo' our ev'ning and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need);
Forthwith from dance to ſweet repaſt they turn
Deſirous; all in circles as they ſtood,
Tables are ſet, and on a ſudden pil'd
With angels food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and maſſy gold;
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n.
On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh flow'rets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
Quaff immortality and joy, ſecure

Of ſurfeit, where full meaſure only bounds
Exceſs, before th' all bounteous king, who ſhow'r'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambroſial night, with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and ſhade
Spring both, the face of brighteſt heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight, (for night comes not there
In darker veil), and roſeate dews diſpos'd
All but th' unſleeping eyes of God to reſt;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outſpread,
(Such are the courts of God), th' angelic throng,
Diſpers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living ſtreams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberleſs, and ſudden rear'd,
Celeſtial tabernacles, where they ſlept
Fann'd with cool winds; ſave thoſe who, in their courſe,
Melodious hymns about the ſov'reign throne
Alternate all night long. But not ſo wak'd
Satan; ſo call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heav'n; he of the firſt,
If not the firſt archangel, great in power,
In favour and præeminence, yet fraught
With envy' againſt the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Meſſiah King anointed, could not bear
Thro' pride that ſight, and thought himſelf impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving, and diſdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the duſky hour,
Friendlieſt to ſleep and ſilence, he reſolv'd
With all his legions to diſlodge, and leave
Unworſhipp'd, unobey'd, the throne ſupreme,
Contemptuous; and his next ſubordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in ſecret ſpake.

Sleep'ſt thou, companion dear, what ſleep can cloſe
Thy eyelids? and remember'ſt what decree
Of yeſterday, ſo late hath paſs'd the lips
Of heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts

Waſt wont, I mine to thee waſt wont to' impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy ſleep diſſent? New laws thou ſeeſt impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raiſe
In us who ſerve, new counſels, to debate
What doubtful may enſue: more in this place
To utter is not ſafe. Aſſemble thou
Of all thoſe myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night
Her ſhadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haſte,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward, with flying march, where we poſſeſs
The quarters of the north: there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our king,
The great Meſſiah, and his new commands,
Who ſpeedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to paſs triumphant, and give laws.
So ſpake the falſe archangel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breaſt
Of his aſſociate: he together calls,
Or ſeveral one by one, the regent powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the Moſt High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had diſincumber'd heav'n,
The great hierarchal ſtandard was to move;
Tells the ſuggeſted cauſe, and caſts between
Ambiguous words and jealouſies, to found
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted ſignal, and ſuperior voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in heav'n;
His count'nance, as the morning-ſtar that guides
The ſtarry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's hoſt.
Mean while th' eternal eye, whoſe ſight diſcerns
Abſtruſeſt thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, ſaw, without their light,

Rebellion riſing; ſaw in whom, how ſpread
Among the ſons of morn, what multitudes,
Were banded to oppoſe his high decree;
And ſmiling to his only Son, thus ſaid.
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full reſplendence, heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be ſure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deity or empire: ſuch a foe
Is riſing, who intends to' erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the ſpacious north;
Nor ſo content, hath in his thought to try
In battle, what our pow'r is, or our right.
Let us adviſe, and to this hazard draw
With ſpeed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence; leſt unawares we loſe
This our high place, our ſanctuary, our hill.
To whom the Son with calm aſpect, and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, ſerene,
Made anſwer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes
Juſtly haſt in deriſion, and ſecure
Laugh'ſt at their vain deſigns and tumults vain;
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illuſtrates, when they ſee all regal pow'r
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to ſubdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worſt in heav'n.
So ſpake the Son; but Satan with his pow'rs
Far was advanc'd on winged ſpeed, an hoſt
Innumerable as the ſtars of night,
Or ſtars of morning, dew-drops, which the ſun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they paſs'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,
In their triple degrees; regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,

And all the ſea, from one entire globoſe
Stretch'd into longitude; which having paſs'd,
At length into the limits of the north
They came: and Satan to his royal ſeat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (ſo call
That ſtructure in the dialect of men
Interpreted), which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Meſſiah was declar'd in ſight of heav'n,
The mountain of the congregation call'd;
For thither he aſſembled all his train,
Pretending ſo commanded to conſult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come; and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, pow'rs,
If theſe magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, ſince by decree
Another now hath to himſelf ingroſs'd
All pow'r, and us eclips'd, under the name
Of King anointed; for whom all this haſte
Of midnight march and hurried meeting here,
This only to conſult how we may beſt,
With what may be devis'd of honours new,
Receive him, coming to receive from us,
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, proſtration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counſels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to caſt off this yoke?
Will ye ſubmit your necks, and chuſe to bend
The ſupple knee? Ye will not, if I truſt
To know ye right, or if ye know yourſelves

Natives and ſons of heav'n poſſeſs'd before
By none; and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well conſiſt.
Who can in reaſon then, or right, aſſume
Monarchy over ſuch as live by right
His equals, if in pow'r and ſplendor leſs,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much leſs for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration, to th' abuſe
Of thoſe imperial titles which aſſert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to ſerve.
Thus far his bold diſcourſe without controul
Had audience; when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity', and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal ſevere
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
O argument blaſphemous, falſe and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in heav'n
Expected, leaſt of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyſelf ſo high above thy peers.
Canſt thou with impious obloquy condemn
The juſt decree of God, pronounc'd and ſworn,
That to his only Son, by right endu'd
With regal ſceptre, every ſoul in heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confeſs him rightful King? Unjuſt, thou ſay'ſt,
Flatly unjuſt to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unſucceeded power,
Shalt thou give law to God, ſhalt thou diſpute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of heav'n
Such as he pleas'd, and circumſcrib'd their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity

How provident he is; how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state, under one head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son? by whom,
As by his Word, the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee; and all the spi'rits of heav'n
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, pow'rs,
Essential pow'rs; nor by his reign obscur'd,
But more illustrious made; since he the head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
His laws our laws; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
Th' incensed Father, and th' incensed Son,
While pardon may be found in time besought.
So spake the fervent angel; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash: whereat rejoic'd
Th' apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd.
That we were form'd then say'st thou? and the work
Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
From Father to his Son? Strange point, and new!
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who
When this creation was? remember'st thou [saw
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native heav'n, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own; our own right hand

Shall teach us higheſt deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou ſhalt behold
Whether by ſupplication we intend
Addreſs, and to begirt th' almighty throne
Beſeeching or beſieging. This report,
Theſe tidings carry to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
He ſaid, and, as the ſound of waters deep,
Hoarſe murmur echo'd to his words applauſe
Through the infinite hoſt; nor leſs for that
The flaming Seraph fearleſs, though alone
Incompaſs'd round with foes, thus anſwer'd bold.
O alienate from God, O ſpi'rit accurs'd,
Forſaken of all good; I ſee thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapleſs crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion ſpread
Both of thy crime and puniſhment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Meſſiah; thoſe indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchſaf'd; other decrees
Againſt thee are gone forth without recall
That golden ſceptre, which thou didſt reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruiſe and break
Thy diſobedience. Well thou didſt adviſe;
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
Theſe wicked tents devoted, leſt the wrath
Impendent, raging into ſudden flame
Diſtinguiſh not: for ſoon expect to feel,
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou ſhalt know.
So ſpake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithleſs, faithful only he;
Among innumerable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrify'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought

To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind
Though ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
Long way through hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſtain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;
And with retorted ſcorn his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud tow'rs to ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

The end of the fifth book.

The ARGUMENT of Book VI.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were ſent forth to battle againſt Satan and his angels. The firſt fight deſcribed: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents deviliſh engines, which in the ſecond day's fight put Michael and his angels to ſome diſorder; but they at length pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: yet the tumult not ſo ending, God on the third day ſends Meſſiah his Son, for whom he had reſerv'd the glory of that victory: he in the power of his Father coming to the place, and cauſing all his legions to ſtand ſtill on either ſide, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midſt of his enemies, purſues them, unable to reſiſt, towards the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confuſion into the place of puniſhment prepared for them in the deep: Meſſiah returns with triumph to his Father.

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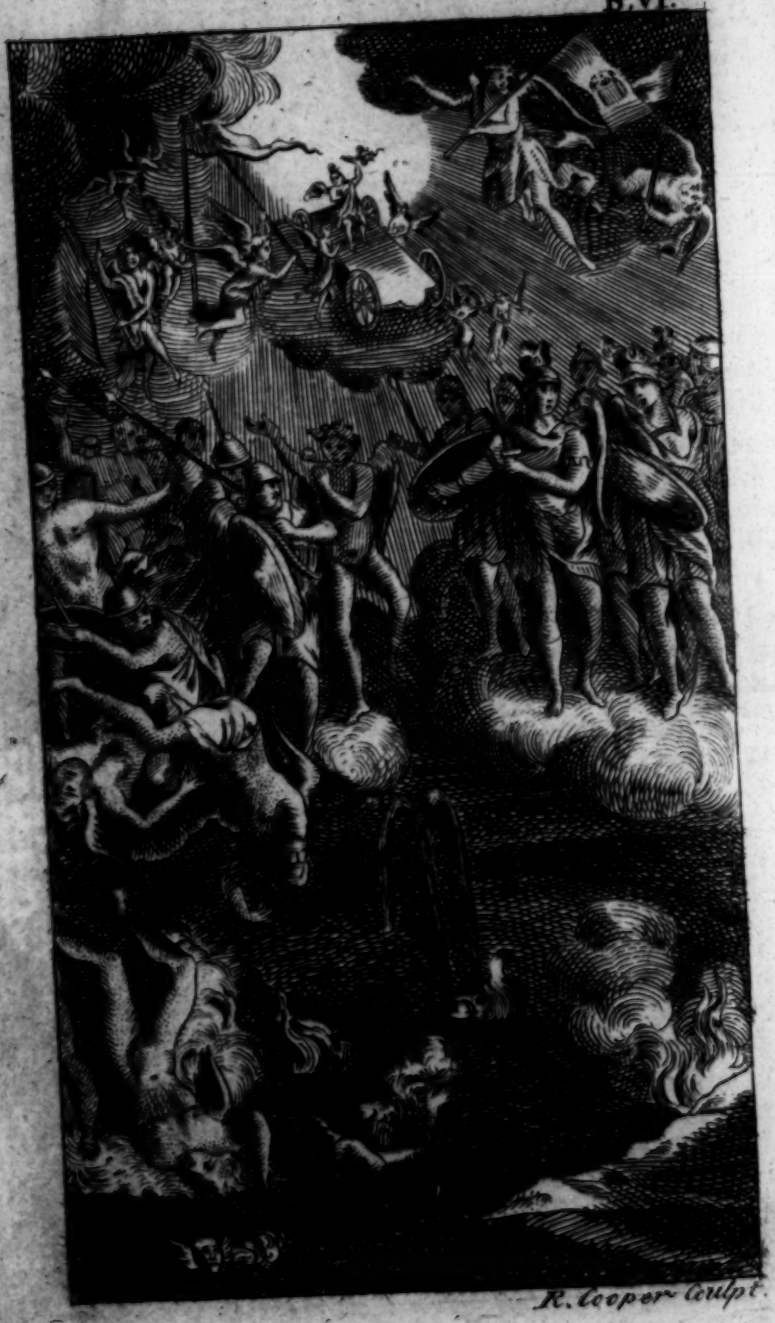

R. Cooper Sculpt.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

ALL night the dreadleſs angel, unpurſu'd,
Through heav'n's wide champain held his way; till morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with roſy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, faſt by his throne,
Where light and darkneſs, in perpetual round,
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes through heav'n
Grateful viciſſitude, like day and night:
Light iſſues forth, and at the other door
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her hour
To veil the heav'n, though darkneſs there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn
Such as in higheſt heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vaniſh'd night,
Shot thro' with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick imbattled ſquadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery ſteeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view.
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct; and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among thoſe friendly pow'rs, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one
That of ſo many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not loſt. On to the ſacred hill
They led him high applauded, and preſent
Before the ſeat ſupreme; from whence a voice,
From midſt a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.
Servant of God, well done! well haſt thou fought
The better fight, who ſingle haſt maintain'd

Againſt revolted multitudes the cauſe
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the teſtimony' of truth haſt borne
Univerſal reproach, far worſe to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care,
To ſtand approv'd in ſight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverſe. The eaſier conqueſt now
Remains thee, aided by this hoſt of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
Than ſcorn'd thou didſt depart; and to ſubdue
By force, who reaſon for their law refuſe,
Right reaſon for their law, and for their King
Meſſiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celeſtial armies prince;
And thou in military proweſs next,
Gabriel, lead forth to battle theſe my ſons
Invincible, lead forth my armed ſaints,
By thouſands and by millions, rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that godleſs crew
Rebellious: them with fire and hoſtile arms
Fearleſs aſſault; and to the brow of heav'n
Purſuing, drive them out from God and bliſs,
Into their place of puniſhment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.
So ſpake the ſov'reign voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and ſmoke to roll
In duſky wreaths, reluctant flames, the ſign
Of wrath awak'd; nor with leſs dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
At which command the powers militant,
That ſtood for heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irreſiſtible, mov'd on
In ſilence their bright legions, to the ſound
Of inſtrumental harmony, that breath'd
Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds,
Under their god-like leaders, in the cauſe
Of God and his Meſſiah. On they move

Indiſſolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor ſtrait'ning vale, nor wood, nor ſtream divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the paſſive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came ſummon'd over Eden, to receive
Their names of thee; ſo over many a tract
Of heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide,
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at laſt
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
From ſkirt to ſkirt a fiery region, ſtretch'd
In battailous aſpect, and nearer view
Briſtled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid ſpears, and helmets throng'd, and ſhields
Various, with boaſtful argument portray'd,
The banded pow'rs of Satan haſting on
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That ſelf-ſame day, by fight, or by ſurpriſe,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To ſet th' envier of his ſtate, the proud
Aſpirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid-way: though ſtrange to us it ſeem'd
At firſt, that angel ſhould with angel war,
And in fierce hoſting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in feſtivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as ſons of one great Sire,
Hymning th' eternal Father: but the ſhout
Of battle now began, and ruſhing ſound
Of onſet ended ſoon each milder thought.
High in the midſt, exalted as a god,
Th' apoſtate in his ſun-bright chariot ſat,
Idol of majeſty divine, inclos'd
With flaming Cherubim and golden ſhields:
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne; for now
Twixt hoſt and hoſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadful interval! and front to front
Preſented, ſtood in terrible array,

Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that ſight endur'd not, where he ſtood
Among the mightieſt, bent on higheſt deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that ſuch reſemblance of the Higheſt
Should yet remain, where faith and realty
Remain not: wherefore ſhould not ſtrength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakeſt prove
Where boldeſt, though to ſight unconquerable?
His puiſſance, truſting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whoſe reaſon I have try'd
Unſound and falſe; nor is it ought but juſt,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both diſputes alike
Victor; though brutiſh that contéſt, and foul,
When reaſon hath to deal with force, yet ſo
Moſt reaſon is that reaſon overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth-ſtepping oppoſite, half-way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus ſecurely him defy'd.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The height of thy aſpiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his ſide
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power,
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
Againſt th' Omnipotent to riſe in arms:
Who out of ſmalleſt things could, without end,
Have rais'd inceſſant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with ſolitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
Unaided could have finiſh'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkneſs: but thou ſeeſt
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then

To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.
Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st
From flight, seditious angel! to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue,
Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose
A third part of the gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume; that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between,
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast), to let thee know,
At first I thought that liberty and heav'n,
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Minist'ring spi'rits, train'd up in feast and song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.
To whom in brief, thus Abdiel stern reply'd.
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself inthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.

Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; let me ſerve
In heav'n God ever bleſs'd, and his divine
Behеſts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd;
Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious creſt receive.
So ſay'ing, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud creſt of Satan, that no ſight,
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his ſhield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His maſſy ſpear upſtay'd; as if one earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had puſh'd a mountain from his ſeat,
Half ſunk with all his pines. Amazement ſeiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to ſee
Thus foil'd their mightieſt; ours joy fill'd, and ſhout,
Preſage of victory, and fierce deſire
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid ſound
Th' archangel trumpet: through the vaſt of heav'n,
It ſounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hoſanna to the High'eſt: nor ſtood at gaze
The adverſe legions, nor leſs hideous join'd
The horrid ſhock. Now ſtorming fury roſe,
And clamour ſuch as heard in heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noiſe
Of conflict! over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either hoſt with fire.
So under fiery cope together ruſh'd
Both battles main, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage: all heav'n
Reſounded; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre ſhook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encount'ring angels fought

On either ſide, the leaſt of whom could wield
Theſe elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r
Army' againſt army numberleſs to raiſe
Dreadful combuſtion warring, and diſturb,
Though not deſtroy, their happy native ſeat;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent,
From his ſtrong hold of heav'n, high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd ſuch
As each divided legion might have ſeem'd
A numerous hoſt, in ſtrength each armed hand
A legion; led in fight, yet leader ſeem'd
Each warrior ſingle as in chief, expert
When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of battle, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himſelf rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was ſpread
That war, and various, ſometimes on firm ground
A ſtanding fight, then ſoaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air ſeem'd then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even ſcale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow'r had ſhown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the ſword of Michael ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed ſway
Brandiſh'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide waſting; ſuch deſtruction to withſtand
He haſted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample ſhield,
A vaſt circumference. At his approach
The great archangel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end

Inteſtine war in heav'n, th' arch foe ſubdu'd
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hoſtile frown,
And viſage all inflam'd, firſt thus began.
Author of ev'il, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in heav'n, now plenteous, as thou ſeeſt
Theſe acts of hateful ſtrife, hateful to all,
Though heavieſt by juſt meaſure on thyſelf,
And thy adherents: how haſt thou diſturb'd
Heav'n's bleſſed peace, and into nature brought
Miſery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion? how haſt thou inſtill'd
Thy malice into thouſands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd falſe? But think not here
To trouble holy reſt; heav'n caſts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n, the ſeat of bliſs,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging ſword begin thy doom,
Or ſome more ſudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.
So ſpake the prince of angels; to whom thus
The adverſary. Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canſt not. Haſt thou turn'd the leaſt of theſe
To flight, or if to fall, but that they riſe
Unvanquiſh'd, eaſier to tranſact with me
That thou ſhouldſt hope, imperious, and with threats
To chaſe me hence? Err not, that ſo ſhall end
The ſtrife which thou call'ſt evil, but we ſtyle
The ſtrife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this heav'n itſelf into the hell
Thou fableſt; here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmoſt force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have ſought thee far and nigh.
They ended parle, and both addreſs'd for fight

Unſpeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conſpicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to ſuch height
Of Godlike pow'r? for likeſt gods they ſeem'd,
Stood they or mov'd in ſtature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n.
Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad ſuns their ſhields
Blaz'd oppoſite, while Expectation ſtood
In horror: from each hand with ſpeed retir'd,
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion; ſuch as, to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if nature's concord broke,
Among the conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two planets, ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition, in mid ſky,
Should combat, and their jarring ſpheres confound.
Together both, with next to' Almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or ſwift prevention: but the ſword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was giv'n him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of Satan, with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer; nor ſtay'd,
But with ſwift wheel reverſe, deep ent'ring, ſhar'd
All his right ſide: then Satan firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd through him: but th' ethereal ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible; and from the gaſh
A ſtream of nectarous humour iſſuing flow'd
Sanguine, ſuch as celeſtial ſpi'rits may bleed,
And all his armour ſtain'd, ere while ſo bright.

Forthwith on all ſides to his aid was run
By angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defence; while others bore him on their ſhields
Back to his chariot, where it ſtood retir'd
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnaſhing for anguiſh and deſpite and ſhame,
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbled by ſuch rebuke, ſo far beneath
His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
Yet ſoon he heal'd; for ſpi'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In intrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all ſenſe; and as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves, and colour, ſhape, or ſize
Aſſume, as likes them beſt, condenſe or rare.
Mean while in other parts like deeds deſerv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the holy One of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphēmous; but anon
Down cloven to the waſte, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquiſh'd Adramelech, and Aſmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be leſs than gods
Diſdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghaſtly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor ſtood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The athieſt crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel ſcorch'd and blaſted, overthrew.

I might relate of thouſands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but thoſe elect
Angels, contented with their fame in heav'n,
Seek not the praiſe of men: the other ſort,
In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown leſs eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from heav'n and ſacred memory,
Nameleſs in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For ſtrength from truth divided, and from juſt,
Illaudable, naught merits but diſpraiſe
And ignominy; yet to glory' aſpires,
Vain-glorious, and through infamy ſeeks fame:
Therefore eternal ſilence be their doom.
And now their mightieſt quell'd, the battle ſwerv'd,
With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul diſorder; all the ground
With ſhiver'd armour ſtrown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming ſteeds; what ſtood, recoil'd
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic hoſt
Defenſive ſcarce, or with pale fear ſurpris'd,
Then firſt with fear ſurpris'd, and ſenſe of pain,
Fled ignominious, to ſuch evil brought
By ſin of diſobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwiſe th' inviolable ſaints,
In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have ſinn'd,
Not to have diſobey'd; in fight they ſtood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, tho' from their place by violence mov'd.
Now night her courſe began, and over heav'n
Inducing darkneſs, grateful truce impos'd,
And ſilence on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquiſh'd. On the foughten field

Michaël and his angels prevalent
Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part,
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd; and void of rest,
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.
O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpow'r'd, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,
(And if one day, why not eternal days?),
What heaven's Lord had pow'rfullest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endur'd, and pain,
Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.
He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
Nisroch, of principalities the prime;
As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,

Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havock hewn,
And cloudy in aſpect thus anſw'ring ſpake.
Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work we find,
Againſt unequal arms to fight in pain,
Againſt unpain'd, impaſſive; from which evil
Ruin muſt needs enſue; for what avails
Valour or ſtrength, tho' matchleſs, quell'd with pain,
Which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the hands
Of mightieſt? Senſe of pleaſure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine;
But live content, which is the calmeſt life:
But pain is perfect miſery, the worſt
Of evils; and exceſſive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourſelves with like defence, to me deſerves
No leſs than for deliverance what we owe.
Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ'ſt ſo main to our ſucceſs, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright ſurface
Of this ethereous mold whereon we ſtand,
This continent of ſpacious heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambroſial, gems and gold;
Whoſe eye ſo ſuperficially ſurveys
Theſe things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of ſpiritous and fiery ſpume, till touch'd
With heaven's ray, and temper'd, they ſhoot forth
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light?
Theſe in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;
Which into hollow engines, long and round,
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, ſhall ſend forth

From far, with thund'ring noiſe, among our foes
Such implements of miſchief, as ſhall daſh
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever ſtands
Adverſe, that they ſhall fear we have diſarm'd
The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long ſhall be our labour; yet ere dawn
Effect ſhall end our wiſh. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to ſtrength and counſel join'd
Think nothing hard, much leſs to be deſpair'd.
He ended, and his words their drooping chear
Enlighten'd, and their languiſh'd hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miſs'd; ſo eaſy' it ſeem'd [thought
Once found, which yet unfound moſt would have
Impoſſible. Yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice ſhould abound,
Some one intent on miſchief, or inſpir'd
With dev'liſh machination, might deviſe
Like inſtrument to plague the ſons of men
For ſin, on war and mutual ſlaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
None arguing ſtood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celeſtial ſoil, and ſaw beneath
Th' originals of nature in their crude
Conception; ſulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with ſubtle art,
Concocted and aduſted they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore convey'd:
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Intrails unlike) of mineral and ſtone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of miſſive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-ſpring, under conſcious night,
Secret they finiſh'd, and in order ſet,
With ſilent circumſpection uneſpy'd.
Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,

Up roſe the victor angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet ſung: in arms they ſtood
Of golden panoply, refulgent hoſt,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and ſcouts each coaſt light-armed ſcour,
Each quarter, to deſcry the diſtant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him ſoon they met
Under ſpread enſigns moving nigh, in ſlow
But firm battalion; back with ſpeedieſt ſail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the ſwifteſt wing,
Came fly'ing, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.
Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will ſave us long purſuit
This day; fear not his flight; ſo thick a cloud
He comes, and ſettled in his face I ſee
Sad reſolution, and ſecure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe faſt his orbid ſhield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling ſhow'r,
But rattling ſtorm of arrows barb'd with fire.
So warn'd he them, aware themſelves, and ſoon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Inſtant without diſturb they took alarm,
And onward move imbattled: when behold
Not diſtant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching groſs and huge, in hollow cube
Training his deviliſh enginery, impal'd
On every ſide with ſhadowing ſquadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both ſtood
A while; but ſuddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.
Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may ſee who hate us, how we ſeek
Peace and compoſure, and with open breaſt
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverſe:

But that I doubt; however witneſs heaven,
Heav'n witneſs thou anon, while we diſcharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed ſtand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So ſcoffing in ambiguous words, he ſcarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes diſcover'd, new and ſtrange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars moſt they ſeem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Braſs, iron, ſtony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A Seraph ſtood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we ſuſpenſe,
Collected ſtood within our thoughts amus'd:
Not long; for ſudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With niceſt touch. Immediate in a flame,
But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoke, all heav'n appear'd,
From thoſe deep-throated engines belch'd, whoſe roar
Imbowel'd with outrageous noiſe the air,
And all her intrails tore, diſgorging foul
Their deviliſh glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor hoſt
Levell'd, with ſuch impetuous fury ſmote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might ſtand,
Though ſtanding elſe as rocks, but down they fell
By thouſands, angel on archangel roll'd;
The ſooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have eaſily, as ſpi'rits, evaded ſwift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul diſſipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;
Nor ſerv'd it to relax their ſerried files.
What ſhould they do? if on they ruſh'd, repulſe

Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more deſpis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In poſture to diſplode their ſecond tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worſe abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.
O friends, why come not on theſe victors proud?
Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breaſt, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I ſuppoſe,
If our propoſals once again were heard,
We ſhould compel them to a quick reſult.
To whom thus Belial in like gameſome mood.
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhow us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might
To match with their inventions they preſum'd
So eaſy', and of his thunder made a ſcorn,
And all his hoſt derided, while they ſtood
A while in trouble: but they ſtood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit to' oppoſe.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)

Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heav'n
Of pleaſure ſituate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpſe they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the ſeated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the ſhaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be ſure, and terror ſeiz'd the rebel hoſt,
When coming towards them ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on thoſe curſed engines triple-row
They ſaw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themſelves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſs'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help'd their harm, cruſh'd in and bruis'd
Into their ſubſtance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long ſtruggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of ſuch pris'on, though ſpi'rits of pureſt light,
Pureſt at firſt, now groſs by ſinning grown.
The reſt, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore:
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in diſmal ſhade;
Infernal noiſe; war ſeem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confuſion heap'd
Upon confuſion roſe. And now all heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overſpread;
Had not th' Almighty Father, where he ſits
Shrin'd in his ſanctuary of heav'n ſecure,
Conſulting on the ſum of things, foreſeen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpoſe he might ſo fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son aveng'd

Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
Th' aſſeſſor of his throne, he thus began.
Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
Son in whoſe face inviſible is beheld
Viſibly, what by deity I am,
And in whoſe hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are paſt,
Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n,
Since Michael and his pow'rs went forth to tame
Theſe diſobedient: ſore hath been their fight,
As likelieſt was, when two ſuch foes met arm'd;
For to themſelves I left them; and thou know'ſt,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what ſin hath impair'd; which yet hath wrought
Inſenſibly, for I ſuſpend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs muſt laſt
Endleſs, and no ſolution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to diſorder'd rage let looſe the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd; which makes
Wild work in heav'n, and dange'rous to the main.
Two days are therefore paſt, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have ſuffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, ſince none but thou
Can end it. Into thee ſuch virtue' and grace
Immenſe I have transfus'd, that all may know
In heav'n and hell thy pow'r above compare;
And this perverſe commotion govern'd thus,
To manifeſt thee worthieſt to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir, and to be king
By ſacred unction, thy deſerved right.
Go then, thou Mightieſt, in thy Father's might,
Aſcend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That ſhake heav'n's baſis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and ſword upon thy puiſſant thigh;

Purſue theſe ſons of darkneſs, drive them out
From all heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to deſpiſe
God, and Meſſiah his anointed King.
He ſaid, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full expreſs'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
And thus the Filial Godhead anſw'ring ſpake.
O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
Firſt, Higheſt, Holieſt, Beſt; thou always ſeek'ſt
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is moſt juſt; this I my glory' account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'ſt thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliſs.
Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving, I aſſume;
And gladlier ſhall reſign, when in the end
Thou ſhalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'ſt:
But whom thou hat'ſt, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildneſs on,
Image of thee in all things; and ſhall ſoon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of theſe rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill manſion driven down,
To chains of darkneſs, and th' undying worm,
That from thy juſt obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happineſs entire.
Then ſhall thy ſaints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far ſeparate, circling thy holy mount,
Unfeigned Halleluiahs to thee ſing,
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them chief.
So ſaid, he o'er his ſceptre bowing, roſe
From the right hand of glory where he ſat;
And the third ſacred morn began to ſhine, [ſound
Dawning thro' heav'n. Forth ruſh'd with whirlwind
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itſelf inſtinct with ſpirit, but convoy'd

By four Cherubic ſhapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with ſtars, their bodies all,
And wings, were ſet with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a cryſtal firmament,
Whereon a ſaphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the ſhow'ry arch.
He in celeſtial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Aſcended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beſide him hung his bow,
And quiver with three-bolted thunder ſtor'd;
And from about him fierce effuſion roll'd
Of ſmoke, and bick'ring flame, and ſparkles dire.
Attended with ten thouſand thouſand ſaints,
He onward came, far off his coming ſhone;
And twenty thouſand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were ſeen.
He on the wings of Cherub rode ſublime
On the chryſtálline ſky, in ſaphire thron'd,
Illuſtrious far and wide; but by his own
Firſt ſeen: them unexpected joy ſurpris'd,
When the great enſign of Meſſiah blaz'd
Aloft by angels borne, his ſign in heav'n;
Under whoſe conduct Michael ſoon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head imbodied all in one.
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obſequious; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with freſh flow'rets hill and valley ſmil'd.
This ſaw his hapleſs foes, but ſtood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Inſenſate, hope conceiving from deſpair.
In heav'nly ſpi'rits could ſuch perverſeneſs dwell?
But to convince the proud what ſigns avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?

They harden'd more by what might moſt reclaim,
Grieving to ſee his glory, at the ſight
Took envy; and aſpiring to his height,
Stood reimbattl'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to proſper, and at length prevail
Againſt God and Meſſiah, or to fall
In univerſal ruin laſt; and now
To final battle drew, diſdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his hoſt on either hand thus ſpake.
Stand ſtill in bright array, ye ſaints, here ſtand,
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle reſt;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearleſs in his righteous cauſe;
And as ye have receiv'd, ſo have ye done
Invincibly: but of this curſed crew
The puniſhment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whoſe he ſole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; ſtand only, and behold
God's indignation on theſe godleſs pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have deſpis'd,
Yet envied; againſt me is all their rage,
Becauſe the Father, t' whom in heav'n ſupreme
Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me, according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath aſſign'd;
That they may have their wiſh, to try with me
In battle which the ſtronger proves, they all,
Or I alone againſt them, ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other ſtrife with them do I vouchſafe.
So ſpake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance too ſevere to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four ſpread out their ſtarry wings
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the orbs

Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The ſtedfaſt empyréan ſhook throughout,
All but the throne itſelf of God. Full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand thunders, which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
Plagues: they aſtoniſh'd all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt:
O'er ſhields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim proſtráte,
That wiſh'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-viſag'd four
Diſtinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One ſpirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their ſtrength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of heaven:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-ſtruck, purſu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And cryſtal wall of heav'n; which op'ning wide,
Roll'd inward, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
Into the waſteful deep: the monſtrous ſight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worſe
Urg'd them behind: headlong themſelves they threw
Down from the verge of heav'n; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomleſs pit.

Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe, hell ſaw
Heav'n ruining from heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but ſtrict Fate had caſt too deep
Her dark foundations, and too faſt had bound.
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confuſion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, ſo huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: hell at laſt
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the houſe of woe and pain.
Diſburden'd heav'n rejoic'd, and ſoon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulſion of his foes
Meſſiah his triumphal chariot turn'd;
To meet him all his ſaints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye-witneſſes of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him ſung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,
Worthieſt to reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he ſits at the right hand of bliſs.
Thus meaſuring things in heav'n by things on earth,
At thy requeſt, and that thou mayſt beware
By what is paſt, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have elſe to human race been hid;
The diſcord which befel, and war in heav'n
Among th' angelic pow'rs, and the deep fall
Of thoſe too high aſpiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now thy ſtate,
Who now is plotting how he may ſeduce
Thee alſo from obedience, that, with him
Bereav'd of happineſs, thou mayſt partake
His puniſhment, eternal miſery;

Which would be all his ſolace and revenge,
As a deſpite done againſt the Moſt High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But liſten not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to' have heard
By terrible example the reward
Of diſobedience; firm they might have ſtood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to tranſgreſs,

The end of the ſixth book.

The ARGUMENT of Book VII.

Raphael, at the requeſt of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was firſt created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleaſure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; ſends his Son with glory and attendance of angels to perform the work of the creation in ſix days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reaſcenſion into heaven.

BRITISH
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R. Cooper Sculp.t

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

DEſcend from heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whoſe voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I ſoar,
Above the flight of Pegaſéan wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the muſes nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'ſt; but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wiſdom didſt converſe,
Wiſdom thy ſiſter, and with her didſt play
In preſence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celeſtial ſong. Upled by thee,
Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have preſum'd,
An earthly gueſt, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring; with like ſafety guided down,
Return me to my native element:
Leſt from this flying ſteed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime),
Diſmounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unſung, but narrower bound
Within the viſible diurnal ſphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More ſafe I ſing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarſe or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſs'd round,
And ſolitude: yet not alone, whilſt thou
Viſit'ſt my ſlumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the eaſt: ſtill govern thou my ſong,

Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous diſſonance
Of Bacchus and his revelers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the ſavage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muſe defend
Her ſon. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heav'nly, ſhe an empty dream.
Say, goddeſs, what enſu'd when Raphaël,
The affable archangel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apoſtaſy, by what befel in heaven
To thoſe apoſtates, leſt the like befall
In Paradiſe to Adam, or his race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they tranſgreſs, and ſlight that ſole command,
So eaſily obey'd, amid the choice
Of all taſtes elſe to pleaſe their appetite,
Though wand'ring. He with his conſorted Eve
The ſtory heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muſe, to hear
Of things ſo high and ſtrange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in heav'n,
And war ſo near the peace of God in bliſs,
With ſuch confuſion: but the evil ſoon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on thoſe
From whom it ſprung, impoſſible to mix
With bleſſedneſs. Whence Adam ſoon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart aroſe: and now
Led on, yet ſinleſs, with deſire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this world
Of heav'n and earth conſpicuous firſt began,
When, and whereof created, for what cauſe,
What within Eden or without was done
Before his memory, as one whoſe drouth
Yet ſcarce allay'd ſtill eyes the current ſtream,
Whoſe liquid murmur heard new thirſt excites,

Proceeded thus to aſk his heav'nly gueſt.
Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far diff'ring from this world, thou haſt reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favour ſent
Down from the empyréan to forewarn
Us timely' of what might elſe have been our loſs,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:
For which to th' infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admoniſhment
Receive with ſolemn purpoſe to obſerve
Immutably his ſov'reign will, the end
Of what we are. But ſince thou haſt vouchſaf'd
Gently for our inſtruction to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to higheſt wiſdom ſeem'd,
Deign to deſcend now lower, and relate
What may no leſs perhaps avail us known,
How firſt began this heav'n which we behold
Diſtant ſo high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable; and this which yields or fills
All ſpace, the ambient air wide interfus'd
Embracing round this florid earth; what cauſe
Mov'd the Creator, in his holy reſt
Through all eternity, ſo late to build
In Chaos; and the work begun, how ſoon
Abſolv'd; if unforbid thou mayſt unfold
What we, not to explore the ſecrets aſk
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though ſteep; ſuſpenſe in heav'n,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the riſing birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the ſtar of ev'ning and the moon
Haſte to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and ſleep liſt'ning to thee will watch;

Or we can bid his abſence, till thy ſong
End, and diſmiſs thee ere the morning ſhine.
Thus Adam his illuſtrious gueſt beſought:
And thus the godlike angel anſwer'd mild.
This alſo thy requeſt with caution aſk'd
Obtain: though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can ſuffice,
Or heart of man ſuffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canſt attain, which beſt may ſerve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee alſo happier, ſhall not be with-held
Thy hearing; ſuch commiſſion from above
I have receiv'd, to anſwer thy deſire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abſtain
To aſk, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' inviſible King,
Only omniſcient, hath ſuppreſs'd in night,
To none communicable in earth or heav'n:
Enough is left beſides to ſearch and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no leſs
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
In meaſure what the mind may well contain;
Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfeit, and ſoon turns
Wiſdom to folly', as nouriſhment to wind.
Know then, that after Lucifer from heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidſt the hoſt
Of angels, than that ſtar the ſtars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his ſaints, th' omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus ſpake.
At leaſt our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himſelf rebellious, by whoſe aid
This inacceſſible high ſtrength, the ſeat
Of Deity ſupreme, us diſpoſſeſs'd,
He truſted to have ſeiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more:

Yet far the greater part have kept, I ſee,
Their ſtation; Heav'n yet populous retains
Number ſufficient to poſſeſs her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With miniſteries due and ſolemn rites.
But leſt his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have diſpeopled heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if ſuch it be, to loſe
Self-loſt; and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here; till by degrees of merit rais'd,
They open to themſelves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience try'd;
And earth be chang'd to heav'n, and heav'n to earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Mean while inhabit lax, ye pow'rs of heav'n;
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform; ſpeak thou, and be it done:
My overſhadowing Spi'rit and might with thee
I ſend along; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be heav'n and earth,
Boundleſs the deep, becauſe I Am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the ſpace.
Though I uncircumſcrib'd myſelf retire,
And put not forth my goodneſs, which is free
To act or not, neceſſity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
So ſpake th' Almighty, and to what he ſpake
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more ſwift
Than time or motion; but to human ears
Cannot without proceſs of ſpeech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in heav'n,
When ſuch was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will:
Glory they ſung to the Moſt High, good will

To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whoſe juſt avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his ſight,
And th' habitations of the juſt; to him
Glory and praiſe, whoſe wiſdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, inſtead
Of ſpi'rits malign a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuſe
His good to worlds and ages infinite.
So ſang the Hierarchies. Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majeſty divine; ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged ſpi'rits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God; where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them ſpirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs,
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And ſurging waves, as mountains, to aſſault
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word, your diſcord end:
Nor ſtay'd; but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;

For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This univerſe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, O world.
Thus God the heav'n created, thus the earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' abyſs: but on the wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the Spi'rit of God outſpread,
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs; but downward purg'd
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
Adverſe to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air,
And earth ſelf-balanc'd on her centre hung.
Let there be light, ſaid God; and forthwith light
Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native eaſt
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the ſun
Was not; ſhe in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God ſaw the light was good;
And light from darkneſs by the hemiſphere
Divided: light the Day, and darkneſs Night
He nam'd. Thus was the firſt day ev'n and morn:
Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the celeſtial quires, when orient light
Exhaling firſt from darkneſs they beheld;
Birth-day of heav'n and earth; with joy and ſhout
The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd

God and his works; Creator him they ſung,
Both when firſt ev'ning was, and when firſt morn.
Again, God ſaid, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanſe of liquid, pure,
Tranſparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermoſt convex
Of this great round: partition firm and ſure,
The waters underneath from thoſe above
Dividing: for as earth, ſo he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Chryſtalline ocean, and the loud miſrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, leſt fierce extremes
Contiguous might diſtemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament: ſo ev'n
And morning chorus ſung the ſecond day.
The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour ſoft'ning all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moiſture; when God ſaid,
Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n
Into one place, and let dry-land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Haſted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on duſt conglobing from the dry;
Part riſe in cryſtal wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
On the ſwift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou haſt heard)

Troop to their ſtandard, ſo the wat'ry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found;
If ſteep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft ebbing; nor withſtood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With ſerpent-error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the waſhy ooſe deep channels wore;
Eaſy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within thoſe banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd Seas:
And ſaw that it was good; and ſaid, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant graſs, herb yielding ſeed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whoſe ſeed is in herſelf upon the earth.
He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare earth, till then
Deſert and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender graſs, whoſe verdure clad
Her univerſal face with pleaſant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that ſudden flow'r'd
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her boſom ſmelling ſweet: and theſe ſcarce blown,
Forth flouriſh'd thick the cluſt'ring vine, forth crept
The ſmelling gourd, up ſtood the corny reed
Imbattled in her field; and th' humble ſhrub,
And buſh with frizzled hair implicit: laſt
Roſe as in dance the ſtately trees, and ſpread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their bloſſoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-ſide,
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to heav'n, a ſeat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her ſacred ſhades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the earth a dewy miſt

Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth,
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green ſtem; God ſaw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.
Again th' Almighty ſpake, Let there be lights
High in th' expanſe of heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for ſigns,
For ſeaſons, and for days, and circling years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heav'n,
To give light on the earth; and it was ſo.
And God made two great lights, great for their uſe
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The leſs by night, altern; and made the ſtars,
And ſet them in the firmament of heav'n,
To' illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their viciſſitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkneſs to divide. God ſaw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celeſtial bodies firſt the ſun
A mighty ſphere he fram'd, unlightſome firſt,
Though of ethereal mold; then form'd the moon
Globoſe, and every magnitude of ſtars,
And ſow'd with ſtars the heav'n thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudy ſhrine, and plac'd
In the ſun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other ſtars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their ſmall peculiar, though from human ſight
So far remote, with diminution ſeen.
Firſt in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round

Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heav'n's high road; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the moon,
But oppoſite in levell'd weſt was ſet,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect; and ſtill that diſtance keeps
Till night, then in the eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines,
Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand ſtars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemiſphere: then firſt adorn'd
With their bright luminaries, that ſet and roſe,
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
And God ſaid, Let the waters generate
Reptile with ſpawn abundant, living ſoul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Diſplay'd on the' open firmament of heav'n.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſaying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the ſeas,
And lakes, and running ſtreams, the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
Forthwith the ſounds and ſeas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable ſwarm, and ſhoals
Of fiſh, that with their fins and ſhining ſcales
Glide under the green wave, in ſculls that oft
Bank the mid ſea: part ſingle or with mate
Graze the ſea-weed their paſture, and through groves
Of coral ſtray; or ſporting with quick glance,
Show to the ſun their wav'd coats dropt with gold;
Or in their pearly ſhells at eaſe, attend
Moiſt nutriment; or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on ſmooth the ſeal,

And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy', enormous in their gate,
Tempeſt the ocean: there leviathan,
Hugeſt of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, ſleeps or ſwims,
And ſeems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk ſpouts out a ſea.
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and ſhores,
Their brood as num'rous hatch, from th' egg that ſoon
Burſting with kindly rupture forth diſclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd ſoon and fledge
They ſumm'd their pens, and ſoaring th' air ſublime,
With clang deſpis'd the ground, under a cloud
In proſpect; there the eagle and the ſtork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build:
Part looſely wing the region, part more wiſe
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
Their airy caravan high over ſeas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Eaſing their flight; ſo ſteers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Flotes, as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch the ſmaller birds with ſong
Solac'd the woods, and ſpread their painted wings
Till ev'n; nor then the ſolemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft lays:
Others on ſilver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breaſt; the ſwan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her ſtate with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and riſing on ſtiff pennons tower
The mid aëreal ſky: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the creſted cock, whoſe clarion ſounds
The ſilent hours; and th' other, whoſe gay train
Adorns him colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and ſtarry' eyes. The waters thus
With fiſh repleniſh'd, and the air with fowl,

Ev'ning and morn ſolemniz'd the fifth day.
The ſixth and of creation laſt, aroſe
With ev'ning harps and matin: when God ſaid,
Let th' earth bring forth ſoul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beaſt of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and ſtrait
Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up roſe,
As from his lair, the wild beaſt where he wons
In foreſt wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they roſe, they walk'd;
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Thoſe rare and ſolitary, theſe in flocks
Paſturing at once, and in broad herds upſprung.
The graſſy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the ſwift ſtag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: ſcarce from his mold
Behemoth, biggeſt born of earth, upheav'd
His vaſtneſs: fleec'd the flocks and bleating roſe,
As plants: ambiguous between ſea and land
The river horſe and ſcaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Inſect or worm: thoſe wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and ſmalleſt lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of ſummer's pride,
With ſpots of gold and purple, azure and green:
Theſe as a line their long dimenſion drew,
Streaking the ground with ſinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; ſome of ſerpent-kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their ſnaky folds, and added wings. Firſt crept
The parſimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in ſmall room large heart inclos'd,

Pattern of juſt equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: ſwarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her huſband drone
Deliciouſly, and builds her waxen cells
With honey ſtor'd: the reſt are numberleſs,
And thou their natures know'ſt, and gav'ſt them names,
Needleſs to thee repeated; nor unknown
The ſerpent, ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field,
Of huge extent ſometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now heav'n in all her glory ſhone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great firſt Mover's hand
Firſt wheel'd their courſe; earth in her rich attire
Conſummate lovely ſmil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fiſh, beaſt, was flown, was ſwum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the ſixth day yet remain'd:
There wanted yet the maſter work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature, who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
With ſanctity of reaſon, might erect
His ſtature, and upright with front ſerene
Govern the reſt, ſelf-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correſpond with heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Deſcends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worſhip God ſupreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th' omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Preſent?) thus to his Son audibly ſpake.
Let us make now man in our image, man
In our ſimilitude, and let them rule
Over the fiſh and fowl of ſea and air,
Beaſt of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This ſaid, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Duſt of the ground, and in thy noſtrils breath'd

The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Expreſs, and thou becam'ſt a living ſoul.
Male he created thee, but thy conſort
Female for race; then bleſs'd mankind, and ſaid,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fiſh of the ſea, and fowl of th' air,
And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
Where-ever thus created, for no place
Is yet diſtinct by name, thence, as thou know'ſt,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taſte:
And freely all their pleaſant fruit for food
Gave thee; all ſorts are here that all th' earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which taſted works knowledge of good and evil
Thou mayſt not; in the day thou eat'ſt, thou dy'ſt;
Death is the penalty impos'd; beware,
And govern well thy appetite, leſt Sin
Surpriſe thee, and her black attendant Death.
  Here finiſh'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accompliſh'd the ſixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Deſiſting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the heav'n of heav'ns, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it ſhow'd
In proſpect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Anſwering his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation, and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Reſounded, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heard'ſt),
The heav'ns and all the conſtellations rung,
The planets in their ſtation liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant.

Open, ye everlaſting gates, they ſung,
Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix days work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To viſit oft the dwellings of juſt men,
Delighted, and with frequent intercourſe
Thither will ſend his winged meſſengers
On errands of ſupernal grace. So ſung
The glorious train aſcending. He through heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal houſe direct the way;
A broad and ample road, whoſe duſt is gold,
And pavement ſtars, as ſtars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou ſeeſt
Powder'd with ſtars. And now on earth the ſeventh
Ev'ning aroſe in Eden; for the ſun
Was ſet, and twilight from the eaſt came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'n's high-ſeated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and ſure,
The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and ſat him down
With his great Father; for he alſo went
Inviſible, yet ſtay'd, (ſuch privilege
Hath Omnipreſence), and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things; and from work
Now reſting, bleſs'd and hallow'd the ſev'nth day,
As reſting on that day from all his work:
But not in ſilence holy kept; the harp
Had work, and reſted not; the ſolemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of ſweet ſtop,
All ſounds on fret by ſtring or golden wire
Temper'd ſoft tunings, intermix'd with voice,
Choral or uniſon: of incenſe clouds,
Fuming from golden cenſers, hid the mount.
Creation and the ſix days acts they ſung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy pow'r; what thought can meaſure thee, or tongue

Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant-angels: thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
Is greater than created to deſtroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? Eaſily the proud attempt
Of ſpi'rits apoſtate, and their counſels vain,
Thou haſt repell'd, while impiouſly they thought
Thee to diminiſh, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worſhippers. Who ſeeks
To leſſen thee, againſt his purpoſe ſerves
To manifeſt the more thy might: his evil
Thou uſeſt, and from thence creat'ſt more good.
Witneſs this new-made world, another heav'n,
From heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glaſſy ſea;
Of amplitude almoſt immenſe, with ſtars
Numerous, and every ſtar perhaps a world
Of deſtin'd habitation; but thou know'ſt
Their ſeaſons: among theſe the ſeat of men,
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleaſant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
And ſons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
Created in his image, there to dwell,
And worſhip him; and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in ſea, or air;
And multiply a race of worſhippers,
Holy and juſt: thrice happy, if they know
Their happineſs, and perſevere upright.
So ſung they, and the empyréan rung
With Halleluiahs: thus was ſabbath kept.
And thy requeſt think now fulfill'd, that aſk'd
How firſt this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that poſterity,
Inform'd by thee, might know: if elſe thou ſeek'ſt
Ought, not ſurpaſſing human meaſure, ſay.

The end of the ſeventh book.

The ARGUMENT of Book VIII.

Adam inquires concerning celeſtial motions; is doubtfully anſwer'd, and exhorted to ſearch rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam aſſents; and ſtill deſirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd ſince his own creation, his placing in Paradiſe, his talk with God concerning ſolitude and fit ſociety, his firſt meeting and nuptials with Eve; his diſcourſe with the angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

VIII.

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MUSEUM

B. VIII.

R. Cooper Sculp.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear;
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.
What thanks ſufficient or what recompenſe
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Hiſtorian, who thus largely haſt allay'd
The thirſt I had of knowledge, and vouchſaf'd
This friendly condeſcenſion to relate
Things elſe by me unſearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy ſolution can reſolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world,
Of heav'n and earth conſiſting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this earth a ſpot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd,
And all her number'd ſtars, that ſeem to roll
Spaces incomprehenſible, (for ſuch
Their diſtance argues, and their ſwift return
Diurnal), merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual ſpot,
One day and night, in all their vaſt ſurvey
Uſeleſs beſides; reaſoning I oft admire,
How nature wiſe and frugal could commit
Such diſproportions, with ſuperfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater ſo manifold, to this one uſe,
For ought appears, and on their orbs impoſe

Such reſtleſs revolution day by day
Repeated, while the ſedentary earth,
That better might with far leſs compaſs move,
Serv'd by more noble than herſelf, attains
Her end without leaſt motion, and receives,
As tribute, ſuch a ſumleſs journey brought
Of incorporeal ſpeed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to deſcribe whoſe ſwiftneſs number fails.
So ſpake our Sire, and by his countenance ſeem'd
Ent'ring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe; which Eve
Perceiving, where ſhe ſat retir'd in ſight,
With lowlineſs majeſtic from her ſeat,
And grace that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nurſery; they at her coming ſprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs;
Her huſband the relator ſhe preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to aſk
Choſe rather; he, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal careſſes; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?
With goddeſs-like demeanour forth ſhe went;
Not unattended; for on her, as queen,
A pomp of winning graces waited ſtill,
And from about her ſhot darts of deſire
Into all eyes, to wiſh her ſtill in ſight.
And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facile thus reply'd.
To aſk or ſearch I blame thee not; for heav'n
Is as the book of God before thee ſet,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn

His ſeaſons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
This to attain, whether heav'n move, or earth,
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the reſt
From man or angel the great Architect
Did wiſely to conceal, and not divulge
His ſecrets to be ſcann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they liſt to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the heav'ns
Hath left to their diſputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model heav'n,
And calculate the ſtars, how they will wield
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To ſave appearances, how gird the ſphere
With centric and eccentric ſcribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.
Already by thy reaſoning this I gueſs,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and ſuppoſeſt
That bodies bright and greater ſhould not ſerve
The leſs not bright, nor heav'n ſuch journeys run,
Earth ſitting ſtill, when ſhe alone receives
The benefit. Conſider firſt, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth
Though, in compariſon of heav'n, ſo ſmall,
Nor gliſt'ring, may of ſolid good contain
More plenty than the ſun that barren ſhines,
Whoſe virtue on itſelf works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth; there firſt receiv'd
His beams, unactive elſe, their vigour find.
Yet not to earth are thoſe bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.
And for the heav'n's wide circuit, let it ſpeak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So ſpacious, and his line ſtretch'd out ſo far;
That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a ſmall partition, and the reſt
Ordain'd for uſes to his Lord beſt known.

The ſwiftneſs of thoſe circles attribúte,
Though numberleſs, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal ſubſtances could add
Speed almoſt ſpiritual: me thou think'ſt not ſlow,
Who ſince the morning-hour ſet out from heav'n
Where God reſides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
In Eden; diſtance inexpreſſible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the heav'ns, to ſhow
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I ſo affirm, though ſo it ſeem
To thee who haſt thy dwelling here on earth.
God, to remove his ways from human ſenſe,
Plac'd heav'n from earth ſo far, that earthly ſight,
If it preſume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the ſun
Be centre to the world, and other ſtars
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wand'ring courſe now high, now low, then hid,
Progreſſive, retrograde, or ſtanding ſtill,
In ſix thou ſeeſt; and what if ſev'nth to theſe
The planet earth, ſo ſtedfaſt though ſhe ſeem,
Inſenſibly three different motions move?
Which elſe to ſeveral ſpheres thou muſt aſcribe,
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities;
Or ſave the ſun his labour, and that ſwift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb ſuppos'd,
Inviſible elſe above all ſtars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If earth induſtrious of herſelf fetch day
Travelling eaſt, and with her part averſe
From the ſun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
Sent from her through the wide tranſpicuous air,
To the terreſtrial moon be as a ſtar
Enlight'ning her by day, as ſhe by night
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,

Fields and inhabitants: her ſpots thou ſeeſt
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her ſoften'd ſoil, for ſome to eat
Allotted there; and other ſuns perhaps,
With their attendant moons, thou wilt deſcry
Communicating male and female light;
Which two great ſexes animate the world,
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with ſome that live.
For ſuch vaſt room in nature unpoſſeſs'd
By living ſoul, deſert and deſolate,
Only to ſhine, yet ſcarce to contribúte
Each orb a glimpſe of light, convey'd ſo far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to diſpute.
But whether thus theſe things, or whether not;
Whether the ſun predominant in heav'n
Riſe on the earth, or earth riſe on the ſun;
He from the eaſt his flaming road begin,
Or ſhe from weſt her ſilent courſe advance
With inoffenſive pace, that ſpinning ſleeps
On her ſoft axle, while ſhe paces even,
And bears thee ſoft with the ſmooth air along;
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;
Leave them to God above, him ſerve and fear;
Of other creatures, as him pleaſes beſt,
Where-ever plac'd, let him diſpoſe: joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradiſe,
And thy fair Eve; heav'n is for thee too high
To know what paſſes there; be lowly wiſe:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what ſtate, condition, or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
Not of earth only, but of higheſt heav'n.

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
How fully haſt thou ſatisfy'd me, pure
Intelligence of heav'n, angel ſerene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live

The eaſieſt way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the ſweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not moleſt us, unleſs we ourſelves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, ſhe learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From uſe, obſcure and ſubtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wiſdom: what is more, is fume,
Or emptineſs, or fond impertinence,
And renders us, in things that moſt concern,
Unpractic'd, unprepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us deſcend
A lower flight, and ſpeak of things at hand
Uſeful, whence haply mention may ariſe
Of ſomething not unſeaſonable to aſk,
By ſuff'rance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
My ſtory, which perhaps thou haſt not hear'd;
And day is yet not ſpent; till then thou ſeeſt
How ſubtly to detain thee I deviſe,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I ſit with thee, I ſeem in heav'n,
And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree, pleaſanteſt to thirſt
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of ſweet repaſt: they ſatiate, and ſoon fill,
Though pleaſant; but thy words with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety.
To whom thus Raphael anſwer'd heav'nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, ſire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath alſo pour'd,

Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute, all comelineſs and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms;
Nor leſs think we in heav'n of thee on earth
Than of our fellow-ſervant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with man:
For God we ſee hath honour'd thee, and ſet
On man his equal love. Say therefore on;
For I that day was abſent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obſcure,
Far on excurſion tow'ard the gates of hell;
Squar'd in full legion, (ſuch command we had),
To ſee that none thence iſſu'd forth a ſpy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work;
Leſt he incens'd at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durſt without his leave attempt;
But us he ſends upon his high beheſts
For ſtate, as Sov'reign King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Faſt we found, faſt ſhut
The diſmal gates, and barricado'd ſtrong;
But long ere our approaching, heard within
Noiſe, other than the ſound of dance or ſong,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coaſts of light
Ere Sabbath-ev'ning: ſo we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no leſs than thou with mine.
So ſpake the godlike Pow'r, and thus our ſire.
For man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himſelf beginning knew?
Deſire with thee ſtill longer to converſe
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweat, which with his beams the ſun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moiſture fed.
Strait toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample ſky, till rais'd

By quick inſtinctive motion, up I ſprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myſelf I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe,
Knew not; to ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou ſun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myſelf; by ſome great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in pow'r præeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light; when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady bank, profuſe of flowers,
Penſive I ſat me down: there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drouſed ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a dream,
Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd. One came, methought, of ſhape divine,
And ſaid, Thy manſion wants thee, Adam, riſe,

First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss: he rear'd me, and Whom thou sought'st I
Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest [am,
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal; and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which resounds

Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but ſoon his clear aſpect
Return'd, and gracious purpoſe thus renew'd.
Not only theſe fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Poſſeſs it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in ſea, or air, beaſt, fiſh, and fowl.
In ſign whereof each bird and beaſt behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee feälty
With low ſubjection; underſtand the ſame
Of fiſh within their watry reſidence,
Not hither ſummon'd, ſince they cannot change
Their element, to draw the thinner air.
As thus he ſpake, each bird and beaſt behold
Approaching two and two, theſe cowring low
With blandiſhment, each bird ſtoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they paſs'd, and underſtood
Their nature, with ſuch knowledge God endu'd
My ſudden apprehenſion. But in theſe
I found not what methought I wanted ſtill;
And to the heav'nly viſion thus preſum'd.

O by what name, for thou above all theſe,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpaſſeſt far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this univerſe,
And all this good to man? for whoſe well-being
So amply, and with hands ſo liberal,
Thou haſt provided all things: but with me
I ſee not who partakes. In ſolitude
What happineſs, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I preſumptuous; and the viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'ſt thou ſolitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air,
Repleniſh'd, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'ſt thou not

Their language and their ways? they alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe
Find paſtime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So ſpake the univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ord'ring. I, with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.
Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly power,
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferior far beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparity
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs,
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike. Of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort: they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowl
So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape;
Worſe then can man with beaſt, and leaſt of all.
Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd, not diſpleas'd.
A nice and ſubtle happineſs I ſee
Thou to thyſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy aſſociates, Adam, and wilt taſte
No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitary.
What think'ſt thou then of me, and this my ſtate?
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſs'd
Of happineſs or not? who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me, or like; equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe,
Save with the creatures which I made, and thoſe
To me inferior, infinite deſcents

Beneath what other creatures are to thee?
He ceas'd; I lowly answer'd. To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things;
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found: not so is man,
But in degree; the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers absolute, though one:
But man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication; yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt
Of union or communion, deify'd:
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I emboldened spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found; which gain'd
This answer from the gracious voice divine.
Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd;
And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,
Expressing well the spi'rit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute;
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike;
And be so minded still: I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for man to be alone;
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet:

What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh exactly to thy heart's deſire.
He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtrain'd to th' height
In that celeſtial colloquy ſublime,
As with an object that excels the ſenſe
Dazzled and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid; and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal ſight, by which
Abſtract as in a trance methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious before whom awake I ſtood;
Who ſtooping open'd my left ſide, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial ſpirits warm,
And life-blood ſtreaming freſh; wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up, and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different ſex, ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world ſeem'd now,
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpi'rit of love, and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable: on ſhe came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd

Of nuptial ſanctity and marriage-rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, heav'n in her eye,
In every geſture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou had fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh, myſelf
Before me: woman is her name, of man
Extracted; for this cauſe he ſhall forego
Father and mother, and to' his wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one fleſh, one heart, one ſoul.
She heard me thus; and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence, and virgin modeſty,
Her virtue, and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
The more deſireable, or, to ſay all,
Nature herſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd:
I follow'd her; ſhe what was honour knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd
My pleaded reaſon. To the nuptial bow'r
I led her bluſhing like the morn: all heav'n,
And happy conſtellations, on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence; the earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds: freſh gales and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung roſe, flung odours from the ſpicy ſhrub,
Diſporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung ſpouſal, and bid haſte the ev'ning-ſtar
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.
Thus I have told thee all my ſtate, and brought
My ſtory to the ſum of earthly bliſs
Which I enjoy; and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch

As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſire; theſe delicacies
I mean of taſte, ſight, ſmell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
Tranſported touch; here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange, in all enjoyments elſe
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Againſt the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left ſome part
Not proof enough ſuch object to ſuſtain;
Or from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward ſhow
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
For well I underſtand in the prime end
Of nature her th' inferior; in the mind
And inward faculties, which moſt excel;
In outward alſo her reſembling leſs
His image who made both, and leſs expreſſing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures: yet when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in herſelf complete, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded; wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcount'nanc'd, and like folly ſhows;
Authority and reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind, and nobleneſs, their ſeat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.
To whom the angel with contracted brow.
Accuſe not nature, ſhe hath done her part;
Do thou but thine; and be not diffident

Of wiſdom; ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
Diſmiſs not her, when moſt thou need'ſt her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Leſs excellent, as thou thyſelf perceiv'ſt.
For what admir'ſt thou, what tranſports thee ſo,
An outſide? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cheriſhing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy ſubjection. Weigh with her thyſelf;
Then value: oft-times nothing profits more
Than ſelf-eſteem, grounded on juſt and right
Well-manag'd; of that ſkill the more thou know'ſt,
The more ſhe will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her ſhows:
Made ſo adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou mayſt love
Thy mate, who ſees when thou art ſeen leaſt wiſe.
But if the ſenſe of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated ſeem ſuch dear delight
Beyond all other, think the ſame vouchſaf'd
To cattle and each beaſt; which would not be
To them made common, and divulg'd, if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to ſubdue
The ſoul of man, or paſſion in him move.
What high'er in her ſociety thou find'ſt
Attractive, human, rational, love ſtill;
In loving thou doſt well, in paſſion not;
Wherein true love conſiſts not: love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his ſeat
In reaſon, and is judicious; is the ſcale
By which to heav'nly love thou mayſt aſcend;
Not ſunk in carnal pleaſure; for which cauſe
Among the beaſts no mate for thee was found.
To whom thus half abaſh'd Adam reply'd.
Neither her outſide form'd ſo fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem),
So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,

Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious ſound to th' ear.
Yet theſe ſubject not: I to thee diſcloſe
What inward thence I feel; not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the ſenſe
Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'ſt me not; for love thou ſay'ſt
Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide:
Bear with me then, if lawful what I aſk:
Love not the heav'nly ſpi'rits, and how their love
Expreſs they, by looks only', or do they mix
Irradiance virtual, or immediate touch?
To whom the angel, with a ſmile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſy red, love's proper hue,
Anſwer'd. Let it ſuffice thee that thou know'ſt
Us happy', and without love no happineſs.
Whatever pure thou in the body' enjoy'ſt,
(And pure thou wert created), we enjoy
In eminence, and obſtacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, excluſive bars;
Eaſier than air with air, if ſpi'rits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Deſiring; nor reſtrain'd conveyance need,
As fleſh to mix with fleſh, or ſoul with ſoul.
But I can now no more; the parting ſun
Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant iſles
Heſperian ſets, my ſignal to depart.
Be ſtrong, live happy', and love; but firſt of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed leſt paſſion ſway
Thy judgment to do ought, which elſe free will
Would not admit; thine, and of all thy ſons,
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.

I in thy perſevering ſhall rejoice,
And all the bleſs'd: ſtand faſt; to ſtand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to tranſgreſs repel.
So ſaying, he aroſe; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
Go heav'nly gueſt, ethereal meſſenger,
Sent from whoſe ſov'reign goodneſs I adore.
Gentle to me, and affable, hath been
Thy condeſcenſion, and ſhall be' honour'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly ſtill, and oft return.
So parted they; the angel up to heav'n
From the thick ſhade, and Adam to his bow'r.

The end of the eighth book.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT of Book IX.

Satan having compaſſed the earth, with meditated guile returns as a miſt by night into Paradiſe, and enters into the ſerpent ſleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours; which Eve propoſes to divide in ſeveral places, each labouring apart: Adam conſents not, alledging the danger, leſt that enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, ſhould attempt her found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumſpect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather deſirous to make trial of her ſtrength; Adam at laſt yields. The ſerpent finds her alone; his ſubtle approach, firſt gazing, then ſpeaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the ſerpent ſpeak, aſks how he attain'd to human ſpeech and ſuch underſtanding not till now; the ſerpent anſwers, that by taſting of a certain tree in the garden he attain'd both to ſpeech and reaſon, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the ſerpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; ſhe, pleas'd with the taſte, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at laſt brings him of the fruit, relates what perſuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at firſt amaz'd, but perceiving her loſt, reſolves through vehemence of love to periſh with her; and extenuating the treſpaſs, eats alſo of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they ſeek to cover their nakedneſs; then fall to variance, and accuſations of one another.

BRITISH
29 JY 67
MUSEUM

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

NO more of talk where God or angel gueſt
With man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
To ſit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repaſt, permitting him the while
Venial diſcourſe unblam'd: I now muſt change
Thoſe notes to tragic; foul diſtruſt, and breach
Diſloyal on the part of man, revolt,
And diſobedience; on the part of heav'n
Now alienated, diſtance and diſtaſte,
Anger and juſt rebuke, and judgment giv'n,
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin, and her ſhadow Death, and Miſery
Death's harbinger: Sad taſk, yet argument
Not leſs, but more heroic than the wrath
Of ſtern Achilles on his foe purſu'd
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia diſeſpous'd;
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that ſo long
Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's ſon;
If anſwerable ſtyle I can obtain
Of my celeſtial patroneſs, who deigns
Her nightly viſitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me ſlumb'ring, or inſpires
Eaſy my unpremeditated verſe:
Since firſt this ſubject for heroic ſong
Pleas'd me, long chuſing, and beginning late;
Not ſedulous by nature to endite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd, chief maſt'ry to diſſect
With long and tedious havoc fabled knights

In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unſung; or to deſcribe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd ſhields,
Impreſſes quaint, capariſons, and ſteeds;
Baſes and tinſel trappings, gorgeous knights
At jouſt and tourneament; then marſhall'd feaſt
Serv'd up in hall, with ſewers, and ſeneſchals:
The ſkill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which juſtly gives heroic name
To perſon, or to poem. Me of theſe
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious, higher argument
Remains, ſufficient of itſelf to raiſe
That name, unleſs an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depreſs'd; and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.
The ſun was ſunk, and after him the ſtar
Of Heſperus, whoſe office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, ſhort arbiter
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemiſphere had veil'd th' horizon round:
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On man's deſtruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himſelf, fearleſs return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compaſſing the earth, cautious of day,
Since Uriel, regent of the ſun, deſcry'd
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
That kept their watch; thence full of anguiſh driv'n,
The ſpace of ſev'n continu'd nights he rode
With darkneſs, thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times croſs'd the car of night
From pole to pole, travérſing each colúre;
On th' eighth return'd, and on the coaſt averſe
From entrance or Cherubic watch, by ſtealth

Found unſuſpected way. There was a place,
Now not, tho' ſin, not time, firſt wrought the change,
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradiſe
Into a gulf ſhot under ground, till part
Roſe up a fountain by the tree of life:
In with the river ſunk, and with it roſe
Satan, involv'd in riſing miſt; then ſought
Where to lie hid: ſea he had ſearch'd, and land,
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic; and in length
Weſt from Orontes to the ocean barr'd
At Darien, thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow ſearch, and with inſpection deep
Conſider'd ev'ry creature, which of all
Moſt opportune might ſerve his wiles, and found
The ſerpent ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field.
Him after long debate, irreſolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final ſentence choſe
Fit veſſel, fitteſt imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark ſuggeſtions hide
From ſharpeſt ſight: for in the wily ſnake,
Whatever ſleights none would ſuſpicious mark,
As from his wit and native ſubtlety
Proceeding, which in other beaſts obſerv'd
Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the ſenſe of brute.
Thus he reſolv'd, but firſt from inward grief
His burſting paſſion into plaints thus pour'd.
O earth, how like to heav'n, if not preferr'd
More juſtly, ſeat worthier of gods, as built
With ſecond thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worſe would build?
Terreſtrial heav'n, danc'd round by other heav'ns
That ſhine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as ſeems,
In thee concent'ring all their precious beams

Of ſacred influence! As God in heav'n
Is centre, yet extends to all; ſo thou
Cent'ring receiv'ſt from all thoſe orbs: in thee,
Not in themſelves, all their known virtue' appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, ſenſe, reaſon, all ſumm'd up in man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in ought, ſweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now ſea, and ſhores with foreſt crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of theſe
Find place or refuge; and the more I ſee
Pleaſures about me, ſo much more I feel
Torment within me', as from the hateful ſiege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in heav'n much worſe would be my ſtate.
But neither here ſeek I, no nor in heav'n
To dwell, unleſs by maſt'ring heav'n's Supreme;
Nor hope to be myſelf leſs miſerable
By what I ſeek, but others to make ſuch
As I, though thereby worſe to me redound:
For only in deſtroying I find eaſe
To my relentleſs thoughts; and him deſtroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loſs,
For whom all this was made; all this will ſoon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;
In woe then; that deſtruction wide may range:
To me ſhall be the glory ſole among
Th' infernal pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
What he Almighty ſtyl'd, ſix nights and days
Continu'd making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than ſince I in one night freed
From ſervitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he, to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,

Whether ſuch virtue ſpent of old now fail'd
More angels to create, if they at leaſt
Are his created, or, to ſpite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from ſo baſe original,
With heav'nly ſpoils, our ſpoils: what he decreed,
He effected; man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his ſeat,
Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his ſervice angel-wings,
And flaming miniſters to watch and tend
Their earthly charge. Of theſe the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in miſt
Of midnight vapour glide obſcure, and pry
In every buſh and brake, where hap may find
The ſerpent ſleeping, in whoſe mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul deſcent! that I who erſt contended
With gods to ſit the high'eſt, am now conſtrain'd
Into a beaſt, and mix'd with beſtial ſlime,
This eſſence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of deity aſpir'd.
But what will not ambition and revenge
Deſcend to? Who aſpires, muſt down as low
As high he ſoar'd, obnoxious, firſt or laſt,
To baſeſt things. Revenge, at firſt though ſweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itſelf recoils:
Let it; I reck not, ſo it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall ſhort, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favourite
Of heav'n, this man of clay, ſon of deſpite,
Whom us the more to ſpite his Maker rais'd
From duſt: ſpite then with ſpite is beſt repaid.
So ſaying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
Like a black miſt low creeping, he held on
His midnight ſearch, where ſooneſt he might find
The ſerpent: him faſt ſleeping ſoon he found

In labyrinth of many a round ſelf-roll'd,
His head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſubtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid ſhade or diſmal den,
Nor nocent yet; but on the graſſy herb
Fearleſs unfear'd he ſlept. In at his mouth
The devil enter'd, and his brutal ſenſe,
In heart or head, poſſeſſing, ſoon inſpir'd
With act intelligential; but his ſleep
Diſturb'd not, waiting cloſe th' approach of morn.

Now when as ſacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incenſe, when all things that breathe,
From th' earth's great altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creator, and his noſtrils fill
With grateful ſmell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worſhip to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The ſeaſon, prime for ſweeteſt ſcents and airs:
Then commune how that day they beſt may ply
Their growing work; for much their work outgrew
The hands diſpatch of two gard'ning ſo wide.
And Eve firſt to her huſband thus began.

Adam, well may we labour ſtill to dreſs
This garden, ſtill to tend plant, herb, and flow'r,
Our pleaſant taſk injoin'd; but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by reſtraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now adviſe,
Or bear what to my mind firſt thoughts preſent:
Let us divide our labours; thou where choice
Leads thee, or where moſt needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
The claſping ivy where to climb; while I
In yonder ſpring of roſes intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redreſs till noon:
For while ſo near each other thus all day

Our taſks we chuſe, what wonder if ſo near
Looks intervene, and ſmiles, or object new
Caſual diſcourſe draw on, which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of ſupper comes unearn'd.
To whom mild anſwer Adam thus return'd.
Sole Eve, aſſociate ſole, to me beyond
Compare, above all living creatures dear,
Well haſt thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,
How we might beſt fulfil the work which here
God hath aſſign'd us; nor of me ſhalt paſs
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to ſtudy houſehold good,
And good works in her huſband to promote.
Yet not ſo ſtrictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreſhment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this ſweet intercourſe
Of looks and ſmiles; for ſmiles from reaſon flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food,
Love not the loweſt end of human life.
For not to irkſome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reaſon join'd.
Theſe paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderneſs with eaſe, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Aſſiſt us. But if much converſe perhaps
Thee ſatiate, to ſhort abſence I could yield:
For ſolitude ſometimes is beſt ſociety,
And ſhort retirement urges ſweet return.
But other doubt poſſeſſes me, leſt harm
Befall thee ſever'd from me; for thou know'ſt
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envying our happineſs, and of his own
Deſpairing, ſeeks to work us woe and ſhame
By ſly aſſault; and ſomewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wiſh and beſt advantage, us aſunder;

Hopeleſs to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other ſpeedy aid might lend at need:
Whether his firſt deſign be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to diſturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliſs
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worſe, leave not the faithful ſide
That gave thee being, ſtill ſhades thee, and protects.
The wife, where danger or diſhonour lurks,
Safeſt and ſeemlieſt by her huſband ſtays,
Who guards her, or with her the worſt endures.
To whom the virgin majeſty of Eve,
As one who loves, and ſome unkindneſs meets,
With ſweet auſtere compoſure thus reply'd.
Offspring of heav'n and earth, and all earth's lord,
That ſuch an enemy we have, who ſeeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel overheard,
As in a ſhady nook I ſtood behind,
Juſt then return'd at ſhut of ev'ning-flowers.
But that thou ſhouldſt my firmneſs therefore doubt
To God or thee, becauſe we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'ſt not, being ſuch
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be ſhaken or ſeduc'd;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breaſt,
Adam, miſthought of her to thee ſo dear?
To whom with healing words Adam reply'd.
Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,
For ſuch thou art, from ſin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I diſſuade
Thy abſence from my ſight, but to avoid
Th' attempt itſelf, intended by our foe.
For he who tempts, though' in vain, at leaſt aſperſes

The tempted with diſhonour foul, ſuppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Againſt temptation: thou thyſelf with ſcorn
And anger wouldſt reſent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: miſdeem not then,
If ſuch affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
Or daring, firſt on me th' aſſault ſhall light.
Nor thou his malice and falſe guile contemn;
Subtle he needs muſt be, who could ſeduce
Angels; nor think ſuperfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Acceſs in every virtue, in thy ſight
More wiſe, more watchful, ſtronger, if need were
Of outward ſtrength; while ſhame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd,
Would utmoſt vigour raiſe, and rais'd unite.
Why ſhouldſt not thou like ſenſe within thee feel
When I am preſent, and thy trial chuſe
With me, beſt witneſs of thy virtue try'd?
  So ſpake domeſtic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Leſs attribúted to her faith ſincere,
Thus her reply with accent ſweet renew'd.
  If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit ſtraiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endu'd
Single with like defence, where-ever met,
How are we happy, ſtill in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not ſin: only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul eſteem
Of our integrity: his foul eſteem
Sticks no diſhonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himſelf; then wherefore ſhunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his ſurmiſe prov'd falſe; find peace within,
Favour from heav'n, our witneſs from th' event.

And what is faith, love, virtue unaſſay'd
Alone, without exterior help ſuſtain'd?
Let us not then ſuſpect our happy ſtate
Left ſo imperfect by the Maker wiſe,
As not ſecure to ſingle or combin'd.
Frail is our happineſs, if this be ſo,
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.
To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd.
O woman, beſt are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them: his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created; much leſs man,
Or ought that might his happy ſtate ſecure,
Secure from outward force; within himſelf
The danger lyes, yet lyes within his pow'r:
Againſt his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reaſon, is free; and reaſon he made right,
But bid her well be ware, and ſtill erect,
Leſt by ſome fair appearing good ſurpris'd
She dictate falſe, and miſinform the will
To do what God expreſsly hath forbid.
Not then miſtruſt, but tender love, injoins,
That I ſhould mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we ſubſiſt, yet poſſible to ſwerve,
Since reaſon not impoſſibly may meet
Some ſpecious object by the foe ſuborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping ſtricteſt watch, as ſhe was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and moſt likely if from me
Thou ſever not; trial will come unſought.
Wouldſt thou approve thy conſtancy? approve
Firſt thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not ſeeing thee attempted? who atteſt?
But if thou think, trial unſought may find
Us both ſecurer than thus warn'd thou ſeem'ſt,
Go; for thy ſtay, not free, abſents thee more;

Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou haſt of virtue, ſummon all,
For God tow'ards thee hath done his part, do thine.
So ſpake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Perſiſted, yet ſubmiſs, though laſt, reply'd.
With thy permiſſion then, and thus forewarn'd,
Chiefly by what thy own laſt reaſoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when leaſt ſought,
May find us both perhaps far leſs prepar'd,
The willinger I go; nor much expect
A foe ſo proud will firſt the weaker ſeek;
So bent, the more ſhall ſhame him his repulſe.
Thus ſaying, from her huſband's hand her hand
Soft ſhe withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's ſelf
In gate ſurpaſs'd, and goddeſs-like deport;
Though not, as ſhe, with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with ſuch gard'ning tools as art yet rude,
Guiltleſs of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likeſt ſhe ſeem'd, Pomona when ſhe fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proſerpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye purſu'd
Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; ſhe to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,
And all things in beſt order to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's repoſe.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapleſs Eve,
Of thy preſum'd return! event perverſe!
Thou never from that hour in Paradiſe,
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe;
Such ambuſh hid among ſweet flow'rs and ſhades
Waited with helliſh rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or ſend thee back

Deſpoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliſs.
For now, and ſince firſt break of dawn, the fiend,
Mere ſerpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his queſt, where likelieſt he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bow'r and field he ſought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleaſant lay,
Their tendence, or plantation for delight;
By fountain or by ſhady rivulet
He ſought them both, but wiſh'd his hap might find
Eve ſeparate; he wiſh'd, but not with hope
Of what ſo ſeldom chanc'd: when to his wiſh,
Beyond his hope, Eve ſeparate he ſpies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where ſhe ſtood,
Half ſpy'd, ſo thick the roſes buſhing round
About her glow'd; oft ſtooping to ſupport
Each flow'r of ſlender ſtalk, whoſe head though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or ſpeck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unſuſtain'd: them ſhe upſtays
Gently with myrtle band; mindleſs the while
Herſelf, though faireſt unſupported flow'r,
From her beſt prop ſo far, and ſtorm ſo nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travérs'd
Of ſtatelieſt covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now ſeen
Among thick-woven arborets and flow'rs
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than thoſe gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd Adonis; or renown'd
Alcinous, hoſt of old Laertes' ſon;
Or that, not myſtic, where the ſapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian ſpouſe.
Much he the place admir'd, the perſon more.
As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thick and ſewers annoy the air,
Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleaſant villages and farms

Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
Or dairy', each rural ſight, each rural ſound;
If chance, with nymphlike ſtep, fair virgin paſs,
What pleaſing ſeem'd, for her now pleaſes more,
She moſt, and in her look ſums all delight:
Such pleaſure took the ſerpent to behold
This flow'ry plat, the ſweet receſs of Eve
Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form
Angelic, but more ſoft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air
Of geſture, or leaſt action, overaw'd
His malice, and with rapine ſweet bereav'd
His fierceneſs of the fierce intent it brought:
That ſpace the evil one abſtracted ſtood
From his own ev'il, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good, of enmity diſarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid heav'n, ſoon ended his delight;
And tortures him now more, the more he ſees
Of pleaſure not for him ordain'd: then ſoon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of miſchief, gratulating, thus excites.
Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what ſweet
Compulſion thus tranſported, to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradiſe for hell, hope here to taſte
Of pleaſure, but all pleaſure to deſtroy,
ave what is in deſtroying; other joy
o me is loſt. Then let me not let paſs
ccaſion which now ſmiles. Behold alone
he woman, opportune to all attempts;
er huſband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whoſe higher intellectual more I ſhun,
nd ſtrength, of courage haughty, and of limb
eroic built, though of terreſtrial mold;
oe not informidable, exempt from wound;

I not; ſo much hath hell debas'd, and pain
Infeebled me to what I was in heav'n.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in love
And beauty, not approach'd by ſtronger hate,
Hate ſtronger, under ſhow of love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.
So ſpake the enemy' of mankind, inclos'd
In ſerpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
Addreſs'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as ſince, but on his rear,
Circular baſe of riſing folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold, a ſurging maze; his head
Creſted aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burniſh'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidſt his circling ſpires, that on the graſs
Floated redundant: pleaſing was his ſhape,
And lovely: never ſince of ſerpent kind
Lovelier; not thoſe that in Illyria chang'd
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was ſeen;
He with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique
At firſt, as one who ſought acceſs, but fear'd
To interrupt, ſide-long he works his way.
As when a ſhip by ſkilful ſteerſman wrought
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft ſo ſteers, and ſhifts her ſail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in ſight of Eve,
To lure her eye. She buſied heard the ſound
Of ruſſling leaves; but minded not, as us'd
To ſuch diſport before her through the field
From every beaſt, more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd diſguis'd.
He bolder now, uncall'd before her ſtood,
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd

His turret creſt, and ſleek enamel'd neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon ſhe trod.
His gentle dumb expreſſion turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with ſerpent tongue
Organic, or impulſe of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.
  Wonder not, ſov'reign miſtreſs, if perhaps
Thou canſt, who art ſole wonder; much leſs arm
Thy looks, the heav'n of mildneſs, with diſdain
Diſpleas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Inſatiate; I thus ſingle; nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Faireſt reſemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celeſtial beauty' adore,
With raviſhment beheld, there beſt beheld
Where univerſally admir'd; but here
In this incloſure wild, theſe beaſts among,
Beholders rude, and ſhallow to diſcern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who ſees thee'? (and what is one?) who ſhouldſt be
A goddeſs among gods, ador'd and ſerv'd [ſeen
By angels numberleſs, thy daily train.
  So gloz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd;
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length
Not unamaz'd ſhe thus in anſwer ſpake.
  What may this mean? language of man pronounc'd
By tongue of brute, and human ſenſe expreſs'd?
The firſt at leaſt of theſe I thought deny'd
To beaſts, whom God on their creation day
Created mute to all articulate ſound:
The latter I demur; for in their looks
Much reas'on, and in their actions, oft appears.
Thee, ſerpent, ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
Redouble then this miracle, and ſay,

How cam'ſt thou ſpeakable of mute, and how
To me ſo friendly grown above the reſt
Of brutal kind, that daily are in ſight:
Say, for ſuch wonder claims attention due.
To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd.
Empreſs of this fair world, reſplendent Eve,
Eaſy it is to me to tell thee all [obey'd.
What thou command'ſt, and right thou ſhouldſt be'
I was at firſt as other beaſts that graze
The trodden herb of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food; nor ought but food diſcern'd
Or ſex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly tree far diſtant to behold,
Loaden with fruit of faireſt colours mix'd,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a ſavoury odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my ſenſe
Than ſmell of ſweeteſt fenel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,
Unſuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To ſatisfy the ſharp deſire I had
Of taſting thoſe fair apples, I reſolv'd
Not to defer; hunger and thirſt at once,
Pow'rful perſuaders, quicken'd at the ſcent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me ſo keen.
About the moſſy trunk I wound me ſoon;
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmoſt reach, or Adam's: round the tree
All other beaſts that ſaw, with like deſire
Longing and envying ſtood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting ſo nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I ſpar'd not; for ſuch pleaſure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reaſon in my inward pow'rs, and ſpeech

Wanted not long, though to this ſhape retain'd.
Thenceforth to ſpeculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts; and, with capacious mind,
Conſider'd all things viſible in heav'n,
Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray,
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or ſecond, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worſhip thee, of right declar'd
Sov'reign of creatures, univerſal dame.
So talk'd the ſpirited ſly ſnake; and Eve
Yet more amaz'd, unwary thus reply'd.
Serpent, thy overpraiſing leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee firſt prov'd.
But ſay, where grows the tree, from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradiſe, and various, yet unknown
To us; in ſuch abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater ſtore of fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their proviſion, and more hands
Help to diſburden Nature of her birth.
To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad.
Empreſs, the way is ready, and not long;
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Faſt by a fountain, one ſmall thicket paſt
Of blowing myrrh and balm: if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither ſoon.
Lead then, ſaid Eve. He leading ſwiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate ſeem ſtrait,
To miſchief ſwift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his creſt; as when a wand'ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenſes, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they ſay, ſome evil ſpi'rit attends,

Hovering, and blazing with deluſive light,
Miſleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way,
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There ſwallow'd up and loſt, from ſuccour far.
So gliſter'd the dire ſnake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe:
Which when ſhe ſaw, thus to her guide ſhe ſpake.
Serpent, we might have ſpar'd our coming hither,
Fruitleſs to me, though fruit be here to' exceſs;
The credit of whoſe virtue reſt with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cauſe of ſuch effects
But of this tree we may not taſte nor touch;
God ſo commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice; the reſt, we live
Law to ourſelves, our reaſon is our law.
To whom the tempter guilefully reply'd.
Indeed? hath God then ſaid that of the fruit
Of all theſe garden-trees ye ſhall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of all in earth or air?
To whom thus Eve yet ſinleſs. Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat;
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidſt
The garden, God hath ſaid, Ye ſhall not eat
Thereof, nor ſhall ye touch it, leſt ye die. [bold
She ſcarce had ſaid, though brief, when now more
The tempter, but with ſhow of zeal and love
To man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on; and as to paſſion mov'd,
Fluctuates diſturb'd, yet comely, and in act
Rais'd, as of ſome great matter to begin.
As when of old ſome orator renown'd
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flouriſh'd, ſince mute, to ſome great cauſe addreſs'd
Stood in himſelf collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in height began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:

So ſtanding, moving, or to height up-grown,
The tempter all impaſſion'd thus began.
O ſacred, wiſe, and wiſdom-giving plant,
Mother of ſcience, now I feel thy pow'r
Within me clear, not only to diſcern
Things in their cauſes, but to trace the ways
Of higheſt agents, deem'd however wiſe.
Queen of this univerſe, do not believe
Thoſe rigid threats of death; ye ſhall not die:
How ſhould ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threat'ner? look on me,
Me who have touch'd and taſted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot.
Shall that be ſhut to man, which to the beaſt
Is open? or will God incenſe his ire
For ſuch a petty treſpaſs, and not praiſe
Rather your dauntleſs virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be,
Deterr'd not from atchieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how juſt? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, ſince eaſier ſhunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be juſt;
Not juſt, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itſelf of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worſhippers: he knows, that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that ſeem ſo clear,
Yet are but dim, ſhall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye ſhall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.
That ye ſhall be as gods, ſince I as man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet;
I of brute, human; ye of human, gods.
So ye ſhall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods; death to be wiſh'd,

Though threaten'd, which no worſe than this can bring.
And what are gods that man may not become
As they, participating god-like food?
The gods are firſt, and that advantage uſe
On our belief, that all from them proceeds:
I queſtion it; for this fair earth I ſee,
Warm'd by the ſun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoſo eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wiſdom without their leave? and wherein lyes
Th' offence, that man ſhould thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart againſt his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
In heav'nly breaſts? theſe, theſe, and many more
Cauſes, import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.
He ended; and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too eaſy entrance won:
Fix'd on the fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the ſound
Yet rung of his perſuaſive words, impregn'd
With reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with truth;
Mean while the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell
So ſavoury of that fruit, which with deſire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taſte,
Solicited her longing eye: yet firſt
Pauſing a while, thus to herſelf ſhe mus'd.
Great are thy virtues, doubtleſs, beſt of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be' admir'd;
Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for ſpeech to ſpeak thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe he alſo who forbids thy uſe,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;

Forbids us then to taſte: but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, ſure is not had; or had,
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wiſe?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Binds us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we ſhall die.
How dies the ſerpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and ſpeaks, and reaſons, and diſcerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deny'd
This intellectual food, for beaſts reſerv'd?
For beaſts it ſeems: yet that one beaſt which firſt
Hath taſted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, author unſuſpect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taſte,
Of virtue to make wiſe: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body' and mind?
So ſaying, her raſh hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, ſhe pluck'd, ſhe ate:
Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her ſeat,
Sighing through all her works, gave ſigns of woe,
That all was loſt. Back to the thicket ſlunk
The guilty ſerpent: and well might; for Eve
Intent now wholly on her taſte, nought elſe
Regarded, ſuch delight till then, as ſeem'd,
In fruit ſhe never taſted, whether true
Or fancy'd ſo, through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her thought.

Greedily ſhe ingorg'd without reſtraint,
And knew not eating death. Satiate at length,
And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herſelf ſhe pleaſingly began.
O ſov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradiſe, of operation bleſs'd
To ſapience, hitherto obſcur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without ſong, each morning, and due praiſe,
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden eaſe
Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give;
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Beſt guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'ſt wiſdom's way,
And giv'ſt acceſs, though ſecret ſhe retire.
And I perhaps am ſecret; heav'n is high,
High, and remote to ſee from thence diſtinct
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great forbidder, ſafe with all his ſpies
About him. But to Adam in what ſort
Shall I appear? ſhall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happineſs with me; or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my pow'r
Without copartner? ſo to add what wants
In female ſex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undeſireable, ſometime
Superior; for inferior who is free?
This may be well. But what if God have ſeen,
And death enſue? then I ſhall be no more,
And Adam wedded to another Eve,

Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I reſolve,
Adam ſhall ſhare with me in bliſs or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.
So ſaying, from the tree her ſtep ſhe turn'd;
But firſt low reverence done, as to the pow'r
That dwelt within, whoſe preſence had infus'd
Into the plant ſciential ſap, deriv'd
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while,
Waiting deſirous her return, had wove
Of choiceſt flow'rs a garland to adorn
Her treſſes, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harveſt-queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, ſo long delay'd:
Yet oft his heart, divine of ſomething ill,
Miſgave him; he the falt'ring meaſure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way ſhe took
That morn when firſt they parted. By the tree
Of knowledge he muſt paſs; there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
A bough of faireſt fruit, that downy ſmil'd,
New gather'd, and ambroſial ſmell diffus'd.
To him ſhe haſted; in her face excuſe
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
Which with bland words at will ſhe thus addreſs'd.
Haſt thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my ſtay?
Thee I have miſs'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy preſence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor ſhall be twice; for never more
Mean I to try, what raſh untry'd I ſought,
The pain of abſence from thy ſight. But ſtrange
Hath been the cauſe, and wonderful to hear.
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger taſted, nor to' evil unknown
Op'ning the way; but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taſte;

And hath been taſted ſuch: the ſerpent wiſe,
Or not reſtrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Endu'd with human voice and human ſenſe,
Reaſoning to admiration, and with me
Perſuaſively hath ſo prevail'd, that I
Have alſo taſted, and have alſo found
Th' effects to correſpond; op'ner mine eyes,
Dim erſt, dilated ſpirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I ſought, without thee can deſpiſe.
For bliſs, as thou haſt part, to me is bliſs;
Tedious unſhar'd with thee, and odious ſoon.
Thou therefore alſo taſte, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Leſt thou not taſting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.
Thus Eve with count'nance blythe her ſtory told;
But in her cheek diſtemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other ſide, Adam, ſoon as he heard
The fatal treſpaſs done by Eve, amaz'd,
Aſtonied ſtood, and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his ſlack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood, and pale; till thus at length
First to himſelf he inward ſilence broke.
O faireſt of creation, laſt and beſt
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to ſight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt, how on a ſudden loſt,
Defac'd, deflow'r'd, and now to death devote?
Rather, how haſt thou yielded to tranſgreſs
The ſtrict forbiddance, how to violate
The ſacred fruit forbidd'n? Some curſed fraud

Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown;
And me with thee hath ruin'd: for with thee
Certain my reſolution is to die;
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy ſweet converſe and love ſo dearly join'd,
To live again in theſe wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loſs of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me: fleſh of fleſh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy ſtate
Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe.
So having ſaid, as one from ſad diſmay
Recomforted, and, after thoughts diſturb'd,
Submitting to what ſeem'd remedileſs,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.
Bold deed thou haſt preſum'd, advent'rous Eve,
And peril great provok'd, who thus haſt dar'd,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That ſacred fruit, ſacred to abſtinence,
Much more to taſte it, under ban to touch.
But paſt who can recall, or done undo?
Not God omnipotent, nor fate: yet ſo
Perhaps thou ſhalt not die, perhaps the fact
Is not ſo hainous now, foretaſted fruit,
Profan'd firſt by the ſerpent, by him firſt
Made common and unhallow'd ere our taſte:
Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives,
Lives, as thou ſaidſt, and gains to live, as man,
Higher degree of life; inducement ſtrong
To us, as likely taſting to attain
Proportional aſcent, which cannot be
But to be gods, or angels, demi-gods.
Nor can I think, that God, Creator wiſe,
Though threat'ning, will in earneſt ſo deſtroy
Us his prime creatures, dignify'd ſo high,
Set over all his works; which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us muſt fail,

Dependent made: ſo God ſhall uncreate,
Be fruſtrate, do, undo, and labour loſe;
Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his pow'r
Creation could repeat, yet would be loath
Us to aboliſh, leſt the adverſary
Triumph, and ſay; Fickle their ſtate whom God
Moſt favours; who can pleaſe him long? Me firſt
He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?
Matter of ſcorn, not to be giv'n the foe.
However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom: if death
Conſort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our ſtate cannot be ſever'd, we are one,
One fleſh; to loſe thee were to loſe myſelf.
So Adam; and thus Eve to him reply'd.
O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illuſtrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate, but ſhort
Of thy perfection, how ſhall I attain,
Adam? from whoſe dear ſide I boaſt me ſprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee ſpeak,
One heart, one ſoul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee reſolv'd,
Rather than death, or ought than death more dread,
Shall ſeparate us, link'd in love ſo dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of taſting this fair fruit;
Whoſe virtue (for of good ſtill good proceeds,
Direct, or by occaſion) hath preſented
This happy trial of thy love, which elſe
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menac'd would enſue
This my attempt, I would ſuſtain alone
The worſt, and not perſuade thee; rather die
Deſerted, than oblige thee with a fact

Pernicious to thy peace; chiefly assur'd
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful love unequall'd: but I feel
Far otherwise th' event, not death, but life
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.
So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept; much won, that he his love
Had so ennobled, as of choice to' incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompense (for such compliance bad
Such recompense best merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat,
Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her intrails, as again
In pangs; and nature gave a second groan;
Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
Him with her lov'd society; that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the earth. But that false fruit
Far other operation first display'd,
Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve
Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of sapience no small part,

Since to each meaning ſavour we apply,
And palate call judicious: I the praiſe
Yield thee, ſo well this day thou haſt purvey'd.
Much pleaſure we have loſt, while we abſtain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True reliſh, taſting; if ſuch pleaſure be
In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wiſh'd,
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, ſo well refreſh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after ſuch delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty ſince the day
I ſaw thee firſt, and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, ſo inflame my ſenſe
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.
So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent; well underſtood
Of Eve, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he ſeiz'd, and to a ſhady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbow'r'd,
He led her nothing loath; flow'rs were the couch,
Panſies, and violets, and aſphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freſheſt ſofteſt lap.
There they their fill of love, and love's diſport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeal,
The ſolace of their ſin; till dewy ſleep
Oppreſs'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their ſpi'rits had play'd, and inmoſt pow'rs
Made err, was now exhal'd; and groſſer ſleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conſcious dreams
Incumber'd, now had left them; up they roſe
As from unreſt, and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil
Had ſhadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
Juſt confidence, and native righteouſneſs,

And honour from about them, naked left
To guilty ſhame; he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So roſe the Danite ſtrong,
Herculean Samſon, from the harlot-lap
Of Philiſtean Dalilah, and wak'd
Shorn of his ſtrength; they deſtitute and bare
Of all their virtue: ſilent, and in face
Confounded long they ſat, as ſtrucken mute;
Till Adam, though not leſs than Eve abaſh'd,
At length gave utterance to theſe words conſtrain'd.
O Eve, in evil hour thou didſt give ear
To that falſe worm, of whomſoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,
Falſe in our promis'd riſing; ſince our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and ev'il, good loſt, and evil got,
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now ſoil'd and ſtain'd,
And in our faces evident the ſigns
Of foul concupiſcence; whence evil ſtore;
Ev'n ſhame, the laſt of evils; of the firſt
Be ſure then. How ſhall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or angel, erſt with joy
And rapture ſo' oft beheld? thoſe heav'nly ſhapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Inſufferably bright. O might I here
In ſolitude live ſavage, in ſome glade
Obſcur'd, where higheſt woods impenetrable
To ſtar or ſun-light, ſpread their umbrage broad
And brown as ev'ning: cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never ſee them more.
But let us now, as in bad plight, deviſe
What beſt may for the preſent ſerve to hide
The parts of each from other, that ſeem moſt
To ſhame obnoxious, and unſeemlieſt ſeen;

Some tree, whoſe broad ſmooth leaves together ſow'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Thoſe middle parts, that this new comer, ſhame,
There ſit not, and reproach us as unclean.
So counſell'd he, and both together went
Into the thickeſt wood: there ſoon they choſe
The fig-tree; not that kind for fruit renown'd;
But ſuch as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan, ſpreads her arms
Branching ſo broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd ſhade
High over arch'd, and echoing walks between;
There oft the Indian herdſman ſhunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his paſturing herds
At loopholes cut thro' thickeſt ſhade: thoſe leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe;
And with what ſkill they had, together ſow'd,
To gird their waſte; vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded ſhame; O how unlike
To that firſt naked glory! Such of late
Columbus found th' American, ſo girt
With feather'd cincture, naked elſe and wild
Among the trees on iſles and woody ſhores.
Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their ſhame in part
Cover'd, but not at reſt or eaſe of mind,
They ſat them down to weep: nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worſe within
Began to riſe, high paſſions, anger, hate,
Miſtruſt, ſuſpicion, diſcord, and ſhook ſore
Their inward ſtate of mind; calm region once,
And full of peace, now toſt and turbulent:
For underſtanding rul'd not, and the will
Heard not her lore, both in ſubjection now
To ſenſual appetite, who from beneath
Uſurping, over ſov'reign reaſon claim'd
Superior ſway: from thus diſtemper'd breaſt,
Adam, eſtrang'd in look and alter'd ſtyle,

Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.
Would thou hadſt hearken'd to my words, and ſtay'd
With me, as I beſought thee, when that ſtrange
Deſire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,
I know not whence poſſeſs'd thee: we had then
Remain'd ſtill happy; not, as now, deſpoil'd
Of all our good, ſham'd, naked, miſerable.
Let none henceforth ſeek needleſs cauſe to' approve
The faith they owe; when earneſtly they ſeek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.
To whom ſoon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.
What words have paſs'd thy lips, Adam ſevere!
Imput'ſt thou that to my default, or will
Of wand'ring, as thou call'ſt it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyſelf perhaps? Hadſt thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldſt not have diſcern'd
Fraud in the ſerpent, ſpeaking as he ſpake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he ſhould mean me ill, or ſeek to harm.
Was I to' have never parted from thy ſide?
As good have grown there ſtill a lifeleſs rib.
Being as I am, why didſt not thou the head
Command me abſolutely not to go,
Going into ſuch danger as thou ſaidſt?
Too facile then thou didſt not much gainſay,
Nay didſt permit, approve, and fair diſmiſs.
Hadſt thou been firm and fix'd in thy diſſent,
Neither had I tranſgreſs'd, nor thou with me.
To whom then firſt incens'd Adam reply'd.
Is this the love, is this the recompence
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expreſs'd
Immutable, when thou wert loſt, not I;
Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliſs,
Yet willingly choſe rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cauſe
Of thy tranſgreſſing? not enough ſevere,
It ſeems, in thy reſtraint: what could I more?

I warn'd thee, I admoniſh'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free-will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, ſecure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial: and perhaps
I alſo err'd in overmuch admiring
What ſeem'd in thee ſo perfect, that I thought
No evil durſt attempt thee; but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuſer. Thus it ſhall befall
Him who to worth in women overtruſting,
Lets her will rule: reſtraint ſhe will not brook;
And left to' herſelf, if evil thence enſue,
She firſt his weak indulgence will accuſe.
Thus they in mutual accuſation ſpent
The fruitleſs hours, but neither ſelf condemning,
And of their vain conteſt appear'd no end.

The end of the ninth book.

THE TENTH BOOK OF PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT of Book X.

Man's tranſgreſſion known, the guardian angels forſake Paradiſe, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance; and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He ſends his Son to judge the tranſgreſſors; who deſcends, and gives ſentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reaſcends. Sin and Death, ſitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous ſympathy feeling the ſucceſs of Satan in this new world, and the ſin by man there committed, reſolve to ſit no longer confined in hell, but to follow Satan their ſire up to the place of man: to make the way eaſier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the tract that Satan firſt made; then preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his ſucceſs, returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full aſſembly relates with boaſting his ſucceſs againſt man; inſtead of applauſe, is entertained with a general hiſs by all his audience, transform'd with himſelf alſo ſuddenly into ſerpents, according to his doom given in Paradiſe; then deluded with a ſhow of the forbidden tree ſpringing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew duſt and bitter aſhes. The proceedings of Sin and Death: God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the preſent commands his angels to make ſeveral alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition heavily bewails; rejects the condolement of Eve; ſhe perſiſts, and at length appeaſes him: then, to evade the curſe likely to fall on their offspring, propoſes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promiſe made them, that her ſeed ſhould be revenged on the ſerpent, and exhorts her with him to ſeek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and ſupplication.

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MUSEUM

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

MEAN while the heinous and deſpiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradiſe, and how
He in the ſerpent had perverted Eve,
Her huſband ſhe, to taſte the fatal fruit,
Was known in heav'n; for what can 'ſcape the eye
Of God all-ſeeing, or deceive his heart
Omniſcient? who in all things wiſe and juſt,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of man, with ſtrength entire, and free-will arm'd,
Complete to have diſcover'd and repuls'd
Whatever wiles of foe or ſeeming friend.
For ſtill they knew, and ought to' have ſtill remem-
The high injunction not to taſte that fruit, [ber'd
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd (what could they leſs?) the penalty,
And manifold in ſin, deſerv'd to fall.
Up into heav'n from Paradiſe in haſte
Th' angelic guards aſcended, mute and ſad
For man; for of his ſtate by this they knew,
Much wond'ring how the ſubtle fiend had ſtol'n
Entrance unſeen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From earth arriv'd at heaven gate, diſpleas'd
All were who heard; dim ſadneſs did not ſpare
That time celeſtial viſages, yet mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliſs.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befel: they tow'ards the throne ſupreme
Accountable made haſte, to make appear
With righteous plea their utmoſt vigilance;

And eaſily approv'd: when the moſt high
Eternal Father, from his ſecret cloud
Amidſt, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.
Aſſembled angels, and ye pow'rs return'd
From unſucceſsful charge, be not diſmay'd
Nor troubled at theſe tidings from the earth,
Which your ſincereſt care could not prevent,
Foretold ſo lately what would come to paſs,
When firſt this tempter croſs'd the gulf from hell.
I told ye then he ſhould prevail and ſpeed
On his bad errand; man ſhould be ſeduc'd
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Againſt his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to neceſſitate his fall,
Or touch with lighteſt moment of impulſe
His free will, to her own inclining left
In even ſcale. But fall'n he is: and now
What reſts, but that the mortal ſentence paſs
On his tranſgreſſion, death denounc'd that day?
Which he preſumes already vain and void,
Becauſe not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By ſome immediate ſtroke; but ſoon ſhall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Juſtice ſhall not return as bounty ſcorn'd.
But whom ſend I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son? to thee I have transferr'd
All judgment, whether in heav'n, or earth, or hell.
Eaſy it may be ſeen that I intend
Mercy collegue with juſtice, ſending thee,
Man's friend, his mediator, his deſign'd
Both ranſom and redeemer voluntary,
And deſtin'd man himſelf to judge man fall'n.
So ſpake the Father, and unfolding bright
Tow'ard the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded deity: he full
Reſplendent all his Father manifeſt
Expreſs'd, and thus divinely anſwer'd mild.
Father Eternal, thine is to decree;

Mine both in heaven and earth to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd
Mayſt ever reſt well pleas'd. I go to judge
On earth theſe thy tranſgreſſors; but thou know'ſt,
Whoever judg'd, the worſt on me muſt light,
When time ſhall be; for ſo I undertook
Before thee'; and not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom,
On me deriv'd: yet I ſhall temper ſo
Juſtice with mercy', as may illuſtrate moſt
Them fully ſatisfy'd, and thee appeaſe.
Attendance none ſhall need, nor train, where none
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,
Thoſe two; the third beſt abſent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
Conviction to the ſerpent none belongs.
Thus ſaying, from his radiant ſeat he roſe
Of high collateral glory': him thrones and pow'rs,
Princedoms, and dominations miniſtrant
Accompanied to heaven-gate, from whence
Eden and all the coaſt in proſpect lay.
Down he deſcended ſtrait; the ſpeed of gods
Time counts not, though with ſwifteſt minutes wing'd.
Now was the ſun in weſtern cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
To fan the earth now wak'd, and uſher in
The ev'ning cool; when he, from wrath more cool,
Came, the mild judge and interceſſor both,
To ſentence man. The voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by ſoft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,
And from his preſence hid themſelves among
The thickeſt trees, both man and wife; till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.
Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming ſeen far off? I miſs thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with ſolitude,
Where obvious duty' ere while appear'd unſought:

Or come I leſs conſpicuous, or what change
Abſents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
He came, and with him Eve, more loath, tho' firſt
To offend; diſcount'nanc'd both, and diſcompos'd:
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
And ſhame, and perturbation, and deſpair,
Anger, and obſtinacy', and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam faltring long, thus anſwer'd brief.
I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myſelf. To whom
The gracious judge without revile reply'd.
My voice thou oft haſt heard, and haſt not fear'd,
But ſtill rejoic'd; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou' art naked, who
Hath told thee? haſt thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou ſhouldſt not eat?
To whom thus Adam ſore beſet reply'd.
O heav'n! in evil ſtrait this day I ſtand
Before my judge, either to undergo
Myſelf the total crime, or to accuſe
My other ſelf, the partner of my life;
Whoſe failing, while her faith to me remains,
I ſhould conceal, and not expoſe to blame
By my complaint: but ſtrict neceſſity
Subdues me, and calamitous conſtraint,
Leſt on my head both ſin and puniſhment,
However inſupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though ſhould I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldſt eaſily detect what I conceal.
This woman, whom thou mad'ſt to be my help,
And gav'ſt me as thy perfect gift, ſo good,
So fit, ſo acceptable, ſo divine,
That from her hand I could ſuſpect no ill;
And what ſhe did, whatever in itſelf,
Her doing ſeem'd to juſtify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
To whom the Sov'reign Preſence thus reply'd.

Was ſhe thy God, that her thou didſt obey
Before his voice? or was ſhe made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didſt reſign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God ſet thee' above her, made of thee,
And for thee, whoſe perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy ſubjection; and her gifts
Were ſuch as under government well ſeem'd,
Unſeemly to bear rule; which was thy part
And perſon, hadſt thou known thyſelf aright.
So having ſaid, he thus to Eve in few.
Say, woman, what is this which thou haſt done?
To whom ſad Eve, with ſhame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confeſſing ſoon, yet not before her judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abaſh'd, reply'd.
The ſerpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him inſtrument
Of miſchief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; juſtly then accurs'd,
As vitiated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not man, (ſince he no further knew),
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at laſt
To Satan firſt in ſin his doom apply'd,
Though in myſterious terms, judg'd as then beſt:
And on the ſerpent thus his curſe let fall.
Becauſe thou haſt done this, thou art accurs'd
Above all cattle, each beaſt of the field;
Upon thy belly groveling thou ſhalt go,
And duſt ſhalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her ſeed;
Her ſeed ſhall bruiſe thy head, thou bruiſe his heel.
So ſpake this oracle, then verify'd

When Jeſus ſon of Mary, ſecond Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heav'n,
Prince of the air; then riſing from his grave,
Spoil'd principalities and pow'rs, triumph'd
In open ſhow, and with aſcenſion bright
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itſelf of Satan long uſurp'd;
Whom he ſhall tread at laſt under our feet;
Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruiſe,
And to the woman thus his ſentence turn'd.
Thy ſorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou ſhalt bring
In ſorrow forth; and to thy huſband's will
Thine ſhall ſubmit; he over thee ſhall rule.
On Adam laſt thus judgment he pronounc'd.
Becauſe thou' haſt hearken'd to the' voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, ſay'ing, Thou ſhalt not eat thereof:
Curs'd is the ground for thy ſake; thou in ſorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns alſo' and thiſtles it ſhall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou ſhalt eat th' herb of the field.
In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground waſt taken, know thy birth,
For duſt thou art, and ſhalt to duſt return.
So judg'd he man, both judge and ſaviour ſent,
And th' inſtant ſtroke of death denounc'd that day
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they ſtood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Muſt ſuffer change, diſdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of ſervant to aſſume:
As when he waſh'd his ſervants feet, ſo now,
As father of his family, he clad
Their nakedneſs with ſkins of beaſts, or ſlain,
Or as the ſnake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the ſkins

Of beaſts, but inward nakedneſs, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteouſneſs,
Arraying cover'd from his Father's ſight.
To him with ſwift aſcent he up return'd,
Into his bliſsful boſom reaſſum'd
In glory as of old; to him appeas'd,
All, though all-knowing, what had paſs'd with man
Recounted, mixing interceſſion ſweet.
Mean while, ere thus was ſinn'd and judg'd on earth
Within the gates of hell ſat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, ſince the fiend paſs'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.
O ſon, why ſit we here each other viewing
Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier ſeat provides
For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that ſucceſs attends him; if miſhap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
By his avengers; ſince no place like this
Can fit his puniſhment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new ſtrength within me riſe,
Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
Or ſympathy, or ſome connat'ral force
Pow'rful at greateſt diſtance to unite,
With ſecret amity, things of like kind,
By ſecreteſt conveyance. Thou, my ſhade
Inſeparable, muſt with me along:
For Death from Sin no pow'r can ſeparate.
But leſt the difficulty of paſſing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impaſſable, impervious, let us try
Advent'rous work, yet to thy pow'r and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from hell to that new world
Where Satan now prevails; a monument

Of merit high to all th' infernal hoſt,
Eaſing their paſſage hence, for intercourſe,
Or tranſmigration, as their lot ſhall lead.
Nor can I miſs the way, ſo ſtrongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and inſtinct.
Whom thus the meagre ſhadow anſwer'd ſoon.
Go whither fate and inclination ſtrong
Leads thee; I ſhall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading; ſuch a ſcent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taſte
The ſavour of death from all things there that live:
Nor ſhall I to the work thou enterpriſeſt
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
So ſaying with delight he ſnuff'd the ſmell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Againſt the day of battle, to a field,
Where armies ly encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With ſcent of living carcaſes deſign'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight:
So ſcented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His noſtril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from ſo far.
Then both from out hell-gates, into the waſte
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
Flew diverſe; and with pow'r (their pow'r was great)
Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or ſlimy, as in raging ſea
Toſt up and down, together crouded drove,
From each ſide ſhoaling tow'ards the mouth of hell:
As when two polar winds, blowing adverſe
Upon the Cronian ſea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that ſtop th' imagin'd way
Beyond Petſora eaſtward, to the rich
Cathaian coaſt. The aggregated ſoil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident ſmote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos floating once; the reſt his look

Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;
And with Aſphaltic ſlime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach
They faſtened, and the mole immenſe wrought on,
Over the foaming deep high arch'd; a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immoveable of this new fenceleſs world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a paſſage broad,
Smooth, eaſy, inoffenſive, down to hell.
So, if great things to ſmall may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Suſa his Memnonian palace high
Came to the ſea, and over Helleſpont
Bridging his way, Europe with Aſia join'd,
And ſcourg'd with many a ſtroke th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyſs, following the track
Of Satan, to the ſelf-ſame place where he
Firſt lighted from his wing, and landed ſafe
From out of Chaos, to the outſide bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant,
And chains, they made all faſt; too faſt they made,
And durable; and now in little ſpace
The confines met of empyréan heav'n,
And of this world, and on the left hand hell
With long reach interpos'd; three ſeveral ways
In ſight, to each of theſe three places led.
And now their way to earth they had deſcry'd,
To Paradiſe firſt tending; when behold
Satan, in likeneſs of an angel bright,
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion ſteering
His zenith, while the ſun in Aries roſe:
Diſguis'd he came; but thoſe his children dear
Their parent ſoon diſcern'd, though in diſguiſe.
He, after Eve ſeduc'd, unminded ſlunk
Into the wood faſt by, and changing ſhape
To' obſerve the ſequel, ſaw his guileful act

By Eve, though all unweeting, ſeconded
Upon her huſband, ſaw their ſhame that ſought
Vain covertures; but when he ſaw deſcend
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd
He fled, not hoping to eſcape, but ſhun
The preſent, fearing guilty what his wrath
Might ſuddenly inflict; that paſs'd, return'd
By night, and liſt'ning where the hapleſs pair
Sat in their ſad diſcourſe, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom; which underſtood
Not inſtant, but of future time, with joy
And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd;
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd
Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at ſight
Of that ſtupendous bridge his joy increas'd.
Long he admiring ſtood, till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the ſilence broke.
O parent, theſe are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view'ſt as not thine own;
Thou art their author and prime architect:
For I no ſooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which by a ſecret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connection ſweet,
That thou on earth hadſt proſper'd, which thy looks
Now alſo evidence, but ſtrait I felt
Though diſtant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I muſt after thee with this thy ſon;
Such fatal conſequence unites us three.
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obſcure
Detain from following thy illuſtrious track.
Thou haſt atchiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within hell gates till now; thou us impower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay
With this portentous bridge the dark abyſs.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue' hath won

What thy hands builded not, thy wiſdom gain'd
With odds what war hath loſt, and fully' aveng'd
Our foil in heav'n; here thou ſhalt monarch reign,
There didſt not; there let him ſtill victor ſway,
As battle hath adjudg'd, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,
Or try thee now more dange'rous to his throne.
Whom thus the prince of darkneſs anſwer'd glad.
Fair daughter, and thou ſon and grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
Antagoniſt of heav'n's almighty King),
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that ſo near heav'n's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of eaſy thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Deſcend through darkneſs, on your road with eaſe,
To my aſſociate pow'rs, them to acquaint
With theſe ſucceſſes, and with them rejoice;
You two this way, among theſe numerous orbs,
All yours, right down to Paradiſe deſcend;
There dwell, and reign in bliſs; thence on the earth
Dominion exerciſe, and in the air,
Chiefly on man, ſole lord of all declar'd;
Him firſt make ſure your thrall, and laſtly kill.
My ſubſtitutes I ſend ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchleſs might
Iſſuing from me: on your joint vigour now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through ſin to death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint pow'r prevail, th' affairs of hell
No detriment need fear; go, and be ſtrong.
So ſaying he diſmiſs'd them; they with ſpeed

Their courſe through thickeſt conſtellations held,
Spreading their bane; the blaſted ſtars look'd wan,
And planets, planet-ſtruck, real eclipſe
Then ſuffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
The cauſey to hell-gate; on either ſide
Diſparted Chaos over-built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding ſurge the bars aſſail'd,
That ſcorn'd his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan paſs'd,
And all about found deſolate; for thoſe
Appointed to ſit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the reſt were all
Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud ſeat
Of Lucifer, ſo by alluſion call'd,
Of that bright ſtar to Satan paragon'd.
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council ſat, ſolicitous what chance
Might intercept their empe'ror ſent; ſo he
Departing gave command, and they obſerv'd.
As when the Tartar from his Ruſſian foe,
By Aſtracan, over the ſnowy plains,
Retires; or Bactrian Sophi from the horns
Of Turkiſh creſcent, leaves all waſte beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To Tauris or Caſbeen: ſo theſe, the late
Heav'n-baniſh'd hoſt, left deſert utmoſt hell
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great advent'rer from the ſearch
Of foreign worlds. He thro' the midſt unmark'd,
In ſhow plebeian angel militant
Of loweſt order, paſs'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, inviſible
Aſcended his high throne, which under ſtate
Of richeſt texture ſpread, at th' upper end
Was plac'd in regal luſtre. Down a while
He ſat, and round about him ſaw unſeen:

At laſt, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And ſhape ſtar-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permiſſive glory ſince his fall
Was left him, or falſe glitter. All amaz'd
At that ſo ſudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent their aſpect; and whom they wiſh'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim:
Forth ruſh'd in haſte the great conſulting peers,
Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with theſe words attention won.
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, pow'rs,
For in poſſeſſion ſuch, not only' of right,
I call ye and declare ye now, return'd
Succeſsful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurs'd, the houſe of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant: now poſſeſs,
As lords, a ſpacious world, to' our native heav'n
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done, what ſuffer'd, with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vaſt, unbounded deep
Of horrible confuſion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth paſſage, forc'd to ride
Th' untractable abyſs, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That, jealous of their ſecrets, fiercely' oppos'd
My journey ſtrange, with clamorous uproar
Proteſting Fate ſupreme; thence how I found
The new-created world, which fame in heav'n
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of abſolute perfection, therein man
Plac'd in a Paradiſe, by our exile
Made happy: him by fraud I have ſeduc'd
From his Creator, and, the more to' increaſe

Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved man and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and ſo to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all he ſhould have rul'd.
True is, me alſo he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute ſerpent, in whoſe ſhape
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruiſe his heel;
His ſeed, when is not ſet, ſhall bruiſe my head:
A world who would not purchaſe with a bruiſe,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
But up, and enter now into full bliſs?
So having ſaid, a while he ſtood, expecting
Their univerſal ſhout and high applauſe
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
On all ſides, from innumerable tongues,
A diſmal univerſal hiſs, the ſound
Of public ſcorn: he wonder'd, but not long
Had leiſure, wond'ring at himſelf now more;
His viſage drawn he felt to ſharp and ſpare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intwining
Each other, till ſupplanted down he fell
A monſtrous ſerpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant; but in vain, a greater pow'r
Now rul'd him, puniſh'd in the ſhape he ſinn'd,
According to his doom: he would have ſpoke,
But hiſs for hiſs return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
Alike, to ſerpents all, as acceſſories
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hiſſing through the hall, thick ſwarming now
With complicated monſters head and tail
Scorpion and Aſp, and Amphiſbæna dire,

Ceraſtes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops dreaſ,
And Dipſas, (not ſo thick ſwarm'd once the ſoil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the iſle
Ophiuſa): but ſtill greateſt he the midſt,
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the ſun
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on ſlime,
Huge Python, and his pow'r no leſs he ſeem'd
Above the reſt ſtill to retain: they all
Him follow'd iſſuing forth to th' open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout
Heav'n-fall'n, in ſtation ſtood or juſt array,
Sublime with expectation when to ſee
In triumph iſſuing forth their glorious chief:
They ſaw, but other ſight inſtead, a croud
Of ugly ſerpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid ſympathy; for what they ſaw,
They felt themſelves now changing; down ther arms,
Down fell both ſpear and ſhield, down they as faſt,
And the dire hiſs renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd by contagion; like in puniſhment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applauſe they meant,
Turn'd to exploding hiſs, triumph to ſhame
Caſt on themſelves from their own mouths. There ſtood
A grove hard by, ſprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit like that
Which grew in Paradiſe, the bait of Eve
Us'd by the tempter: on that proſpect ſtrange
Their earneſt eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe or ſhame;
Yet parch'd with ſcalding thirſt and hunger fierce
Though to delude them ſent, could not abſtain;
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing, ſat thicker than the ſnaky locks
That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd
The fruitage fair to ſight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;

This more deluſive, not the touch but taſte
Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with guſt, inſtead of fruit
Chew'd bitter aſhes, which th' offended taſte
With ſpattering noiſe rejected; oft they' aſſay'd
Hunger and thirſt conſtraining, drug'd as oft,
With hatefulleſt diſreliſh writh'd their jaws
With ſoot and cinders fill'd: ſo oft they fell
Into the ſame illuſion; not as man [plagu'd
Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they
And worn with famine, long and ceaſeleſs hiſs,
Till their loſt ſhape, permitted, they reſum'd;
Yearly injoin'd, ſome ſay, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To daſh their pride, and joy for man ſeduc'd.
However ſome tradition they diſpers'd
Among the Heathen of their purchaſe got,
And fabled how the ſerpent, whom they call'd
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide-
Incroaching Eve perhaps, had firſt the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
Mean while in Paradiſe the helliſh pair
Too ſoon arriv'd, Sin there in pow'r before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her Death
Cloſe following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horſe: to whom Sin thus began.
Second of Satan ſprung, all-conqu'ring Death,
What think'ſt thou of our empire now, though earn'd
With travel difficult, not better far
Than ſtill at hell's dark threſhold to' have ſat watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyſelf half ſtarv'd?
Whom thus the Sin-born monſter anſwer'd ſoon.
To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is hell, or Paradiſe, or heav'n,
There beſt, where moſt with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little ſeems

To ſtuff this maw, this vaſt unhide-bound corps.
To whom th' inceſtuous mother thus reply'd.
Thou therefore on theſe herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs
Feed firſt, on each beaſt next, and fiſh, and fowl,
No homely morſels; and whatever thing
The ſcythe of Time mowes down, devour unſpar'd;
Till I in man reſiding, through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
And ſeaſon him thy laſt and ſweeteſt prey.
This ſaid, they both betook them ſeveral ways,
Both to deſtroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for deſtruction to mature
Sooner or later: which th' Almighty ſeeing,
From his tranſcendent ſeat the ſaints among,
To thoſe bright orders utter'd thus his voice.
See with what heat theſe dogs of hell advance
To waſte and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had ſtill
Kept in that ſtate, had not the folly' of man
Let in theſe waſteful furies; who impute
Folly to me; ſo doth the prince of hell,
And his adherents, that with ſo much eaſe
I ſuffer them to enter and poſſeſs
A place ſo heav'nly, and conniving ſeem
To gratify my ſcornful enemies,
That laugh, as if, tranſported with ſome fit
Of paſſion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their miſrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither,
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which man's polluting ſin with taint hath ſhed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd nigh [burſt,
With ſuck'd and glutted offal, at one ſling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleaſing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at laſt
Through Chaos hurl'd, obſtruct the mouth of hell
For ever, and ſeal up his ravenous jaws.
Then heav'n and earth renew'd ſhall be made pure

To ſanctity that ſhall receive no ſtain:
Till then the curſe pronounc'd on both precedes.
He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung Halleluiah, as the ſound of ſeas,
Through multitude that ſung: Juſt are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works:
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Deſtin'd reſtorer of mankind, by whom
New heav'n and earth ſhall to the ages riſe,
Or down from heav'n deſcend. Such was their ſong,
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mighty angels, gave them ſeveral charge,
As ſorted beſt with preſent things. The ſun
Had firſt his precept ſo to move, ſo ſhine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable; and from the north to call
Decrepit winter; from the ſouth to bring
Solſtitial ſummer's heat. To the blanc moon
Her office they preſcrib'd; to th' other five,
Their planetary motions and aſpects,
In ſextile, ſquare, and trine, and oppoſite
Of noxious efficacy', and when to join
In ſynod unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to ſhow'r;
Which of them riſing with the ſun, or falling,
Should prove tempeſtuous: to the winds they ſet
Their corners, when with bluſter to confound
Sea, air, and ſhore, the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aëreal hall.
Some ſay he bid his angels turn aſcanſe
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the ſun's axle; they with labour puſh'd
Oblique the centric globe: ſome ſay the ſun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
Like diſtant breadth to Taurus with the ſeven
Atlantic Siſters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,

As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of ſeaſons to each clime; elſe had the ſpring
Perpetual ſmil'd on earth with vernant flow'rs,
Equal in days and nights, except to thoſe
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted ſhone, while the low ſun
To recompenſe his diſtance, in their ſight
Had rounded ſtill th' horizon, and not known
Or eaſt or weſt, which had forbid the ſnow
From cold Eſtotiland, and ſouth as far
Beneath Magellan. At that taſted fruit
The ſun, as from Thyéſtean banquet, turn'd
His courſe intended; elſe how had the world
Inhabited, thou ſinleſs, more than now,
Avoided pinching cold and ſcorching heat?
Theſe changes in the heav'ns, though ſlow, produc'd
Like change on ſea and land, ſideral blaſt,
Vapour, and miſt, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and peſtilent: now from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed ſhore,
Burſting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
And ſnow, and hail, and ſtormy guſt and ſlaw,
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argeſtes loud,
And Thraſcias, rend the woods, and ſeas upturn;
With adverſe blaſt upturns them from the ſouth
Notus and Afer black with thundrous clouds
From Serraliona; thwart of theſe as fierce
Forth ruſh the Levant and the Ponent winds,
Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noiſe,
Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeleſs things: but Diſcord firſt,
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:
Beaſt now with beaſt 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fiſh with fiſh; to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other; nor ſtood much in awe
Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glar'd on him paſſing. Theſe were from without

The growing miſeries, which Adam ſaw
Already' in part, though hid in gloomieſt ſhade,
To ſorrow' abandon'd; but worſe felt within,
And in a troubled ſea of paſſion toſt,
Thus to diſburden ſought with ſad complaint.
O miſerable of happy'! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me ſo late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd of bleſſed? hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happineſs! yet well, if here would end
The miſery; I deſerv'd it, and would bear
My own deſervings: but this will not ſerve;
All that I eat or drink, or ſhall beget,
Is propagated curſe. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Increaſe and multiply*,
Now death to hear! for what can I increaſe
Or multiply, but curſes on my head?
Who of all ages to ſucceed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
My head? Ill fare our anceſtor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration: ſo beſides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural centre light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradiſe, dear bought with laſting woes!
Did I requeſt thee, Maker, from my clay
To mold me man? did I ſolicit thee
From darkneſs to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my be'ing, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my duſt,
Deſirous to reſign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I ſought not. To the loſs of that,

Sufficient penalty, why haſt thou added
The ſenſe of endleſs woes? inexplicable
Thy juſtice ſeems; yet, to ſay truth, too late
I thus conteſt; then ſhould have been refus'd
Thoſe terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didſt accept them; wilt thou' enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? And though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy ſon
Prove diſobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didſt thou beget me'? I ſought it not:
Wouldſt thou admit for this contempt of thee
That proud excuſe? yet him not thy election,
But natural neceſſity, begot.
God made thee' of choice his own, and of his own
To ſerve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy puniſhment then juſtly' is at his will.
Be' it ſo, for I ſubmit; his doom is fair,
That duſt I am, and ſhall to duſt return.
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathleſs pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my ſentence, and be earth
Inſenſible; how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap? there I ſhould reſt
And ſleep ſecure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worſe
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Purſues me ſtill, leſt all I cannot die;
Leſt that pure breath of life, the ſpi'rit of man,
Which God inſpir'd, cannot together periſh
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in ſome other diſmal place, who knows
But I ſhall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that ſinn'd; what dies but what had life

And ſin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then ſhall die: let this appeaſe
The doubt, ſince human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath alſo? be it, man is not ſo,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exerciſe
Wrath without end on man whom death muſt end?
Can he make deathleſs death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himſelf
Impoſſible is held, as argument
Of weakneſs, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,
For anger's ſake, finite to infinite
In puniſh'd man, to ſatisfy his rigour
Satisfy'd never? that were to extend
His ſentence beyond duſt, and nature's law,
By which all cauſes elſe according ſtill
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own ſphere. But ſay
That death be not one ſtroke, as I ſuppos'd,
Bereaving ſenſe, but endleſs miſery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and ſo laſt
To perpetuity; Ay me, that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceleſs head; both Death and I
Am found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I on my part ſingle, in me all
Poſterity ſtands curs'd: fair patrimony
That I muſt leave ye, ſons; O were I able
To waſte it all myſelf, and leave ye none!
So diſinherited, how would ye bleſs
Me, now your curſe! Ah, why ſhould all mankind
For one man's fault thus guiltleſs be condemn'd,
If guiltleſs? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will depray'd,
Not to do only, but to will the ſame
With me? how can they then acquitted ſtand
In ſight of God? him after all diſputes

Forc'd I abſolve: all my evaſions vain,
And reaſonings, though through mazes, lead me ſtill
But to my own conviction; firſt and laſt
On me, me only, as the ſource and ſpring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due:
So might the wrath. Fond wiſh! couldſt thou ſupport
That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? Thus what thou deſir'ſt,
And what thou fear'ſt, alike deſtroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miſerable
Beyond all paſt example and future,
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O Conſcience, into what abyſs of fears
And horrors haſt thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
Thus Adam to himſelf lamented loud
Through the ſtill night; not now as ere man fell,
Wholſome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conſcience repreſented
All things with double terror: on the ground
Outſtretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his creation, death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, ſince denounc'd
The day of his offence. Why comes not death,
Said he, with one thrice acceptable ſtroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
Juſtice divine not haſten to be juſt?
But Death comes not at call, Juſtice divine
Mends not her ſloweſt pace for pray'rs or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales and bow'rs,
With other echo late I taught your ſhades
To anſwer, and reſound far other ſong.
Whom thus afflicted when ſad Eve beheld,
Deſolate where ſhe ſate, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce paſſion ſhe aſſay'd:
But her with ſtern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my ſight, thou ſerpent; that name beſt
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyſelf as falſe
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy ſhape,
Like his, and colour ſerpentine, may ſhow
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; leſt that too heav'nly form, pretended
To helliſh falſehood, ſnare them. But for thee
I had perſiſted happy', had not thy pride
And wand'ring vanity, when leaſt waſt ſafe,
Rejected my forewarning, and diſdain'd
Not to be truſted; longing to be ſeen,
Though by the dev'il himſelf, him overweening
To over-reach; but with the ſerpent meeting,
Fool'd and beguil'd; by him thou, I by thee,
To truſt thee from my ſide, imagin'd wiſe,
Conſtant, mature, proof againſt all aſſaults;
And underſtood not all was but a ſhow,
Rather than ſolid virtue'; all but a rib,
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part ſiniſter, from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as ſupernumerary
To my juſt number found. O why did God,
Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt heav'n
With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature; and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find ſome other way to generate
Mankind? This miſchief had not then befall'n
And more that ſhall befall; innumerable
Diſturbances on earth through female ſnares,
And ſtrait conjunction with this ſex: for either
He never ſhall find out fit mate, but ſuch
As ſome misfortune brings him, or miſtake;
Or whom he wiſhes moſt ſhall ſeldom gain,
Through her perverſeneſs; but ſhall ſee her gain'd
By a far worſe; or if ſhe love, withheld
By parents; or his happieſt choice too late

Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adverſary', his hate or ſhame:
Which infinite calamity ſhall cauſe
To human life, and houſhold-peace confound.
He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve
Not ſo repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them, beſought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forſake me not thus, Adam; witneſs Heav'n
What love ſincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy ſuppliant
I beg, and claſp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel, in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My only ſtrength and ſtay: forelorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?
While yet we live, ſcarce one ſhort hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Againſt a foe by doom expreſs aſſign'd us,
That cruel ſerpent. On me exerciſe not
Thy hatred for this miſery befall'n,
On me already loſt, me than thyſelf
More miſerable: both have ſinn'd, but thou
Againſt God only', I againſt God and thee;
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
The ſentence from thy head remov'd, may light
On me, ſole cauſe to thee of all this woe,
Me, me only, juſt object of his ire.
She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiſeration: ſoon his heart relented
Tow'ards her, his life ſo late and ſole delight,
Now at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs,

Creature ſo fair his reconcilement ſeeking,
His counſel, whom ſhe had diſpleas'd, his aid;
As one diſarm'd, his anger all he loſt,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her ſoon.
Unwary', and too deſirous, as before
So now of what thou know'ſt not, who deſir'ſt
The puniſhment all on thyſelf; alas,
Bear thine own firſt, ill able to ſuſtain
His full wrath, whoſe thou feel'ſt as yet leaſt part,
And my diſpleaſure bear'ſt ſo ill. If pray'rs
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would ſpeed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be viſited,
Thy frailty and infirmer ſex forgiv'n,
To me committed, and by me expos'd.
But riſe, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elſewhere; but ſtrive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our ſhare of woe;
Since this day's death denounc'd, if ought I ſee,
Will prove no ſudden, but a ſlow-pac'd evil,
A long day's dying, to augment our pain,
And to our ſeed (O hapleſs ſeed!) deriv'd.
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, reply'd.
Adam, by ſad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found ſo erroneous, thence by juſt event
Found ſo unfortunate: nevertheleſs,
Reſtor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the ſole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breaſt are riſen,
Tending to ſome relief of our extremes,
Or end, though ſharp and ſad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of eaſier choice.
If care of our deſcent perplex us moſt,
Which muſt be born to certain woe, devour'd

By Death at laſt; and miſerable it is
To be to others cauſe of miſery,
Our own begott'en, and of our loins to bring
Into this curſed world a woful race,
That after wretched life muſt be at laſt
Food for ſo foul a monſter; in thy pow'r
It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent
The race unbleſs'd, to be'ing yet unbegot.
Childleſs thou art, childleſs remain: ſo Death
Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to ſatisfy his ravenous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Converſing, looking, loving, to abſtain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces ſweet,
And with deſire to languiſh without hope,
Before the preſent object languiſhing
With like deſire, which would be miſery
And torment leſs than none of what we dread;
Then both ourſelves and ſeed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make ſhort,
Let us ſeek Death; or he not found, ſupply
With our own hands his office on ourſelves:
Why ſtand we longer ſhivering under fears,
That ſhow no end but death, and have the pow'r,
Of many ways to die the ſhorteſt chuſing,
Deſtruction with deſtruction to deſtroy?
  She ended here, or vehement deſpair
Broke off the reſt; ſo much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
But Adam, with ſuch counſel nothing ſway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd.
  Eve, thy contempt of life and pleaſure ſeems
To argue in thee ſomething more ſublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
But ſelf-deſtruction therefore ſought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguiſh and regret

For loſs of life and pleaſure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmoſt end
Of miſery, ſo thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God
Hath wiſelier arm'd his vengeful ire than ſo
To be foreſtall'd; much more I fear leſt death
So ſnatch'd will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather ſuch acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Higheſt
To make death in us live: then let us ſeek
Some ſafer reſolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our ſentence, that thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe
The ſerpent's head; piteous amends, unleſs
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
Satan, who in the ſerpent hath contriv'd
Againſt us this deceit: to cruſh his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be loſt
By death brought on ourſelves, or childleſs days
Reſolv'd, as thou propoſeſt; ſo our foe
Shall 'ſcape his puniſhment ordain'd, and we
Inſtead ſhall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Againſt ourſelves, and wilful barrenneſs,
That cuts us off from hope, and ſavours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and deſpite,
Reluctance againſt God, and his juſt yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd,
Without wrath or reviling: we expected
Immediate diſſolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day; when lo, to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, ſoon recompens'd with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curſe aſlope,
Glanc'd on the ground; with labour I muſt earn
My bread: what harm? Idleneſs had been worſe;
My labour will ſuſtain me: and leſt cold

Or heat ſhould injure us, his timely care
Hath unbeſought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd:
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity' incline,
And teach us further by what means to ſhun
Th' inclement ſeaſons, rain, ice, hail, and ſnow?
Which now the ſky with various face begins
To ſhow us in this mountain, while the winds
Blow moiſt and keen, ſhattering the graceful locks
Of theſe fair ſpreading trees; which bids us ſeek
Some better ſhroud, ſome better warmth to cheriſh
Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal ſtar
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected, may with matter ſere foment,
Or by colliſion of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
Juſtling or puſh'd with winds, rude in their ſhock
Tine the ſlant lightning, whoſe thwart flame driv'n down
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And ſends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might ſupply the ſun: ſuch fire to uſe,
And what may elſe be remedy or cure
To evils which our own miſdeeds have wrought,
He will inſtruct us praying, and of grace
Beſeeching him, ſo as we need not fear
To paſs commodiouſly this life, ſuſtain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In duſt, our final reſt and native home.
What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, proſtrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confeſs
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorr'ow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his diſpleaſure; in whoſe look ſerene,

When angry moſt he ſeem'd, and moſt ſevere,
What elſe but favour, grace, and mercy ſhone?
So ſpake our father penitent; nor Eve
Felt leſs remorſe: they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, proſtrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confeſs'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorr'ow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

The end of the tenth book.

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT of Book XI.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him: the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

BRITISH
29 JY 67
MUSEUM

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THus they in lowlieſt plight repentant ſtood
Praying; for from the mercy-ſeat above
Prevenient grace deſcending had remov'd
The ſtony from their hearts, and made new fleſh
Regenerate grow inſtead, that ſighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the ſpi'rit of pray'r
Inſpir'd, and wing'd for heav'n with ſpeedier flight
Than loudeſt oratory: yet their port
Not of mean ſuiters, nor important leſs
Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair
In fables old, leſs ancient yet than theſe,
Deucalion and chaſte Pyrrha, to reſtore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the ſhrine
Of Themis ſtood devout. To heav'n their pray'rs
Flew up, nor miſs'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or fruſtrate: in they paſs'd
Dimenſionleſs through heav'nly doors; then clad
With incenſe, where the golden altar fum'd
By their great Interceſſor, came in ſight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Preſenting, thus to intercede began.

See, Father, what firſt fruits on earth are ſprung
From thy implanted grace in man, theſe ſighs
And pray'rs, which in this golden cenſer, mix'd
With incenſe, I thy Prieſt before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleaſing ſavour from thy ſeed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than thoſe
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of Paradiſe could have produc'd, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear

To ſupplication; hear his ſighs though mute;
Unſkilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good or not good, ingraft; my merit thoſe
Shall perfect; and for theſe my death ſhall pay.
Accept me, and in me from theſe receive
The ſmell of peace tow'ard mankind; let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at leaſt his days
Number'd, tho' ſad, till death, his doom, (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverſe),
To better life ſhall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliſs,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.
To whom the Father, without cloud, ſerene.
All thy requeſt for man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy requeſt was my decree.
But longer in that Paradiſe to dwell,
The law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Thoſe pure immortal elements, that know
No groſs, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a diſtemper, groſs to air as groſs,
And mortal food, as may diſpoſe him beſt
For diſſolution wrought by ſin, that firſt
Diſtemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at firſt with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with happineſs
And immortality: that fondly loſt,
This other ſerv'd but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death; ſo death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Try'd in ſharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to ſecond life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the juſt,
Reſigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.
But let us call to ſynod all the bleſs'd [hide
Through heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not

My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant angels late they ſaw,
And in their ſtate, though firm, ſtood more confirm'd.
He ended, and the Son gave ſignal high
To the bright miniſter that watch'd; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb ſince perhaps
When God deſcended, and perhaps once more
To ſound at general doom. Th' angelic blaſt
Fill'd all the regions: from their bliſsful bowers
Of amarantine ſhade, fountain or ſpring,
By the waters of life, where-e'er they ſat
In fellowſhip of joy, the ſons of light
Haſted, reſorting to the ſummons high,
And took their ſeats; till from his throne ſupreme
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his ſov'reign will.
O ſons, like one of us man is become
To know both good and evil, ſince his taſte
Of that defended fruit: but let him boaſt
His knowledge of good loſt, and evil got;
Happier, had it ſuffic'd him to have known
Good by itſelf, and evil not at all.
He ſorrows now, repents, and prays contrite;
My motions in him: longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Leſt therefore his now bolder hand
Reach alſo of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at leaſt to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And ſend him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter ſoil.
Michael, this my beheſt have thou in charge;
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, leſt the fiend,
Or in behalf of man, or to invade
Vacant poſſeſſion, ſome new trouble raiſe:
Haſte thee, and from the Paradiſe of God
Without remorſe drive out the ſinful pair,
From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce

To them and to their progeny from thence
Perpetual baniſhment. Yet leſt they faint
At the ſad ſentence rigorouſly urg'd,
For I behold them ſoften'd, and with tears
Bewailing their exceſs, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Diſmiſs them not diſconſolate; reveal
To Adam what ſhall come in future days,
As I ſhall thee enlighten; intermix
My covenant in the woman's ſeed renew'd;
So ſend them forth, though ſorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the eaſt ſide of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden eaſieſt climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a ſword the flame
Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all paſſage to the tree of life:
Leſt Paradiſe a receptacle prove
To ſpirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whoſe ſtol'n fruit man once more to delude.
He ceas'd; and th' archangelic pow'r prepar'd
For ſwift deſcent; with him the cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all their ſhape
Spangled with eyes, more numerous than thoſe
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drouſe,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the paſt'ral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean while,
To reſalute the world with ſacred light,
Leucothea wak'd, and with freſh dews imbalm'd
The earth; when Adam, and firſt matron Eve,
Had ended now their oriſons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to ſpring
Out of deſpair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.
Eve, eaſily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from heav'n deſcends;
But that from us ought ſhould aſcend to heav'n
So prevalent as to concern the mind

Of God high-bleſs'd, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may ſeem; yet this will prayer,
Or one ſhort ſigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the ſeat of God. For ſince I ſought
By pray'r th' offended Deity to' appeaſe,
Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart,
Methought I ſaw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; perſuaſion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my breaſt, and to my memory
His promiſe, that thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe our foe;
Which then not minded in diſmay, yet now
Aſſures me that the bitterneſs of death
Is paſt, and we ſhall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, ſince by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for man.
To whom thus Eve with ſad demeanour meek.
Ill worthy I ſuch title ſhould belong
To me tranſgreſſor, who for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy ſnare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, diſtruſt, and all diſpraiſe:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who firſt brought death on all, am grac'd
The ſource of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to' intitle me vouchſaf'ſt,
Far other name deſerving. But the field
To labour calls us now with ſweat impos'd,
Though after ſleepleſs night; for ſee the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unreſt, begins
Her roſy progreſs ſmiling: let us forth;
I never from thy ſide henceforth to ſtray,
Where-e'er our day's work lyes, though now injoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilſome in theſe pleaſant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n ſtate, content.
So ſpake, ſo wiſh'd much-humbled Eve; but fate
Subſcrib'd not: Nature firſt gave ſigns, impreſs'd

On bird, beaſt, air, air ſuddenly eclips'd
After ſhort bluſh of morn; nigh in her ſight,
The bird of Jove, ſtoop'd from his airy tour,
Two birds of gayeſt plume before him drove:
Down from a hill the beaſt that reigns in woods,
Firſt hunter then, purſu'd a gentle brace,
Goodlieſt of all the foreſt, hart and hind;
Direct to th' eaſtern gate was bent their flight.
Adam obſerv'd, and with his eye the chaſe
Purſuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus ſpake.
O Eve, ſome further change awaits us nigh,
Which heav'n by theſe mute ſigns in nature ſhows,
Forerunners of his purpoſe, or to warn
Us haply too ſecure of our diſcharge
From penalty, becauſe from death releas'd
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are duſt,
And thither muſt return, and be no more?
Why elſe this double object in our ſight,
Of flight purſu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
One way the ſelf-ſame hour? why in the eaſt
Darkneſs ere day's mid-courſe, and morning-light
More orient in yon weſtern cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And ſlow deſcends, with ſomething heavenly fraught?
He err'd not; for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a ſky of jaſper lighted now
In Paradiſe, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he ſaw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Againſt the Syrian king, who to ſurpriſe
One man, aſſaſſin-like, had levy'd war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch

In their bright ſtand there left his pow'rs to ſeize
Poſſeſſion of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam ſhelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great viſitant approach'd, thus ſpake.
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will ſoon determine, or impoſe
New laws to be obſerv'd; for I deſcry,
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heav'nly hoſt, and by his gate
None of the meaneſt, ſome great potentate
Or of the Thrones above, ſuch majeſty
Inveſts him coming; yet not terrible,
That I ſhould fear; nor ſociably mild,
As Raphaël, that I ſhould much confide;
But ſolemn and ſublime, whom not to' offend,
With reverence I muſt meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and th' archangel ſoon drew nigh,
Not in his ſhape celeſtial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military veſt of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipp'd the woof;
His ſtarry helm unbuckled ſhow'd him prime
In manhood, where youth ended; by his ſide,
As in a gliſt'ring zodiac, hung the ſword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the ſpear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his ſtate
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.
Adam, Heav'n's high beheſt no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and death,
Then due by ſentence when thou didſt tranſgreſs,
Defeated of his ſeizure many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou mayſt repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayſt cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim;

But longer in this Paradiſe to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And ſend thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou waſt taken, fitter ſoil.
He added not; for Adam at the news
Heart-ſtruck with chilling gripe of ſorrow ſtood,
That all his ſenſes bound: Eve, who unſeen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Diſcover'd ſoon the place of her retire.
O unexpected ſtroke, worſe than of death!
Muſt I thus leave thee, Paradiſe? thus leave
Thee, native ſoil, theſe happy walks and ſhades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to ſpend,
Quiet though ſad, the reſpite of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early viſitation, and my laſt
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the firſt op'ning bud, and gave ye names,
Who now ſhall rear ye to the ſun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambroſial fount?
Thee laſtly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
With what to ſight or ſmell was ſweet, from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obſcure
And wild? how ſhall we breathe in other air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal fruits?
Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.
Lament not, Eve, but patiently reſign
What juſtly thou haſt loſt; nor ſet thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy huſband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native ſoil.
Adam by this from the cold ſudden damp
Recovering, and his ſcatter'd ſpi'rits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words addreſs'd.
Celeſtial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd

Of them the high'eſt, for ſuch of ſhape may ſeem
Prince above princes, gently haſt thou told
Thy meſſage, which might elſe in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what beſides
Of ſorrow, and dejection, and deſpair,
Our frailty can ſuſtain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our ſweet
Receſs, and only conſolation left
Familiar to our eyes; all places elſe
Inhoſpitable' appear and deſolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Inceſſant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not ceaſe
To weary him with my aſſiduous cries:
But pray'r againſt his abſolute decree
No more avails than breath againſt the wind,
Blown ſtifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I ſubmit.
This moſt afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I ſhall be hid, depriv'd
His bleſſed count'nance; here I could frequent
With worſhip place by place where he vouchſaf'd
Preſence divine, and to my ſons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood viſible, among theſe pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of graſſy turf, and pile up every ſtone
Of luſtre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer ſweet-ſmelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs:
In yonder nether world where ſhall I ſeek
His bright appearances, or footſtep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmoſt ſkirts
Of glory, and far off his ſteps adore.
To whom thus Michael with regard benign.

Adam, thou know'ſt heav'n his, and all the earth,
Not this rock only'; his omnipreſence fills
Land, ſea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual pow'r and warm'd:
All th' earth he gave thee to poſſeſs and rule,
No deſpicable gift; ſurmiſe not then
His preſence to theſe narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradiſe or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital ſeat, from whence had ſpread
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee their great progenitor.
But this præeminence thou' haſt loſt, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy ſons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike
Preſent, and of his preſence many a ſign
Still following thee, ſtill compaſſing thee round
With goodneſs and paternal love, his face
Expreſs, and of his ſteps the tract divine.
Which that thou mayſt believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am ſent
To ſhow thee what ſhall come in future days
To thee and to thy offſpring; good with bad
Expect to hear, ſupernal grace contending
With ſinfulneſs of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious ſorrow, equally inur'd
By moderation either ſtate to bear,
Proſperous or adverſe: ſo ſhalt thou lead
Safeſt thy life, and beſt prepar'd endure
Thy mortal paſſage when it comes. Aſcend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here ſleep below, while thou to foreſight wak'ſt;
As once thou ſlept'ſt, while ſhe to life was form'd.
To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd.
Aſcend, I follow thee, ſafe guide, the path
Thou lead'ſt me', and to the hand of heav'n ſubmit,

However chaſt'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breaſt, arming to overcome
By ſuffering, and earn reſt from labour won,
If ſo I may attain. So both aſcend
In the viſions of God. It was a hill
Of Paradiſe the higheſt, from whoſe top
The hemiſphere of earth in cleareſt ken
Stretch'd out to th' ampleſt reach of proſpect lay.
Not high'er that hill, nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cauſe the tempter ſet
Our ſecond Adam in the wilderneſs,
To ſhow him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory.
His eye might there command where-ever ſtood
City of old or modern fame, the ſeat
Of mightieſt empire, from the deſtin'd walls
Of Cambalu, ſeat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,
Down to the golden Cherſoneſe, or where
The Perſian in Ecbatan ſat, or ſince
In Hiſpahan, or where the Ruſſian Kſar
In Moſco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turcheſtan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Negus to his utmoſt port
Ercoco, and the leſs maritime kings,
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola fartheſt ſouth;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almanſor, Fez and Sus,
Marocco and Algiers, and Tremiſen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to ſway
The world: in ſpi'rit perhaps he alſo ſaw
Rich Mexico the ſeat of Montezume,
And Cuſco in Peru, the richer ſeat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unſpoil'd
Guiana, whoſe great city Geryon's ſons

Call El Dorado. But to nobler ſights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd.
Which that falſe fruit that promis'd clearer ſight
Had bred; then purg'd with euphraſy and rue
The viſual nerve, for he had much to ſee;
And from the well of life three drops inſtill'd.
So deep the pow'r of theſe ingredients pierc'd,
Even to the inmoſt ſeat of mental ſight,
That Adam now inforc'd to cloſe his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his ſpirits became intranc'd;
But him the gentle angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.
Adam, now ope thine eyes, and firſt behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In ſome to ſpring from thee, who never touch'd
Th' excepted tree, nor with the ſnake conſpir'd,
Nor ſinn'd thy ſin, yet from that ſin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.
His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were ſheaves
New reap'd; the other part ſheep-walks and folds;
I' th' midſt an altar as the land-mark ſtood,
Ruſtic, of graſſy ſord; thither anon
A ſweaty reaper from his tillage brought
Firſt fruits, the green ear, and the yellow ſheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a ſhepherd next,
More meek, came with the firſtlings of his flock
Choiceſt and beſt; then ſacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incenſe ſtrow'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
His offering ſoon propitious fire from heav'n
Conſum'd with nimble glance, and grateful ſteam;
The other's not, for his was not ſincere:
Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a ſtone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groan'd out his ſoul with guſhing blood effus'd.
Much at that ſight was Adam in his heart

Diſmay'd, and thus in haſte to th' angel cry'd.
O teacher, ſome great miſchief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had ſacrific'd;
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?
T' whom Michael thus, he alſo mov'd, reply'd.
Theſe two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; th' unjuſt the juſt hath ſlain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd; and th' other's faith approv'd
Loſe no reward, though here thou ſee him die,
Rolling in duſt and gore. To which our ſire.
Alas, both for the deed and for the cauſe!
But have I now ſeen death? Is this the way
I muſt return to native duſt? O ſight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
To whom thus Michaël. Death thou haſt ſeen
In his firſt ſhape on man: but many ſhapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all diſmal; yet to ſenſe
More terrible at th' entrance than within.
Some, as thou ſaw'ſt, by violent ſtroke ſhall die,
By fire, flood, famine; by intemp'rance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth ſhall bring
Diſeaſes dire, of which a monſtrous crew
Before thee ſhall appear; that thou mayſt know
What miſery th' inabſtinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, ſad, noiſome, dark,
A lazar-houſe it ſeem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diſeas'd, all maladies
Of ghaſtly ſpaſm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-ſick agony, all fev'rous kinds,
Convulſions, epilepſies, fierce catarrhs,
Inteſtine ſtone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac phrenſy, moaping melancholy,
And moon-ſtruck madneſs, pining atrophy,

Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.
O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
Th' image of God in man, created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image sake exempt?
Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd
To serve ungovern'd Appetite, and took
His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is their punishment,
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd
While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they

God's image did not reverence in themſelves.
I yield it juſt, ſaid Adam, and ſubmit.
But is there yet no other way, beſides
Theſe painful paſſages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural duſt?
There is, ſaid Michael, if thou well obſerve
The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught,
In what thou eat'ſt and drink'ſt, ſeeking from thence
Due nouriſhment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So mayſt thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with eaſe
Gather'd, not harſhly pluck'd, for death mature:
This is old age; but then thou muſt outlive [change
Thy youth, thy ſtrength, thy beauty, which will
To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy ſenſes then
Obtuſe, all taſte of pleaſure muſt forego,
To what thou haſt; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and chearful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy ſpirits down, and laſt conſume
The balm of life. To whom our anceſtor.
Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much; bent rather how I may be quit
Faireſt and eaſieſt of this cumbrous charge;
Which I muſt keep till my appointed day
Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My diſſolution. Michaël reply'd.
Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'ſt,
Live well; how long or ſhort, permit to heav'n:
And now prepare thee for another ſight.
He look'd, and ſaw a ſpacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue: by ſome were herds
Of cattle graſing; others, whence the ſound
Of inſtruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ; and who mov'd
Their ſtops and chords, was ſeen; his volant touch
Inſtinct through all proportions, low and high,

Fled, and purſu'd tranſverſe the reſonant fugue.
In other part ſtood one who at the forge
Lab'ring, two maſſy clods of ir'on and braſs
Had melted, (whether found where caſuâl fire
Had waſted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To ſome cave's mouth, or whether waſh'd by ſtream
From underground), the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit molds prepar'd; from which he form'd
Firſt his own tools; then, what might elſe be wrought
Fuſil or grav'n in metal. After theſe,
But on the hither ſide, a different ſort
From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their ſeat,
Down to the plain deſcended: by their guiſe
Juſt men they ſeem'd, and all their ſtudy bent
To worſhip God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor thoſe things laſt which might preſerve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dreſs; to th' harp they ſung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.
The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
Faſt caught, they lik'd, and each his liking choſe:
And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning ſtar,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then firſt to marriage-rites invok'd:
With feaſt and muſic all the tents reſound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not loſt, ſongs, garlands, flow'rs,
And charming ſymphonies, attach'd the heart
Of Adam, ſoon inclin'd t' admit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus expreſs'd.
True opener of mine eyes, prime angel bleſs'd,
Much better ſeems this viſion, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than thoſe two paſt:

Thoſe were of hate and death, or pain much worſe;
Here nature ſeems fulfill'd in all her ends.
To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is beſt
By pleaſure, though to nature ſeeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Thoſe tents thou ſaw'ſt ſo pleaſant, were the tents
Of wickedneſs, wherein ſhall dwell his race
Who ſlew his brother; ſtudious they appear
Of arts that poliſh life, inventors rare,
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring ſhall beget:
For that fair female troop thou ſaw'ſt, that ſeem'd
Of goddeſſes, ſo blithe, ſo ſmooth, ſo gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein conſiſts
Woman's domeſtic honour and chief praiſe;
Bred only and completed to the taſte
Of luſtful appetence, to ſing, to dance,
To dreſs, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.
To theſe, that ſober race of men, whoſe lives
Religious titled them the ſons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly to the trains and to the ſmiles
Of theſe fair atheiſts, and now ſwim in joy,
Erelong to ſwim at large; and laugh, for which
The world erelong a world of tears muſt weep.
To whom thus Adam, of ſhort joy bereft.
O pity' and ſhame, that they who to live well
Enter'd ſo fair, ſhould turn aſide to tread
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!
But ſtill I ſee the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the ſame from woman to begin.
From man's effeminate ſlackneſs it begins,
ſaid th' angel, who ſhould better hold his place,
By wiſdom, and ſuperior gifts receiv'd.
But now prepare thee for another ſcene.
He look'd, and ſaw wide territory ſpread

Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and tow'rs,
Concourſe in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold empriſe:
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming ſteed,
Single or in array of battle rang'd
Both horſe and foot, nor idly muſt'ring ſtood;
One way a band ſelect from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine
From a fat meadow ground, or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty; ſcarce with life the ſhepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel torneament the ſquadrons join;
Where cattle paſtur'd late, now ſcatter'd lies
With carcaſes and arms th' inſanguin'd field
Deſerted: others to a city ſtrong
Lay ſiege, incamp'd; by batt'ry, ſcale, and mine,
Aſſaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and jav'lin, ſtones and ſulph'rous fire;
On each hand ſlaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the ſcepter'd heralds call
To council in the city-gates: anon
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Aſſemble, and harangues are heard, but ſoon
In factious oppoſition; till at laſt
Of middle age one riſing, eminent
In wiſe deport, ſpake much of right and wrong,
Of juſtice, of religion, truth and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had ſeiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a cloud deſcending ſnatch'd him thence
Unſeen amid the throng: ſo violence
Proceeded, and oppreſſion, and ſword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full ſad; O what are theſe,
Death's miniſters, not men, who thus deal death

Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thouſand-fold the ſin of him who ſlew
His brother: for of whom ſuch maſſacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?
But who was that juſt man, whom had not heav'n
Reſcu'd, had in his righteouſneſs been loſt?
To whom thus Michael. Theſe are the product
Of thoſe ill-mated marriages thou ſaw'ſt;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of themſelves
Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd
Produce prodigious births of body' or mind.
Such were theſe giants, men of high renown;
For in thoſe days might only ſhall be' admir'd,
And valour and heroic virtue call'd;
To overcome in battle, and ſubdue
Nations, and bring home ſpoils with infinite
Man-ſlaughter, ſhall be held the higheſt pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be ſtyl'd great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and ſons of gods;
Deſtroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
Thus fame ſhall be atchiev'd, renown on earth,
And what moſt merits fame in ſilence hid.
But he, the ſeventh from thee, whom thou beheldſt
The only righteous in a world perverſe,
And therefore hated, therefore ſo beſet
With foes, for daring ſingle to be juſt,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his ſaints: him the Moſt High
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged ſteeds
Did, as thou ſaw'ſt, receive, to walk with God
High in ſalvation, and the climes of bliſs,
Exempt from death; to ſhow thee what reward
Awaits the good, the reſt what puniſhment;
Which now direct thine eyes, and ſoon behold.
He look'd, and ſaw the face of things quite chang'd:
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,

To luxury and riot, feaſt and dance,
Marrying or proſtituting, as befel,
Rape or adultery, where paſſing fair
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend ſire among them came,
And of their doings great diſlike declar'd,
And teſtify'd againſt their ways; he oft
Frequented their aſſemblies, whereſo met,
Triumphs or feſtivals, and to them preach'd
Converſion and repentance, as to ſouls
In priſon under judgments imminent:
But all in vain: which when he ſaw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a veſſel of huge bulk;
Meaſur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height;
Smear'd round with pitch; and in the ſide a door
Contriv'd; and of proviſions laid in large
For man and beaſt: when lo, a wonder ſtrange!
Of every beaſt, and bird, and inſect ſmall
Came ſev'ns, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order: laſt the ſire, and his three ſons,
With their four wives; and God made faſt the door.
Mean while the ſouth wind roſe, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heav'n; the hills to their ſupply
Vapour, and exhalation duſk and moiſt,
Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd ſky
Like a dark cieling ſtood; down ruſh'd the rain
Impetuous, and continu'd, till the earth
No more was ſeen: the floting veſſel ſwum
Uplifted, and ſecure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves: all dwellings elſe
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; ſea cover'd ſea,
Sea without ſhore; and in their palaces
Where luxury late reign'd, ſea-monſters whelp'd
And ſtabled; of mankind, ſo numerous late,

All left, in one ſmall bottom ſwum imbark'd.
How didſt thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end ſo ſad,
Depopulation? thee another flood,
Of tears and ſorrow' a flood, thee alſo drown'd,
And ſunk thee as thy ſons; till gently rear'd
By th' angel, on thy feet thou ſtoodſt at laſt,
Though comfortleſs, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view deſtroy'd at once;
And ſcarce to th' angel utter'dſt thus thy plaint.
O viſions ill foreſeen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, ſo had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Enough to bear; thoſe now, that were diſpens'd
The burden of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
With thought that they muſt be. Let no man ſeek
Henceforth to be foretold what ſhall befall
Him or his children; evil he may be ſure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil ſhall no leſs
In apprehenſion than in ſubſtance feel,
Grievous to bear: but that care now is paſt,
Man is not whom to warn: thoſe few eſcap'd
Famine and anguiſh will at laſt conſume,
Wand'ring that watry deſert. I had hope,
When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,
All would have then gone well, peace would have crown'd
With length of happy days the race of man:
But I was far deceiv'd; for now I ſee
Peace to corrupt no leſs than war to waſte.
How comes it thus? unfold, celeſtial guide,
And whether here the race of man will end.
To whom thus Michael. Thoſe whom laſt thou ſaw'it
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
Firſt ſeen in acts of proweſs eminent,
And great exploits; but of true virtue void:

Who having ſpilt much blood, and done much waſte
Subduing nations, and atchiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their courſe to pleaſure, eaſe, and ſloth,
Surfeit, and luſt, till wantonneſs and pride
Raiſe out of friendſhip hoſtile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd alſo, and inſlav'd by war,
Shall, with their freedom loſt, all virtue loſe,
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In ſharp conteſt of battle found no aid
Againſt invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal,
Thenceforth ſhall practiſe how to live ſecure,
Worldly or diſſolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' earth ſhall bear
More than enough, that temp'rance may be try'd:
So all ſhall turn degenerate, all deprav'd;
Juſtice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot:
One man except, the only ſon of light
In a dark age, againſt example good,
Againſt allurement, cuſtom, and a world
Offended; fearleſs of reproach and ſcorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admoniſh, and before them ſet
The paths of righteouſneſs, how much more ſafe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and ſhall return
Of them derided, but of God obſerv'd
The one juſt man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldſt,
To ſave himſelf and houſehold from amidſt
A world devote to univerſal wrack.
No ſooner he, with them of man and beaſt
Select for life, ſhall in the ark be lodg'd,
And ſhelter'd round, but all the cataracts
Of heav'n ſet open on the earth ſhall pour
Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep
Broke up, ſhall heave the ocean to uſurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation riſe

Above the higheſt hills: then ſhall this mount
Of Paradiſe by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, puſh'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure ſpoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root, an iſland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of ſeals, and orcs, and ſea-mews clang:
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No ſanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further ſhall enſue, behold.
He look'd, and ſaw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated: for the clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen north wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear ſun on his wide watry glaſs
Gaz'd hot, and of the freſh wave largely drew,
As after thirſt, which made their flowing ſhrink
From ſtanding lake to tripping ebb, that ſtole
With ſoft foot tow'ards the deep, who now had ſtopt
His ſluices, as the heav'n his windows ſhut.
The ark no more now flotes, but ſeems on ground,
Faſt on the top of ſome high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
Tow'ards the retreating ſea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And after him the ſurer meſſenger,
A dove ſent forth once and again to ſpy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The ſecond time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific ſign:
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient ſire deſcends with all his train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conſpicuous, with three liſted colours gay,

Betok'ning peace from God, and cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam erſt ſo ſad
Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy broke forth.
O thou who future things canſt repreſent
As preſent, heav'nly inſtructor, I revive
At this laſt ſight, aſſur'd that man ſhall live
With all the creatures, and their ſeed preſerve.
Far leſs I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked ſons deſtroy'd, than I rejoice
For one man found ſo perfect and ſo juſt,
That God vouchſafes to raiſe another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But ſay, what mean thoſe colour'd ſtreaks in heav'n
Diſtended as the brow of God appeas'd;
Or ſerve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
The fluid ſkirts of that ſame watry cloud,
Leſt it again diſſolve, and ſhow'r the earth?
To whom th' archangel. Dextrouſly thou aim'ſt;
So willingly doth God remit his ire,
Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he ſaw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all fleſh
Corrupting each their way; yet thoſe remov'd,
Such grace ſhall one juſt man find in his ſight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to deſtroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the ſea
Surpaſs his bounds, nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein or beaſt; but when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein ſet
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his covenant: day and night,
Seed-time and harveſt, heat and hoary froſt,
Shall hold their courſe, till fire purge all things new,
Both heav'n and earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell.

The end of the eleventh book.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

The ARGUMENT of Book XII.

The angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

BRITISH
29 JY67
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R. Cooper Sculpt.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

AS one who in his journey baits at noon, [paus'd,
Though bent on ſpeed; ſo here th' archangel
Betwixt the world deſtroy'd and world reſtor'd,
If Adam ought perhaps might interpoſe;
Then with tranſition ſweet new ſpeech reſumes.
Thus thou haſt ſeen one world begin and end;
And man as from a ſecond ſtock proceed.
Much thou haſt yet to ſee; but I perceive
Thy mortal ſight to fail; objects divine
Muſt needs impair and weary human ſenſe:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This ſecond ſource of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment paſt remains
Freſh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With ſome regard to what is juſt and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;
Lab'ring the ſoil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd or flock,
Oft ſacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and ſacred feaſt,
Shall ſpend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule: till one ſhall riſe
Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal ſtate,
Will arrogate dominion undeſerv'd
Over his brethren, and quite diſpoſſeſs
Concord and law of nature from the earth,
Hunting (and men, not beaſts, ſhall be his game)

With war and hoſtile ſnare ſuch as refuſe
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
A mighty hunter thence he ſhall be ſtyl'd
Before the Lord, as in deſpite of heaven,
Or from heav'n claiming ſecond ſov'reignty;
And from rebellion ſhall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuſe.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden tow'ards the weſt, ſhall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell:
Of brick, and of that ſtuff, they caſt to build
A city' and tow'r, whoſe top may reach to heav'n;
And get themſelves a name; leſt far diſpers'd
In foreign lands, their memory be loſt,
Regardleſs whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft deſcends to viſit men
Unſeen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding ſoon,
Comes down to ſee their city, ere the tow'r
Obſtruct heav'n-tow'rs, and in deriſion ſets
Upon their tongues a various ſpi'rit, to raſe
Quite out their native language, and inſtead
To ſow a jangling noiſe of words unknown.
Forthwith a hideous gabble riſes loud
Among the builders; each to other calls
Not underſtood, till hoarſe, and all in rage,
As mock'd they ſtorm; great laughter was in heav'n
And looking down to ſee the hubbub ſtrange,
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work confuſion nam'd.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly diſpleas'd.
O execrable ſon, ſo to aſpire
Above his brethren, to himſelf aſſuming
Authority uſurp'd, from God not giv'n;
He gave us only over beaſt, fiſh, fowl
Dominion abſolute: that right we hold

By his donation: but man over men
He made not lord; ſuch title to himſelf
Reſerving, human left from human free.
But this uſurper his incroachment proud
Stays not on man; to God his tow'r intends
Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to ſuſtain
Himſelf and his raſh army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his intrails groſs,
And famiſh him of breath, if not of bread?
To whom thus Michael. Juſtly thou abhorr'ſt
That ſon, who on the quiet ſtate of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to ſubdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal
Since thy original lapſe, true liberty
Is loſt, which always with right reaſon dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reaſon in man obſcur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate deſires
And upſtart paſſions catch the government
From reaſon, and to ſervitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore ſince he permits
Within himſelf unworthy pow'rs to reign
Over free reaſon, God, in judgment juſt,
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft as undeſervedly inthral
His outward freedom: tyranny muſt be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuſe.
Yet ſometimes nations will decline ſo low
From virtue, which is reaſon, that no wrong,
But juſtice, and ſome fatal curſe annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward loſt: witneſs th' irreverent ſon
Of him who built the ark, who, for the ſhame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curſe,
Servant of ſervants, on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worſe, till God at laſt

Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His preſence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; reſolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
And one peculiar nation to ſelect
From all the reſt, of whom to be invok'd,
A nation from one faithful man to ſpring:
Him on this ſide Euphrates yet reſiding,
Bred up in idol-worſhip; O that men
(Canſt thou believe?) ſhould be ſo ſtupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv'd, who ſcap'd the flood,
As to forſake the living God, and fall
To worſhip their own work in wood and ſtone
For gods! yet him God the Moſt High vouchſafes
To call by viſion from his father's houſe,
His kindred and falſe gods, into a land
Which he will ſhow him, and from him will raiſe
A mighty nation, and upon him ſhow'r
His benediction ſo, that in his ſeed
All nations ſhall be bleſs'd; he ſtrait obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I ſee him, but thou canſt not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native ſoil
Ur of Chaldæa, paſſing now the ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous ſervitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but truſting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I ſee his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh: there by promiſe he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the deſert ſouth,
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd),
From Hermon eaſt to the great weſtern ſea;
Mount Hermon, yonder ſea, each place behold
In proſpect, as I point them; on the ſhore
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted ſtream,

Jordan, true limit eaſtward; but his ſons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his ſeed be bleſſed: by that ſeed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who ſhall bruiſe
The ſerpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier ſhall be reveal'd. This patriarch bleſs'd,
Whom faithful Abraham due time ſhall call,
A ſon, and of his ſon a grandchild leaves,
Like him in faith, in wiſdom, and renown.
The grandchild with twelve ſons increas'd, departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile:
See where it flows, diſgorging at ſev'n mouths
Into the ſea. To ſojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger ſon
In time of dearth; a ſon whoſe worthy deeds
Raiſe him to be the ſecond in that realm
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation, and now grown
Suſpected to a ſequent king, who ſeeks
To ſtop their overgrowth, as inmate gueſts
Too numerous; whence of gueſts he makes them ſlaves
Inhoſpitably, and kills their infant-males:
Till by two brethren (thoſe two brethren call
Moſes and Aaron) ſent from God to claim
His people from inthralment, they return
With glory and ſpoil back to their promis'd land.
But firſt the lawleſs tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or meſſage to regard,
Muſt be compell'd by ſigns and judgments dire;
To blood unſhed the rivers muſt be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies muſt all his palace fill
With loath'd intruſion, and fill all the land;
His cattle muſt of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blains muſt all his fleſh imboſs,
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, muſt rend th' Egyptian ſky,

And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darkſome cloud of locuſts ſwarming down
Muſt eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
Darkneſs muſt overſhadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkneſs, and blot out three days;
Laſt, with one midnight-ſtroke, all the firſt born
Of Egypt muſt lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length ſubmits
To let his ſojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his ſtubborn heart; but ſtill as ice
More harden'd after thaw; till in his rage
Purſuing whom he late diſmiſs'd, the ſea
Swallows him with his hoſt; but them lets paſs
As on dry land between two chryſtal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moſes ſo to ſtand
Divided, till his reſcu'd gain their ſhore:
Such wondrous pow'r God to his ſaint will lend,
Though preſent in his angel, who ſhall go
Before them in a cloud, and pill'ar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pill'ar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while th' obdurate king purſues:
All night he will purſue; but his approach
Darkneſs defends between till morning-watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his hoſt,
And craze their chariot-wheels; when by command
Moſes once more his potent rod extends
Over the ſea; the ſea his rod obeys;
On their imbattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war. The race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the ſhore advance
Through the wild deſert, not the readieſt way,
Leſt ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, chuſing rather
Inglorious life with ſervitude; for life

To noble and ignoble is more ſweet
Untrain'd in arms, where raſhneſs leads not on.
This alſo ſhall they gain by their delay
In the wild wilderneſs; there they ſhall found
Their government, and their great ſenate chuſe
Thro' the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
God from the mount of Sinai, whoſe gray top
Shall tremble, he deſcending, will himſelf
In thunder, light'ning, and loud trumpets ſound,
Ordain them laws; part ſuch as appertain
To civil juſtice, part religious rites
Of ſacrifice, informing them, by types
And ſhadows, of that deſtin'd ſeed to bruiſe
The ſerpent, by what means he ſhall atchieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful; they beſeech
That Moſes might report to them his will,
And terror ceaſe; he grants what they beſought,
Inſtructed that to God is no acceſs
Without mediator, whoſe high office now
Moſes in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whoſe day he ſhall foretel,
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Meſſi'ah ſhall ſing. Thus laws and rites
Eſtabliſh'd, ſuch delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchſafes
Among them to ſet up his tabernacle,
The holy One with mortal men to dwell.
By his preſcript a ſanctuary is fram'd
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein
An ark, and in the ark his teſtimony,
The records of his covenant; over theſe
A mercy-ſeat of gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn
Sev'n lamps, as in a zodiac repreſenting
The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall reſt by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey, and at length they come,

Conducted by his angel, to the land
Promis'd to Abraham and his ſeed. The reſt
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,
How many kings deſtroy'd, and kingdoms won;
Or how the ſun ſhall in mid heav'n ſtand ſtill
A day entire, and night's due courſe adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, ſun in Gibeon ſtand,
And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,
Till Iſrael overcome: ſo call the third
From Abraham, ſon of Iſaac, and from him
His whole deſcent, who thus ſhall Canaan win.
Here Adam interpos'd. O ſent from heav'n,
Inlightner of my darkneſs, gracious things
Thou haſt reveal'd, thoſe chiefly which concern
Juſt Abraham and his ſeed: now firſt I find
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
Of me and all mankind; but now I ſee
His day, in whom all nations ſhall be bleſs'd,
Favour unmerited by me, who ſought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to thoſe
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,
So many and ſo various laws are giv'n;
So many laws argue ſo many ſins
Among them: how can God with ſuch reſide?
To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that ſin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law given them, to evince
Their natural pravity, by ſtirring up
Sin againſt law to fight: that when they ſee
Law can diſcover ſin, but not remove,
Save by thoſe ſhadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious muſt be paid for man,
Juſt for unjuſt; that in ſuch righteouſneſs
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Juſtification towards God, and peace

Of conſcience; which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appeaſe, nor man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and but given
With purpoſe to reſign them in full time
Up to a better covenant, diſciplin'd
From ſhadowy types to truth, from fleſh to ſpirit,
From impoſition of ſtrict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace, from ſervile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore ſhall not Moſes, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the miniſter
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joſhua, whom the Gentiles Jeſus call,
His name and office bearing, who ſhall quell
The adverſary ſerpent, and bring back
Thro' the world's wilderneſs long wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradiſe of reſt.
Mean while they in their earthly Canaan plac'd,
Long time ſhall dwell and proſper; but when ſins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raiſe them enemies;
From whom as oft he ſaves them penitent
By judges firſt, then under kings; of whom
The ſecond, both for piety renown'd
And puiſſant deeds, a promiſe ſhall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever ſhall endure; the like ſhall ſing
All prophecy, that of the royal ſtock
Of David (ſo I name this king) ſhall riſe
A ſon, the woman's ſeed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom ſhall truſt
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The laſt; for of his reign ſhall be no end.
But firſt a long ſucceſſion muſt enſue;
And his next ſon, for wealth and wiſdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wand'ring, ſhall in a glorious temple' inſhrine.

Such follow him as ſhall be regiſter'd
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer ſcroll;
Whoſe foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular ſum, will ſo incenſe
God, as to leave them, and expoſe their land,
Their city', his temple, and his holy ark,
With all his ſacred things, a ſcorn and prey
To that proud city, whoſe high walls thou ſaw'ſt
Left in confuſion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The ſpace of ſev'nty years, then brings them back,
Rememb'ring mercy, and his covenant ſworn
To David, ſtabliſh'd as the days of heav'n.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God diſpos'd, the houſe of God
They firſt re-edify, and for a while
In mean eſtate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But firſt among the prieſts diſſenſion ſprings,
Men who attend the altar, and ſhould moſt
Endeavour peace: their ſtrife pollution brings
Upon the temple itſelf: at laſt they ſeize
The ſceptre, and regard not David's ſons:
Then loſe it to a ſtranger, that the true
Anointed King Meſſiah might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a ſtar,
Unſeen before in heav'n, proclaims him come,
And guides the eaſtern ſages, who inquire
His place, to offer incenſe, myrrh, and gold;
His place of birth a ſolemn angel tells
To ſimple ſhepherds keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haſte, and by a quire
Of ſquadron'd angels hear his carol ſung,
A virgin is his mother, but his ſire
The pow'r of the Moſt High; he ſhall aſcend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heav'ns.
He ceas'd, diſcerning Adam with ſuch joy

Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which theſe he breath'd.
O prophet of glad tidings, finiſher
Of utmoſt hope! now clear I underſtand
What oft my ſteddieſt thoughts have ſearch'd in vain;
Why our great expectation ſhould be call'd
The ſeed of woman: Virgin mother, hail,
High in the love of Heav'n; yet from my loins
Thou ſhalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God moſt high; ſo God with man unites.
Needs muſt the ſerpent now his capital bruiſe
Expect with mortal pain: ſay where and when
Their fight, what ſtroke ſhall bruiſe the victor's heel.
To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more ſtrength to foil
Thy enemy; nor ſo is overcome
Satan, whoſe fall from heav'n, a deadlier bruiſe,
Diſabled not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, ſhall recure,
Not by deſtroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy ſeed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didſt want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and ſuffering death,
The penalty to thy tranſgreſſion due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can high juſtice reſt appaid.
The law of God exact he ſhall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy puniſhment
He ſhall endure by coming in the fleſh
To a reproachful life and curſed death,
Proclaiming life to all who ſhall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits
To ſave them, not their own, though legal works.

For this he ſhall live hated, be blaſphem'd,
Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd,
A ſhameful and accurs'd; nail'd to the croſs
By his own nation; ſlain for bringing life;
But to the croſs he nails thy enemies,
The law that is againſt thee, and the ſins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly truſt
In this his ſatisfaction. So he dies,
But ſoon revives; death over him no pow'r
Shall long uſurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the ſtars of morn ſhall ſee him riſe
Out of his grave, freſh as the dawning light,
Thy ranſom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works. This god-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou ſhouldſt have dy'd,
In ſin for ever loſt from life; this act
Shall bruiſe the head of Satan, cruſh his ſtrength,
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms;
And fix far deeper in his head their ſtings,
Than temp'ral death ſhall bruiſe the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like ſleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor after reſurrection ſhall he ſtay
Longer on earth, than certain times to' appear
To his diſciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him: to them ſhall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd,
And his ſalvation, them who ſhall believe
Baptizing in the profluent ſtream, the ſign
Of waſhing them from guilt of ſin to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if ſo befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.
All nations they ſhall teach: for from that day
Not only to the ſons of Abraham's loins
Salvation ſhall be preach'd, but to the ſons

Of Abraham's faith where-ever through the world;
So in his ſeed all nations ſhall be bleſs'd.
Then to the heav'n of heav'ns he ſhall aſcend
With victory, triumphing through the air,
Over his foes and thine; there ſhall ſurpriſe
The ſerpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and reſume
His ſeat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in heav'n; and thence ſhall come,
When this world's diſſolution ſhall be ripe,
With glory' and pow'r to judge both quick and dead;
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliſs,
Whether in heav'n or earth; for then the earth
Shall all be Paradiſe, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.
So ſpake th' archangel Michaël, then paus'd
As at the world's great period; and our ſire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd.
O goodneſs infinite, goodneſs immenſe!
That all this good of evil ſhall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation firſt brought forth
Light out of darkneſs! Full of doubt I ſtand,
Whether I ſhould repent me now of ſin
By me done and occaſion'd, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof ſhall ſpring;
To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God, and over wrath grace ſhall abound.
But ſay, if our Deliverer up to heav'n
Muſt reaſcend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? who then ſhall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Worſe with his followers than with him they dealt?
Be ſure they will, ſaid th' angel: but from heav'n
He to his own a Comforter will ſend,

The promiſe of the Father, who ſhall dwell
His Spi'rit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love, upon their hearts ſhall write,
To guide them in all truth, and alſo arm
With ſpiritual armour, able to reſiſt
Satan's aſſaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What man can do againſt them, not afraid,
Though to the death, againſt ſuch cruelties
With inward conſolations recompens'd,
And oft ſupported ſo as ſhall amaze
Their proudeſt perſecutors: for the Spirit
Pour'd firſt on his apoſtles, whom he ſends
To' evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, ſhall them with wondrous gift indue,
To ſpeak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from heav'n: at length,
Their miniſtry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their ſtory written left,
They die. But in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves ſhall ſucceed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the ſacred myſteries of heav'n
To their own vile advantages ſhall turn
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With ſuperſtitions and traditions taint,
Left only in thoſe written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit underſtood.
Then ſhall they ſeek to' avail themſelves of names,
Places, and titles, and with theſe to join
Secular pow'r, though feigning ſtill to act
By ſpiritual, to themſelves appropriating
The Spi'rit of God, promis'd alike and given
To all believers; and from that pretence
Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r ſhall force
On every conſcience; laws which none ſhall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spi'rit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then

But force the Spi'rit of grace itſelf, and bind
His conſort liberty? what but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to ſtand,
Their own faith, not another's? for on earth
Who againſt faith and conſcience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will preſume:
Whence heavy perſecution ſhall ariſe
On all who in the worſhip perſevere
Of ſpi'rit and truth; the reſt, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and ſpecious forms
Religion ſatisfy'd; truth ſhall retire
Beſtuck with ſland'rous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found: ſo ſhall the world go on
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groning, till the day
Appear of reſpiration to the juſt,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him ſo lately promis'd to thy aid
The woman's ſeed, obſcurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Laſt in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to diſſolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raiſe
From the conflagrant maſs, purg'd and refin'd,
New heav'ns, new earth, ages of endleſs date
Founded in righteouſneſs, and peace, and love,
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliſs.
He ended; and thus Adam laſt reply'd.
How ſoon hath thy prediction, ſeer bleſs'd,
Meaſur'd this tranſient world, the race of time,
Till time ſtand fix'd? Beyond is all abyſs,
Eternity, whoſe end no eye can reach.
Greatly inſtructed I ſhall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this veſſel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aſpire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is beſt,
And love with fear the only God, to walk

As in his preſence, ever to obſerve
His providence, and on him ſole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by ſmall
Accompliſhing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly ſtrong, and worldly wiſe
By ſimply meek; that ſuffering for truth's ſake
Is fortitude to higheſt victory,
And, to the faithful, death the gate of life;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bleſs'd.
To whom thus alſo th' angel laſt reply'd.
This having learn'd, thou haſt attain'd the ſum
Of wiſdom; hope no high'er, though all the ſtars
Thou knew'ſt by name, and all th' ethereal pow'rs,
All ſecrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heav'n, air, earth, or ſea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dſt,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge anſwerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the ſoul
Of all the reſt: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradiſe, but ſhalt poſſeſs
A Paradiſe within thee, happier far.
Let us deſcend now therefore from this top
Of ſpeculation; for the hour preciſe
Exacts our parting hence; and ſee the guards,
By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whoſe front a flaming ſword,
In ſignal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer ſtay; go, waken Eve;
Her alſo I with gentle dreams have calm'd
Portending good, and all her ſpi'rits compos'd
To meek ſubmiſſion: thou at ſeaſon fit
Let her with thee partake what thou haſt heard,
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her ſeed to come

(For by the woman's ſeed) on all mankind:
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous though ſad,
With cauſe for evils paſt, yet much more chear'd
With meditation on the happy end.
He ended; and they both deſcend the hill;
Deſcended, Adam to the bow'r where Eve
Lay ſleeping ran before, but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not ſad ſhe him receiv'd.
Whence thou return'ſt, and whither went'ſt, I know;
For God is alſo' in ſleep, and dreams adviſe,
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow' and heart's diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art baniſh'd hence.
This further conſolation yet ſecure
I carry hence; though all by me is loſt,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchſaf'd,
By me the promis'd ſeed ſhall all reſtore.
So ſpake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' archangel ſtood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd ſtation, all in bright array,
The Cherubim deſcended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening-miſt
Ris'n from a river o'er the mariſh glides,
And gathers ground faſt at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandiſh'd ſword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Lybian air aduſt,
Began to parch that temp'rate clime; whereat
In either hand the haſt'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eaſtern gate

Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the ſubjected plain; then diſappear'd.
They looking back, all th' eaſtern ſide beheld
Of Paradiſe, ſo late their happy ſeat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them ſoon;
The world was all before them, where to chuſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand, with wand'ring ſteps and ſlow,
Through Eden took their ſolitary way.

THE END.

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FINIS.

Juſt publiſhed by JOHN WOOD, another edition of Paradiſe Loſt, with Hiſtorical, Philoſophical, and Explanatory Notes; tranſlated from the French of the learned Raymond de St Maur. To which is added, Various critical Remarks and Obſervations, from Mr Addiſon, Dr Warburton, Dr Newton, Dr Pearce, Dr Bentley, Mr Richardſon, &c.

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